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INDEX TO VOLUME XLVIII.

	PAGE
AFRICAN BIG GAME, STORIES ABOUT	<i>H. E. Coblenz</i> 151
AMERICAN DIPLOMAT, CAREER OF AN	<i>W. H. Johnson</i> 353
AMERICAN LIFE, PROBLEMS AND TENDENCIES OF	<i>Frederic Austin Ogg</i> 276
AMERICAN LITERATURE, A SURVEY OF	<i>W. E. Simonds</i> 13
AMERICAN LITERATURE, THE INTERREGNUM IN	<i>Charles Leonard Moore</i> 307
AMERICAN PREACHER, A VENERABLE	<i>Lewis A. Rhoades</i> 46
AMERICAN REVOLUTION, NEW NARRATIVE OF THE	<i>Annie Heloise Abel</i> 146
AMERICAN SOLDIER AND MYSTIC, AN	<i>Walter L. Fleming</i> 317
AMERICAN STUDENTS IN GERMANY, THE FIRST	<i>Ellen C. Hinsdale</i> 187
ARCHITECTURAL EXPRESSION, PRINCIPLES OF	<i>Irving K. Pond</i> 240
BIBLE STUDENTS, NEW APPARATUS FOR	<i>Ira Maurice Price</i> 149
BIOLOGICAL LITERATURE, A CLASSIC OF	<i>Raymond Pearl</i> 316
BJÖRNSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE	107
BOURBONS, RETURN OF THE	<i>Roy Temple House</i> 148
CHICAGO BEFORE THE FIRE	<i>William Morton Payne</i> 319
CITIES, THE GOVERNMENT OF	<i>Henry R. Spencer</i> 48
CRITIC, BEING A	<i>Charles Leonard Moore</i> 137
CRITICISM, PHILOSOPHIC DOUBTS CONCERNING	3
DANTE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE	<i>Melville B. Anderson</i> 43
DEGENERATE, A GIFTED	<i>Richard Burton</i> 147
"DIAL, THE," THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	325, 363
DIPLOMATIC LIFE, FIFTEEN YEARS OF	<i>Percy F. Bicknell</i> 144
DRAMA, NEW STUDIES OF THE	<i>Garland Greener</i> 268
ENGLISH HISTORIAN, A GREAT	<i>John Bascom</i> 85
ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETS	<i>W. E. Simonds</i> 313
ESSAYS IN DIVERS MOODS	<i>Percy F. Bicknell</i> 384
EVOLUTION HOUSE-CLEANING	<i>Raymond Pearl</i> 12
FAN, LORE AND ROMANCE OF THE	<i>Edith Kellogg Dunton</i> 239
FICTION, RECENT	<i>William Morton Payne</i> 17, 242, 393
FORBIDDEN LAND, A TRAVELLER IN THE	<i>Charles Atwood Kofoid</i> 192
FRENCH, THE GENIUS OF THE	<i>Ellen FitzGerald</i> 355
GARDEN BOOKS, A VARIED GROUP OF	<i>Sara Andrew Shafer</i> 386
GEOLOGIST, THE BIOGRAPHY OF A FAMOUS	<i>Percy F. Bicknell</i> 82
GREEK CULTURE AND MODERN LIFE	<i>W. H. Johnson</i> 14
GUIDE BOOKS, THE CHARM OF	<i>Willis Boyd Allen</i> 381
HEALTH, CHARACTER, AND EYESIGHT	87
HISTORY, IMAGINATION IN	35
"HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER," THE, REVEALED	<i>Percy F. Bicknell</i> 312
JAPAN, NEW, FIFTY YEARS OF	<i>William Elliot Griffis</i> 267
JOAN OF ARC: AN ANTI-CLERICAL VIEW	<i>Laurence M. Larson</i> 197
KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL, THE	185
LANDSCAPE, MODERN	<i>Edward E. Hale, Jr.</i> 425
LIBRARY INTERESTS OF CHICAGO, THE	77
LIBRARY PRESS OF 1909, GLEANINGS FROM THE	<i>Aksel G. S. Josephson</i> 77
LIGHT, THE LONG PATH OF	<i>John Bascom</i> 352
LITERARY CENSORSHIP	135
LITERARY LONDON, LETTER FROM	<i>Clement K. Shorter</i> 8
LITERATURE, THE BANKRUPTCY OF	227
MANSFIELD, RICHARD, AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY OF	<i>Percy F. Bicknell</i> 114
MILL REVEALED IN HIS LETTERS	<i>Paul Shorey</i> 417
MARK TWAIN	305
MODERN ITALY, TWO HEROES OF	<i>Roy Temple House</i> 349
MUSIC, MODERN, THE PROPHET OF	<i>Louis James Block</i> 195
MUSICIAN, LIFE-STORY OF A GREAT	<i>Anna M. Rhoades</i> 275
NATIONAL ACADEMIES	<i>Charles Leonard Moore</i> 5
NATURE VIRTUES, THE	<i>May Estelle Cook</i> 385
NEGRO PROBLEM, THE, VIEWED ACROSS THE COLOR-LINE	<i>Walter L. Fleming</i> 357

	PAGE
NEW ENGLAND EXPANSION, THE STORY OF	Clark S. Northup 272
NEW THEATRE, THE	411
NOVELIST, AMERICA'S FIRST, THE CENTENARY OF	Annie Russell Marble 109
NOVELS OR NOVELISTS?	Edward E. Hale, Jr. 237
OPERA, OBSERVATIONS ABOUT	343
PERIODICALS, AMERICAN AND ENGLISH	379
POETRY, RECENT	William Morton Payne 50, 199
PRAGMATISM—IS IT PRAGMATIC?	T. D. A. Cockerell 422
PRIMITIVE MAN, THE MUSIC OF	Louis James Block 84
PSYCHOLOGICAL RESEARCH, THE BORDERLAND OF	T. D. A. Cockerell 121
SHAKESPEARE AS NEUROPATH AND LOVER	James W. Tupper 117
SHAW, BERNARD, IN FRANCE	Lewis Nathaniel Chase 229
SHELLEY, NEW REVELMENTS OF	Anna Benneson McMahan 15
SHERIDAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES	James W. Tupper 424
SLAVERY, TWO GREAT FOES OF	Charles H. Cooper 88
SMITH, GOLDWIN	413
SOUTHERN WOMAN, REMINISCENCES OF A	W. H. Johnson 42
SPAIN, OUR DIPLOMATIC DEALINGS WITH	H. Parker Willis 193
THEATRE, THE, OF TO-DAY	Anna Benneson McMahan 420
TRACKS OF LIFE, THE WRONG	Raymond Pearl 116
TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, BOOKS OF	H. E. Coblentz 388
WATERWAYS, THE AGE OF	Lawrence J. Burpee 119
WHITMAN, MARCUS, ONCE MORE	F. H. Hodder 427
WILD ANIMALS, BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES OF	Lawrence J. Burpee 271
WILDE, OSCAR, THE PLACE OF, IN LITERATURE	Lewis Piaget Shanks 261
WILDERNESS, A VOICE IN THE	259
WOMAN EDUCATOR, A PIONEER	Percy F. Bicknell 348
YANKEE ADMIRAL, AFLOAT AND ASHORE WITH A	Percy F. Bicknell 236
ANNOUNCEMENT OF SPRING BOOKS, 1910	207
CASUAL COMMENT	6, 37, 78, 110, 139, 189, 233, 263, 309, 345, 382, 413
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	20, 55, 89, 123, 152, 202, 245, 278, 321, 359, 397, 429
BRIEFER MENTION	23, 58, 126, 248, 281, 324, 362, 432
NOTES	23, 59, 92, 126, 155, 206, 249, 282, 362, 400, 433
TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS	24, 93, 156, 250, 331, 402
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	24, 60, 94, 127, 156, 216, 250, 282, 331, 365, 402, 434

CASUAL COMMENT

	PAGE		PAGE
Addams, Jane, The Autobiography of	346	Euripides, Collegiate Performances of	8
Agassiz, Alexander, Death of	284	Everett, William: Teacher, Preacher, Author	139
American Scholars, Annual Conventions of	87	Favorite Old Books, Steady Demand for	311
Apt Phrase, Power of the	810	First Impressions, Finality of	141
Baconian Madness, The Limit of	112	Fuller, Margaret, The Centenary of	413
Banking and Currency, A Library of	6	Galsworthy's New Play, "Justice"	310
Bibliokleptis, Some Curious Phases of	38	Gibbon's Library, Final Disposal of	264
"Big Brass Generals" as Heroes of Boys' Books	416	Gladstone, The Man of Letters	37
Biography, True, A Plea for	140	Gladstone's Influence in England, Persistence of	112
Book of the Year, The, in London	39	Gordon-Stables, William, Death of	415
Book-Buying Activity, Centres of	263	Greek at Oxford, A Renewal of the Fight for	235
Book-Season, The Crowded	112	Hale Memorial Project, A	265
Book-Shelter, Ten Million Dollars for	415	"Harvard Lampoon," New Building of the	141
Book-Thief, A Record-Breaking	846	Holmes, An English Annotator of	39
Bowne, Borden Parker, Death of	264	Holt, Henry: A Publisher with an Envidable Record	139
Capitals, Over-Use of, in Literature	309	Homer, The Restoration of	190
Carnegie Foundation, Reports of, for 1909	189	Howe, Mrs., at Ninety-One	414
"Chambered Nautilus, The," The Original of	39	Inter-Library Circulation of Books	265
Children's Conservative Tastes in Literature	80	Journalistic Dynasty, End of a Famous	189
Dolbear, Professor: Greatest Physicist in America	233	Lagerlöf, Selma, Nobel Prize-winner	7
Dramatic World, A Superfluous Functionary in the	414	Latin Plurals, Singular Usage of	7
Drexel Institute Library School, New Director of the	112	"Learned Blacksmith," The Centennial of the	414
Educational Advertising	190	Learned Societies, Multiplication of	37
Emerson in France	112	Librarian, The Courteous and Tactful	90
Emerson's Journals, Mr. Sanborn's Estimate of	111	Library Books that Are Always in Demand	140
English Language, Rapid Growth of the	234	Library Methods, Aggressive	111

INDEX

V.

	PAGE		PAGE
Library of Congress, Year's Additions to the.....	6	Public Library's Vast Accumulation of Trash.....	309
Library Reference Department, Resources of.....	415	Pudd'nhead Wilson, Some Maxims of.....	346
Library, The, and the Country Parson.....	347	"Punch's" First Editor's Reminiscences.....	79
Library Trustees, A Sisyphus Task for.....	79	Punctuation, Eccentric, The Indignity of.....	79
Literary Censorship, A Queer Scheme of.....	7	"Putnam's Magazine," Discontinuance of.....	235
Literary Leisure, Two Aspects of.....	383	Re-Christening of Books, The Reprehensible.....	383
Living on Twenty-Four Hours a Day.....	310	Revere's Lanterns in the Old North Church.....	265
London Book-Market, An American Season in the.....	383	Rockefeller Foundation, The.....	189
Lummis, Librarian, Resignation of.....	234	Rod, Edouard, The Late.....	110
Maeterlinck, Maurice, The Solitariness of.....	140	Roof-Garden Reading-Room, Increasing Vogue of the.....	345
Mankato Public Library, The.....	284	Roosevelt, Ex-President, Book Rambles of.....	345
Manual Dexterity, Decline of.....	38	Roosevelt's Books, European Demand for.....	347
Manuscript-Deciphering, A Difficult Task in.....	234	Rooster, The, as a Stage Hero.....	37
Manuscripts and Rare Books, A Notable Exhibition of.....	38	Sanborn's "Life and Letters of John Brown".....	233
Metrical Instinct, The.....	141	San Francisco's Growing Appetite for Books.....	8
Minnesota's Contributions to Literature.....	111	Shakespearian Wheat, a Grain of.....	235
Myths and Superstitions, The Charm of.....	111	Simple Life, Poetic Inspiration of the.....	264
Neutral Pronoun, The Need of a.....	234	Smith College Library, Dedication of.....	415
"O. Henry," Untimely End of.....	413	Southern Library Training School, The.....	190
"Old Librarian's Almanack," June Advice from the.....	382	Stratford Visitors, Of Interest to.....	311
Orthoëpy, The Shifting Sands of.....	141	St. Louis Public Library Events.....	80
Oxford Dictionary, Progress of the.....	141	Summer Reading, Winter Encouragement of.....	80
Poe's Prospects of a Place in the Hall of Fame.....	140	Summer Resort's Sumptuous Library.....	383
Poetical Genius and Practical Efficiency.....	346	Sunday-newspaper Monstrosity, The.....	382
Poetry as a By-Product.....	416	Sunday-School Libraries, Censorship of Books for.....	39
Poetry, The Persistence of.....	190	Twain, Mark, and the Riddle of the Ages.....	345
Poets and Dramatists, the Making of.....	190	Twain, Mark, Increased Demand for the Books of.....	383
Poets' Descendants, A Gathering of.....	235	Tenniel, Sir John: The King of Cartoonists.....	233
Poison-Label, A, for Treacherous Literature.....	78	Trowbridge, J. T., European Tour of.....	7
Precocty, Perils of, in Literature.....	7	Trusts as Material for Fiction.....	347
'Prentice Pen, Possibilities of the.....	311	United States Presidents in Fiction.....	265
Printers, A Library for.....	142	Wallace, Lew, Reminiscences of.....	79
Printer's Art as a Branch of Liberal Culture.....	311	Ward, Mrs. Humphrey, as Seen Through French Eyes.....	347
Public Library, Ramification of a Great.....	347		

AUTHORS AND TITLES OF BOOKS REVIEWED

	PAGE		PAGE
Abbott, Edith. Women in Industry.....	360	Boyce, Sir Robert. Mosquito or Man.....	245
Addams, Jane. The Spirit of Youth and City Streets.....	23	Bradley, William Aspinwall. The Garden Muse.....	387
Albright, Victor E. The Elizabethan Stage.....	57	Breck, Edward. Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw.....	386
Allen, Francis H. Thoreau's Notes on New England Birds.....	392	Bronson, Edgar Beecher. In Closed Territory.....	151
Allinson, Francis G., and Anne C. E. Greek Lands and Letters.....	154	Brooks, Van Wyck. The Wine of the Puritans.....	278
Alvord, Clarence. Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790.....	282	Bunsen, Madame Charles de. In Three Legations.....	144
American Addresses at the Second Hague Conference.....	249	Burr, Mrs. Anna Robeson. The Autobiography.....	89
American Therapeutic Society, Addresses Before.....	58	Burton, Frederick R. American Primitive Music.....	84
American Year Book, Announcement of.....	433	Butler, Elizabeth B. Women and the Trades.....	359
Arnold, Mrs. Gertrude Weld. A Mother's List of Books for Children.....	281	Cady, Jay. The Moving of the Waters.....	19
Atherton, Gertrude. The Tower of Ivory.....	245	Caldwell, H. W., and Persinger, C. E. A Source History of the United States.....	23
Austin, Alfred. The Bridling of Pegasus.....	359	Canby, Henry Seidel. English Composition in Theory and Practice.....	282
Avery, Elroy McKendree. A History of the United States and its People, Volume V.....	146	Carman, Bliss. The Rough Rider, and Other Poems.....	200
Bailey, L. H. Manual of Gardening.....	401	Cawein, Madison. New Poems.....	54
Bailey, L. H. The Nature-Study Idea.....	399	Cawein, Madison. The Giant and the Star.....	54
Barclay, Florence L. The Rosary.....	242	Cecil, Evelyn. History of Gardening in England.....	387
Bawden, H. Heath. The Principles of Pragmatism.....	422	Chadwick, French Ensor. The Relations of the United States and Spain.....	193
Beach, Rex. The Silver Horde.....	20	Chapman, E. M. English Literature in Account with Religion.....	431
Bean, Jared. The Old Librarian's Almanack.....	90	Chatterton, E. Keble. Sailing Ships and their Story.....	56
Becker, Carl Lotus. History of Political Parties in New York, 1770-1776.....	92	Chesterton, Gilbert K. Tremendous Trifles.....	55
Beebe, Mary Blair and C. William. Our Search for a Wilderness.....	391	Chubb, Edwin Watts. Stories of Authors.....	248
Beerbohm, Max. Yet Again.....	202	Chubb, Percival. Travels at Home by Mark Twain.....	362
Belloc, H. On Everything.....	384	Churchill, Winston. A Modern Chronicle.....	395
Bigelow, Mab. Experiments on the Generation of Insects.....	248	Clay, Thomas Hart. Life of Henry Clay.....	324
Bigger, Leander A. Around the World with a Business Man.....	432	Cleaves, Margaret A. The Autobiography of a Neurasthene.....	56
Bindloss, Harold. Thurston of Orchard Valley.....	394	Clouston, J. Storer. The Prodigal Father.....	243
Birch, Una. Anna van Schurman, Artist, Scholar, Saint.....	153	Clutton-Brock, A. Shelley the Man and the Poet.....	123
Bisland, Elizabeth. At the Sign of the Hobby Horse.....	384	Coates, Florence Earle. Lyrics of Life.....	202
Björnson, Björnsterne. Wise-Knut.....	400	Cole, Percival R. Later Roman Education in Augustus, Capella, and the Theodosian Code.....	59
Bümmner, H. The Home Life of the Ancient Greeks, third edition.....	282	Collender, Guy Stevens. Selections from the Economic History of the United States.....	155
Bode, Boyd Henry. An Outline of Logic.....	362	Compton-Rickett, Arthur. The London Life of Yesterday.....	204
		Connelley, William Elsey. Quantrill and the Border Wars.....	206

	PAGE		PAGE
Cook, Frederick Francis. <i>Bygone Days in Chicago</i>	819	Haynes, George H. <i>Charles Sumner</i>	88
Cooper, C. S., and Westell, W. P. <i>Trees and Shrubs of the British Isles</i>	898	Hazard, Caroline. <i>A Brief Pilgrimage in the Holy Land</i>	155
Costanzo, Miguel. <i>Narrative of Portolá Expedition</i>	401	Hedin, Sven. <i>Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet</i>	192
Croly, Herbert. <i>The Promise of American Life</i>	277	Helm, W. H. <i>Jane Austin and Her Country-House Comedy</i>	278
Crowell's Shorter French Texts.....	127	Hewlett, Maurice. <i>Letters to Sanchia</i>	401
Daly Débutante, <i>The Diary of a</i>	362	Hichens, Robert. <i>Bella Donna</i>	18
Dante, <i>A Proposed Italian Memorial Edition of</i>	127	Higgins, Myrtle Margaret. <i>Little Gardens for Boys and Girls</i>	887
Davis, John. <i>Travels in the United States</i>	22	Higginson, Thomas Wentworth. <i>Carlyle's Laugh and Other Surprises</i>	128
Dawson, W. J. and C. W. <i>Great English Essayists</i>	23	Hill, Frederic Stanhope. <i>Romance of the American Navy</i>	324
Dawson, W. J. and C. W. <i>The Great English Short-Story Writers</i>	206	Hill, Lysander. <i>The Two Great Questions</i>	368
De Cesare, R. <i>The Last Days of Papal Rome</i>	56	Hitchcock, Ethan Allen. <i>Fifty Years in Camp and Field</i>	817
Devine, E. T. <i>Social Forces</i>	126	Holder, C. F. <i>Recreations of a Sportsman on the Pacific Coast</i>	397
De Vries, Hugo. <i>The Mutation Theory</i>	816	Hollis, H. P. <i>Chats About Astronomy</i>	362
Dewar, Douglas, and Finn, Frank. <i>The Making of Species</i>	12	Hornbrooke, Francis B. <i>Browning's The Ring and the Book</i>	91
Dickens's <i>Pickwick Papers</i> , Topical edition.....	126	House, Edward J. <i>A Hunter's Camp-Fires</i>	152
"Diplomatist, A." <i>American Foreign Policy</i>	55	Hulst, Mrs. Henry. <i>St. George of Cappadocia in Legend and History</i>	281
Douglas, Mrs. Hugh A. <i>Venice and Her Treasures</i>	282	Hunt, Edward Eyre. <i>Sir Orfeo</i>	282
Du Claux, Mary. <i>The French Procession</i>	355	Huntington, Helen. <i>From the Cup of Silence</i>	202
Dudley, E. Lawrence. <i>The Isle of Whispers</i>	396	Hutchinson, Woods. <i>Preventable Diseases</i>	124
Dugmore, Radcliffe. <i>Camera Adventures in African Wilds</i>	388	Hutchinson, Woods. <i>The Conquest of Consumption</i>	323
Dyer, Frederick H. <i>Compendium of the War of the Rebellion</i>	281	In After Days: <i>Thoughts on the Future Life</i>	247
Eaton, Paul W. <i>The Treasure</i>	19	Ingpen, Roger. <i>The Letters of Shelley</i>	15
Edgumbe, Richard. <i>Byron: The Last Phase</i>	328	Intercollegiate Debates.....	92
Eells, Myron. <i>Marcus Whitman, Pathfinder and Patriot</i>	427	International Year Book for 1910, New.....	432
Eggleston, George Cary. <i>Irene of the Mountains</i>	244	Ironside, John. <i>The Red Symbol</i>	396
Eggleston, George Cary. <i>Recollections of a Varied Life</i>	812	Jacobus, M. W., and others. <i>A Standard Dictionary of the Bible</i>	150
Ehrmann, Mary B. <i>The Child's Song Treasury and the Child's Song Garden</i>	58	Jacomb, A. E. <i>The Faith of His Fathers</i>	18
Elliott, G. E. Scott. <i>Botany of To-day</i>	124	James, William. <i>The Meaning of Truth</i>	422
Esquermeling, John. <i>The Buccaneers of America</i> , new edition.....	282	Jameson, J. Franklin. <i>Original Narratives of Early American History</i>	362
Eucken, Rudolph. <i>The Problem of Human Life</i>	352	Janvier, Thomas A. <i>Legends of the City of Mexico</i>	248
Evans, Robley D. <i>An Admiral's Log</i>	286	Jenks, Jeremiah W. <i>Governmental Action for Social Welfare</i>	249
Ewing, Rev. W., and others. <i>The Temple Dictionary of the Bible</i>	150	Job, Herbert K. <i>How to Study the Birds</i>	385
Fee, Mary H. <i>A Woman's Impressions of the Philippines</i>	390	Johnson, Clifton. <i>The Picturesque St. Lawrence</i>	392
Fernow, B. E. <i>The Care of Trees</i>	398	Keeler, Harriet L. <i>Our Garden Flowers</i>	401
Fiction Catalogue, H. W. Wilson Co.'s.....	23	Kellog, James L. <i>Shell-Fish Industries</i>	298
Figgis, Darrell. <i>A Vision of Life</i>	199	Kennan, George. <i>Tent-Life in Siberia</i> , revised edition.....	392
Field Museum of Natural History, Catalogue of.....	282	Kent, Charles Foster. <i>The Sermons, Epistles and Apocalypses of Israel's Prophets</i>	282
Flom, George T. <i>Tegner's Frithiof's Saga</i>	23	Kephart, Horace. <i>Camp Cookery</i>	401
Folwell, William Watts. <i>University Addresses</i>	155	Ker, William Paton. <i>Tennyson</i>	249
Foot, Constance M. <i>Insect Wonderland</i>	400	Krehbiel, H. E. <i>Songs from the Operas for Alto</i>	23
Ford, James. <i>Historical Essays</i>	89	Lacoste, De Boullane de. <i>Around Afghanistan</i>	205
Forman, Maurice Buxton. <i>Early Appreciations of Meredith</i>	202	Lanciani, Rodolfo. <i>Wanderings in the Roman Campagna</i>	208
Foster, John W. <i>Diplomatic Memoirs</i>	353	Lansing, Marlon Florence. <i>Life in the Greenwood</i>	92
France, Anatole. <i>The Life of Joan of Arc</i>	197	Latham, Charles. <i>In English Homes</i> , Vol. III.....	281
Francis, Alexander. <i>Americans: An Impression</i>	278	Laughlin, J. Laurence. <i>Latter-Day Problems</i>	203
Frank, Harry A. <i>A Vagabond Journey Around the World</i>	390	Lea, Homer. <i>The Valor of Ignorance</i>	90
Franklin, Benjamin. <i>Autobiography of</i> , library edition.....	249	Lecky, Hon. William Edward Hartpole, <i>A Memoir of</i>	85
Frewen, Hugh Moreton. <i>Light Among the Leaves</i>	199	Lee, E. Markham. <i>The Story of Opera</i>	249
Fuller, Harold De Wolf. <i>Beatrice</i>	282	Lee-Hamilton, Eugene. <i>Mimma Bella</i>	51
Garrett, A. E. <i>The Periodic Law</i>	59	Le Gallienne, Richard. <i>New Poems</i>	52
George, W. R. <i>The Junior Republic</i>	126	Lepelletier, Edmond. <i>Paul Verlaine</i>	147
Gilchrist, Beth Bradford. <i>The Life of Mary Lyon</i>	348	Levy, Oscar. <i>Works of Friedrich Nietzsche</i> , new edition.....	362
Gildersleeve, Basil Lanneau. <i>Hellas and Hesperia</i>	14	Lewis, Lawrence. <i>The Advertisements of "The Spectator"</i>	57
Giles, Lionel. <i>Sun Tsu on the Art of War</i>	282	Lindsey, Ben B. <i>The Beast</i>	430
Gladden, Washington. <i>Recollections of</i>	46	Lloyd, Henry Demarest. <i>Men the Workers</i>	125
Godoy, Don José F. <i>Porfirio Diaz</i>	278	Lobinger, Charles S. <i>The People's Law</i>	324
Goodnow, Frank J. <i>Municipal Government</i>	48	Lodge, George Cabot. <i>The Soul's Inheritance</i>	54
Gordon Memorial College of Khartoum, Third Annual Report of.....	57	Lodge, Sir Oliver. <i>The Survival of Man</i>	121
Gould, George M. <i>Biographic Clinics</i>	87	Loveman, Robert. <i>The Blushful South and Hippocrene</i>	201
Guiney, Louise Imogen. <i>Happy Ending</i>	201	Low, A. Maurice. <i>The American People</i>	276
Gummere, Mrs. Francis B. <i>The Quaker in the Forum</i>	361	Maartens, Maarten. <i>The Price of Lis Doris</i>	245
Hall, John. <i>The Bourbon Restoration</i>	148	Mackaye, Percy. <i>Poems</i>	200
Hamilton, Clayton. <i>The Theory of the Theatre</i>	420	Macy, John. <i>A Child's Guide to Reading</i>	126
Hancock, Albert E. <i>Bronson of the Rabble</i>	19	Madeira, Percy C. <i>Hunting in British East Africa</i>	152
Hanson, Joseph Mills. <i>The Conquest of Missouri</i>	91	Magnus, Laurie. <i>English Literature in the Nineteenth Century</i>	152
Harding, Samuel B. <i>Select Orationals</i>	23	Mahaffy, John P. <i>What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization?</i>	14
Hardy, Thomas. <i>Works of</i> , new thin paper edition.....	282		
Harris, Frank. <i>The Man Shakespeare and His Tragic Life-Story</i>	117		
Harrison, Birge. <i>Landscape Painting</i>	425		
Hart, Jerome. <i>A Vigilante Girl</i>	396		
Hastings, James, and Selbie, John A., <i>Dictionary of the Bible</i>	149		

INDEX

vii.

	PAGE		PAGE
Mario, Jessie White. The Birth of Modern Italy...	349	Russell, George E. Text-Book of Hydraulics.....	59
Marshall, H. E. The Child's English Literature...	155	Saleeby, C. W. Parenthood and Race Culture.....	125
Martin, E. M. Wayside Wisdom.....	20	Schaff, Philip. History of the Christian Church, Vol. V., Part II.....	401
Martin, John. Letters for Children.....	155	Schauffler, Robert Haven. Washington's Birthday..	248
Martin, Wyndham. The Man Outside.....	248	Schinz, Albert. Anti-Pragmatism.....	422
Marvin, Frederic Rowland. Excursions of a Book-Lover	430	Scollard, Clinton. Pro Patria.....	55
Mathews, Lois Kimball. The Expansion of New England	272	Scollard, Clinton. Songs for the Ter-Centenary of Lake Champlain	55
Matthews, Brander. A Study of the Drama.....	268	Scott, Temple. In Praise of Gardens.....	387
Matthews, Brander. The American of the Future, and Other Essays.....	246	Seipt, Allen Anders. Schwenkfelder Hymnology...	59
Mazellère, Marquis de la. Le Japon: Histoire et Civilisation	249	Seligman, Edwin R. A. The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation	249
McCook, Henry C. Ant Communities and How They Are Governed	125	Semenoff, Vladimir. Rasplata.....	430
Meredith, George. Last Poems.....	50	Semenoff, Vladimir. The Price of Blood.....	360
Meredith, George. Works of—Memorial Edition....	247	Sera, Leo G. On the Tracks of Life.....	116
Meredith, George. Works of. Memorial Edition....	432	Serviss, Garrett P. Curiosities of the Sky.....	22
Maynell, Alice. Cere's Runaway, and Other Essays.	91	Seton, Ernest Thompson. Life Histories of North- ern Animals	271
Mill, John Stuart. Letters of.....	92	Shafer, Mrs. Sara Andrew. A White-Paper Garden.	400
Mill, John Stuart. Letters of.....	417	Sharp, William. Songs and Poems Old and New...	51
Miller, Kelly. Race Adjustment.....	357	Shore, W. Teignmouth. Charles Dickens and His Friends	155
Moffett, Cleveland. Through the Wall.....	20	Showerman, Grant. With the Professor.....	247
Montgomery, D. H. The Leading Facts of Ameri- can History	363	Sichel, Walter. Sheridan.....	424
Moore, Willis L. Descriptive Meteorology.....	363	Simpson, F. A. The Rise of Louis Napoleon.....	431
Morehouse, E. Hallam. Samuel Pepys.....	20	Singleton, Esther. A Guide to Modern Opera.....	124
Morley, Lord. Indian Speeches.....	249	Smith, David Eugene. Rara Arithmetica.....	324
Mozans, H. J. Up the Orinoco and Down the Mag- dalena	392	Sneath, J. C. Fortune.....	394
Mumford, Beverly B. Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery and Secession.....	153	Snell, F. J. A Handbook to the Works of Dante...	249
Munro, William Bennett. The Government of Euro- pean Cities	48	South African Natives.....	21
Münsterberg, Hugo. American Problems.....	429	Southey, Robert. Poems of, Oxford edition.....	58
Nevill, Ralph. Light Come, Light Go.....	280	Stanton, Theodore. Manual of American Literature.	13
Newman, Ernest. Fifty Songs by Hugo Wolf.....	23	Stawell, Mrs. Rodolph. The Return of Louis XVIII.	205
Nicholson, Meredith. The Lords of High Decision..	245	Stedman's Edgar Allan Poe, new edition.....	155
Niedieck, Paul. Cruises in the Bering Sea.....	390	Stein, Grace Maxine. Glimpses Around the World..	391
Noyes, Alfred. Drake: An English Epic.....	52	Stephens, Kate. Stories from Old Chronicles.....	92
O'Hara, John Myers. Songs of the Open.....	201	Stevens, Ethel Stefana. The Vell.....	242
Okuma, Count S. Fifty Years of New Japan.....	267	Stevenson, Burton E. A Child's Guide to Biography.	126
Otis, James. Ruth of Boston; Mary of Plymouth; Richard of Jamestown.....	282	Stewart, Charles D. Essays on the Spot.....	384
Oxford University Press. Reprints of.....	58	Stewart, J. D. How to Use a Library.....	91
Packard, Winthrop. Woodland Paths.....	386	Stockley, Cynthia. Poppy.....	394
Paine, Albert Bigelow. The Ship-Dwellers.....	391	Stoddard, Florence. As Old as the Moon.....	248
Palmer, Frederic. Central America and Its Problems	278	Stoddard, W. L. Life of William Shakespeare Ex- purgated	322
Palmer, Sutton, and Bradley, A. G. The Rivers and Streams of England.....	324	Stone, Christopher. Lusitania.....	200
Parrish, Randall. My Lady of the South.....	19	Streatfeild, R. A. Handel.....	275
Parry, C. Hubert H. Johann Sebastian Bach.....	195	Sturgis, Russell. A History of Architecture, Vol. II.	240
Parsons, Henry Griscom. Children's Gardens.....	387	Sudermann, Hermann. Roses.....	92
Patterson, J. H. In the Grip of the Nyika.....	152	Swann, Alfred J. Fighting the Slave-Hunters in Central Africa	389
Paxon, Frederic Logan. Last American Frontier...	280	Symons, Arthur. The Romantic Movement in Eng- lish Poetry	313
Payot, Jules. The Education of the Will.....	22	Tabor, R. Montagu. Odds and Ends.....	200
Pearson, Edward Lester. The Library and the Librarian	429	Tannenbaum, Samuel A. Was William Shakespeare a Gentleman?	281
Peck, Henry Thurston. The New Baedeker.....	399	Taylor, I. A. Queen Christina of Sweden.....	431
Peer, Frank Sherman. The Hunting Field with Horse and Hound.....	400	Taylor, Mary Imlay. Caleb Trench.....	395
People's Library, The.....	155	Teall, Gardner, and Tabor, Grace. The Garden Primer	387
Phelps, Ruth Shepard. Skies Italian.....	432	Terry, T. Philip. Terry's Mexico.....	58
Phelps, William Lyon. Essays on Modern Novelists	237	Thanet, Octave. By Inheritance.....	244
Phillips, P. Lee. List of Geographical Atlases in the Library of Congress.....	323	Thomas, Edith M. The Guest at the Gate.....	201
Pope's Rape of the Lock, illustrated edition.....	92	Thomas, Edward. Rest and Unrest.....	385
Post, Marie Caroline. Regis de Trobriand.....	361	Thomson, William Hanna. Some Wonders of Biology	360
Potter, Marion E. Children's Catalog.....	126	Thompson, A. Hamilton. The Works of Sir John Suckling	362
Poulton, Edward B. Charles Darwin and the Origin of Species	246	Thompson, Gordon Boyce. The Kulturkampf.....	92
Præd, Winthrop Mackworth. Poems.....	249	Thurston, E. Temple. Sally Bishop.....	393
Pryor, Mrs. Roger A. My Day.....	42	Ticknor, Caroline. A Poet in Exile.....	429
Putnam, George Haven. Abraham Lincoln.....	88	Todd, Mabel Loomis. A Cycle of Sunsets.....	386
Quick, Herbert. American Inland Waterways.....	119	Toynbee, Paget. Dante in English Literature.....	48
Ramsdell, Charles William. Reconstruction in Texas.	282	Trevelyan, G. M. Garibaldi and the Thousand.....	349
Rand, Benjamin. The Classical Moralists.....	23	Upson, Arthur. The Collected Poems of.....	52
Reade, W. H. V. Moral System of Dante's Inferno..	43	Van Dyke, Henry. The Spirit of America.....	278
Rexford, Eben E. Indoor Gardening.....	387	Van Dyke, Henry. The White Bees.....	54
Reynolds, Myra. The Treatment of Nature in English Poetry	425	Vane, Sir Francis. Walks and People in Tuscany..	392
Rhead, G. Wooliscroft. History of the Fan.....	239	Van Rensselaer, Mrs. New York in the Seventeenth Century	21
Robins, Elisabeth. The Florentine Frame.....	244	Viereck, George Sylvester. Confessions of a Bar- barian	399
Robbins, E. Clyde. Selected Articles on the Commis- sion Plan of Municipal Government.....	59	Villiers, Arnold. Every Man's Cyclopædia.....	432
Rudeaux, L. How to Study the Stars.....	204	Voynich, E. L. An Interrupted Friendship.....	242
		Walden, John W. H. The Universities of Ancient Greece	279
		Wallace, C. W. Globe Theatre Apparel.....	248

	PAGE		PAGE
Walton, Izaak. The Compleat Angler, new edition..	248	Wilder, Harris Hawthorne. History of the Human Body	59
Ward, Mrs. Humphrey. Lady Merton, Colonist....	394	Winchester, C. T. A Group of English Essayists..	280
Warner, Anna B. Life of Susan Warner.....	205	Wines, Frederick Howard. Punishment and Reformation	92
Warren, G. F. The Elements of Agriculture.....	59	Wing, Yung. My Life in China and America.....	154
Watson, William. New Poems.....	51	Winter, William. Life and Art of Richard Mansfield.	114
Watts, Mary S. Nathan Burke.....	395	Winter, William, The Poems of.....	53
Webster, Henry Kitchell. The Sky-Man.....	397	Witkowski, Georg. German Drama of the Nineteenth Century.....	321
Weigall, Lady Rose. The Correspondence of Priscilla	361	Wollaston, George Hyde. The Englishman in Italy.	58
Wellman, Francis L. Day in Court.....	279	Workman, Fanny Bullock, and William Hunter.	
Wells, H. G. Ann Veronica.....	17	Peaks and Glaciers of Nun Kun.....	389
Wells, H. G. The History of Mr. Polly.....	393	Wright, William H. The Black Bear.....	386
Whitman, Stephen French. Predestined.....	396		
Whitney, Josiah Dwight, Life and Letters of.....	82		
Who's Who in 1910.....	206		

MISCELLANEOUS

	PAGE		PAGE
Agassiz, Professor, and the Carnegie Fund. <i>Wettr Mitchell</i>	311	Malone Society, Publications of the. <i>John M. Manly</i>	118
American Academy, A Localized. <i>Wilmer O. Martin</i>	11	Milton's Works, Proposed Columbia University Edition of.....	59
American Academy, An Earlier. <i>William B. Cairns</i> .	80	"Old Grimes," The Origin of. <i>William B. Cairns</i> ..	11
Best Novels, A Library List of the. <i>Mrs. R. L. Webb</i>	143	Penn's Works, Proposed Edition of.....	433
"Best Seller," The, and Romance. <i>Margaret Vanos</i> .	191	"Printer's Catchword," Use of the. <i>Charles Welsh</i> .	191
"Best Seller," The, and the Genteel Atmosphere.		Putnam's Magazine, Suspension of.....	206
<i>Prudence Pratt McConn</i>	142	Remington, Frederic, Death of.....	4
Björnson, Björnstjerne, Death of.....	307	"Romanic Review, The".....	401
Caedmon MS., Reproduction of the. <i>J. W. Cunliffe</i> ..	143	School Board and Superintendent. <i>Duane Mowry</i> ..	40
"Cornhill Magazine," Fiftieth Anniversary of.....	59	Sectionalism in Learned Societies. <i>Henry S. Chapman</i>	41
Emerson Revival in England.....	58	Shelley's "Adonais," Note on. <i>Edwin A. Greenlaw</i>	113
"Forerunner, The," Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's Magazine	93	Spelling Reform, The American Academy and. <i>Brander Matthews</i>	10
Gilder Memorial Fellowships in Columbia University	249	Stock Phrase, Origin of a. <i>S. T. Kidder</i>	191
Gilder, Richard Watson, Appreciations of.....	92	Sumner, William Graham, Death of.....	282
Individual Spelling, The Charm of. <i>E. O. Van Slyke</i>	112	Temple Library of Nippur, An Important Document from the.....	241
"I Swan!" The Derivation of. <i>Albert Matthews</i> ...	40	"Tramp, The".....	248
Keats, Descendants of. <i>John Calvin Metcalf</i>	266	Typography, A Question of. <i>Roy Temple House</i>	143
"Librarians' Series," Announcement of.....	93	War, the Obsolescence of, A Timely Word on. <i>Norman Angell</i>	199
"Library of the Masters, A," at Mount Holyoke. <i>Bertha E. Blakeley</i>	81	Ward, Mrs. Humphrey, Charm of the Novels of. <i>William H. Powers</i>	265
Literary Foresight, Striking Case of. <i>Lewis Plagel Shanks</i>	416	"Who's Who in the World." <i>Roy Temple House</i>	266
Literary Fraud, A French.....	194		
London Literary Haunt, A. <i>T. Fisher Unwin</i>	41		

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PHILOSOPHIC DOUBTS CONCERNING CRITICISM	3
ABOUT NATIONAL ACADEMIES. <i>Charles Leonard Moore</i>	5
CASUAL COMMENT	6
The year's additions to the Library of Congress. — A library of banking and currency. — A queer scheme of literary censorship. — The perils of precocity. — The singular use of some Latin plurals. — An octogenarian jaunt. — This year's winner of the Nobel prize for literature. — The story of a growing appetite for books. — The performance of two plays of Euripides.	
FROM LITERARY LONDON. (Special Correspondence). <i>Clement K. Shorter</i>	8
COMMUNICATIONS	10
The American Academy and Spelling Reform. <i>Brander Matthews</i> . A Localized American Academy. <i>Wilmer O. Martin</i> . The Origin of "Old Grimes." <i>William B. Cairns</i> .	
SOME EVOLUTION HOUSE-CLEANING. <i>Raymond Pearl</i>	12
A SURVEY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. <i>W. E. Simonds</i>	13
GREEK CULTURE AND MODERN LIFE. <i>W. H. Johnson</i>	14
NEW REVELMENTS OF SHELLEY. <i>Anna Benson McMahan</i>	15
RECENT FICTION. <i>William Morton Payne</i>	17
Wells's <i>Ann Veronica</i> . — Jacomb's <i>The Faith of his Fathers</i> . — Hichens's <i>Bella Donna</i> . — Hancock's <i>Bronson of the Rabble</i> . — Parrish's <i>My Lady of the South</i> . — Cady's <i>The Moving of the Waters</i> . — Eaton's <i>The Treasure</i> . — Moffett's <i>Through the Wall</i> . — Beach's <i>The Silver Horde</i> .	
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	20
A quiet book for quiet people. — "Old Pepsys" in new lights. — The white man's burden, and its galling curse. — Chapters of New York's early history. — Some popular astronomy for the curious. — "Man is man, and master of his fate." — Davis's travels in America, a century ago. — The hard life of city streets.	
BRIEFER MENTION	23
NOTES	23
TOPICS IN DECEMBER PERIODICALS	24
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	24

PHILOSOPHIC DOUBTS CONCERNING CRITICISM.

Public life in England has one happy characteristic which has not been developed to any considerable degree in our own country. It does call to its posts of leadership and responsibility men of intellectual distinction — men who have already made their mark, or who are by way of making their mark, in other and less turbulent fields than those of politics. Men of the type of Lord Morley, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Balfour rise to high positions despite their possession of that fine culture which would be to them an almost insuperable barrier in this country. Try to imagine, for example, Mr. William James, or Mr. Howells, or the late Mr. Gilder, as members of the national legislature, and you have a concrete illustration of this fundamental difference between the two countries. On the other hand, try to imagine Speaker Cannon dashing off a little thing on æsthetics, or Senator Aldrich acquiring metaphysical fame (on any other subject than that of the tariff) in his hours of studious retirement, and another illustration of the same negative sort is provided. The scholar is indeed *rara avis* in the American politics of to-day, and the most frequently mentioned example is one of whom we are not exactly proud.

In England it is different — so different that when, for example, the Oxford authorities wished to name the Romanes lecturer for the present year, they naturally turned to the graceful and subtle philosopher who is the present leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour's address, as given in the Sheldonian Theatre about a month ago, now lies before us, and has for its title "Questionings on Criticism and Beauty." Mr. Balfour is an adept at questioning, and the pale cast of his thought, when directed toward the subject of æsthetic criticism, forces him into his favorite attitude of philosophic doubt.

"The amount of splendid literary and other artistic work which has been produced since the revival of learning is the glory of our modern civilization. The amount of intellectual energy which has been thrown into the criticism of literature and of art is very great, and yet I think that anybody who has studied that criticism cannot but feel profoundly depressed by the character of its total output. In the course of your survey you will come upon the names of men whose critical

labours have made them immortal; but if you ask what they have done, you will usually find that what they have done is to sweep away the rubbish of their critical predecessors; you will usually find that where they have failed is in not having made that drastic process of purgation sufficiently complete."

This is sad if true, and a melancholy commentary upon the futility of all human endeavor to create a philosophy of the beautiful; for it follows that our own most admired modern judgments (Mr. Balfour's included) will in time go into the rubbish heap, to be succeeded by new and equally unstable appreciations.

But we cannot believe the situation to be really as bad as all this, in spite of skeptics like Mr. Balfour, or subjectivists like M. Anatole France, or iconoclasts like Mr. G. B. Shaw, or aesthetic agnostics like Count Tolstoy. However such men may rail at the pedantry of the critics, or deny the gift of real vision to the interpreters of literature, or deplore the sophistication that befogs their judgment, there remains a very definite canon of the beautiful which has been beaten into shape amid the warring of schools, the clashing of critical temperaments, and the shifting of points of view. We know pretty definitely, and can make fairly clear the reasons, why Sophocles was a greater poet than Euripides, and Goethe than Schiller, and Tennyson than Browning. As individuals we may make grievous mistakes about our contemporaries, but as students of the history of literature we accept the registered verdicts, primarily because they are reasonable, and the considerations that support them have the clear signs of validity.

After all, Mr. Balfour saves himself from the extreme lengths of skepticism, as usual, by his qualifications and reservations. He may assert that "nobody lays down rules now," and that "rules of correct composition are buried among lumber of the past," but he also admits that "superficially at all events there is a very great appearance of unanimity, in this eclectic age, as to what is or what is not a successful work of art." "Are we to take as a test," he asks, "the feelings of men of trained sensibility? Are we to take, if that is true, the man who has cultivated a particular art, and acquainted himself with its technique, its principles, its history, and studied it and cultivated it? And if we take him shall we attain to anything in the nature of an agreement as to what truly constitutes excellence in artistic production?" If Mr. Balfour really wishes us to answer these questions he is welcome to our decided affirma-

tive. But he is not more than half sincere in asking them, for he goes on to cite certain notorious eccentricities of judgment (on the part of Arnold and Ruskin) as things that "we hush up as quickly as we can," and to say that "on the whole, cultured persons show a tolerably united front to their enemies." This is pretty nearly conceding the whole point of Mr. Balfour's questionings, unless one goes over bag and baggage to the Tolstoyan camp, and holds the untutored hind the only truly competent juror in matters æsthetic. And this our author, although he toys with the notion, is not quite prepared to do.

The plea that beauty is its own excuse for being, needing no further exposition or justification, will never fully satisfy the mind that seeks an essential part of its happiness in learning the causes of things. To stand upon that proposition alone is to plant one's feet upon a quicksand, to cast one's mind adrift from all its moorings. A man convinced of the proposition would still have to ignore it in practice, just as the convinced determinist cannot help assuming himself to be a free agent. Mr. Balfour rather childishly argues that because when a boy at Eton he revelled in "the various works of fiction which are the joy of youth," and experienced a careless rapture in this reading which his contemplative and discriminative years now deny him, no matter how much finer the art which engages his attention, that because of this melancholy contrast he wonders if he has not lost the capacity for "true æsthetic enjoyment." This is philosophic doubt carried to the point of perversity, and not likely to be shared by any persons of cultivated taste whose judgment has not become unbalanced through overmuch introspection. It really begs the whole question, and in about the same way in which it is begged by the champions of hedonistic ethics when they refuse to recognize the fundamental distinction between the pleasures of the sense and the joy that the spirit takes in self-sacrifice and high impersonal endeavor.

FREDERIC REMINGTON, famous for his spirited illustrations from Western frontier life, but known also as a painter, sculptor, and writer, died at Ridgefield, Conn., December 26, at the age of forty-eight. He was born in New York State, but had lived much in the West, where his varied experiences—as "cow-puncher," ranchman, and scout—gave him the intimate knowledge of scenes and characters that were so strikingly delineated in his pictures.

ABOUT NATIONAL ACADEMIES.

New York, having erected a Hall of Fame and brought it into notice by excluding the one indubitably famous American poet, has made the country a present of a National Academy. The composition of this Senate of Immortals, as given in a recent number of *THE DIAL* (November 1), is a matter for curious study. There is a fair representation of New Englanders, and a few other exiles from the Great White Way; but the pomp and prodigality of New York genius is mainly in evidence. And doubtless New York could have done better by itself, had it not been too magnanimous not to let the rest of the country have a look in. A good third of the names would probably be inevitable in any list of distinguished living Americans. But the others could be matched and overmatched again and again.

There is of course a good side to this glorification of a group. New England in its best days was loyal to instincts of locality. It backed and cheered its intellectual athletes on, and the spirited runners felt the stimulus and sprang forward to win the prizes. New York deserves credit for taking care of its own. It reminds me of a story which my father used to tell, of a visit he paid with a companion to a friend's country house. The owner of the property had an idiot son; and my father, introducing his friend, said, "This is Mr. Satterthwaite, Sammy. He is a Quaker. The Quakers, you know, are good people." "Yes," said the idiot, "good to themselves." It used to be said that no Bostonian could escape having a statue erected for him; and New York seems moving in the same laudable direction. But it can hardly expect that the rest of the country will bow down and worship its totems of a tribe.

It is hard to conceive just what ideal the makers of this Academy had in view,—just what kind of sheep they deemed acceptable, and just what kind of goats they thought undesirable. It includes men of affairs and publicists, but ignores some of our greatest. It admits a large number of artists, which is a commendable departure from the practice of the French Academy. It allows a number of college presidents, but disallows others as well and widely known. It ignores the Church, the Army and Navy, and the Stage. Altogether the list is badly balanced and badly selected, and seems to be issued with the imprint of a prominent magazine.

The inevitable questions in all such cases is, "What is the Source of Honor? Whose is the authority which confers the stamp of greatness?" Artists are envious, and the mob profane. Even scientists can hardly be trusted to honor their best. And a popular vote would be a folly. The French Academy was founded at the culminating period of the French monarchy. It has gathered traditions to itself and become venerable by age. Yet it is questionable whether it has not done more harm by its log-rolling, its continual rejection of genius for mediocrity, than it has done good by its recognition of noble work. Too many great Frenchmen have

occupied its forty-first chair, for the world to accept its judgments as final. Besides, it was instituted for a definite purpose—the preservation and promulgation of the French language. It may have kept this language pure, but it has kept it thin. The piratical English speech, recklessly despoiling the tombs of antiquity, ravaging all coasts, bringing back booty from the uttermost ends of the earth, has trebled and quadrupled its stock of words and idioms, and acquired a richness and flexibility which fit it for all human uses, and promise to give it the domination of the world. If the French Academy has failed in its main object—that of keeping the French language supreme,—its minor successes in cultivating urbanity and precision will not much count in the long run.

We talk a great deal about democracy in America, but it looks to me as though we were making a quiet, disguised, but determined effort to create an aristocracy. And quite rightly, in a way. We begin to want some tangible evidence of the existence of the best. The idea of a society composed of people of achievement and renown begins to appeal to us. The movement is fluid as yet; it has not hardened into an official caste, a plutocracy, or a class of all the talents. Any effort toward directing this movement in the way of intellectual and spiritual superiority, and away from the worship of mere wealth, is good. Coteries and associations with intellectual trend are springing up all over the country. A bright woman once told me that she had just had a dream of heaven, and it was exactly like a meeting of the Contemporary Club in Philadelphia. Possibly she was an enthusiast, but she expressed a feeling of delight in high intercourse which I believe is becoming common.

One use for an American Academy is to furnish a beadrill of distinctions. Another purpose it might serve, and which I suppose the French Academy does serve, would be to bring together persons of high and diverse achievements. England, however, has managed this business fairly well without an Academy. Her people of position and wealth have, down at least to a late period, recognized their responsibilities toward the intellectual life of the land. They have been hungry for celebrities. It is impossible to read the English biographies and memoirs of the last hundred years and not note how rich and full has been the intercourse of great men. Almost every Englishman of distinction has seemed to know every other of the same class. Here and there an isolated artist or man of letters, or a group of revolvers, has escaped being caught into the full current, but as a rule the unofficial Academicians of Great Britain have been invited everywhere. The breakfasts of Rogers and Monckton Milnes, the dinners of a hundred other hosts, and most of all the country house parties of people of rank, have been clearing-houses for genius. When the History of Civilization in England is written it will become evident how much has been due to this hospitality. Possibly there have been some drawbacks of patronage and caste; but these have been greatly

overweighted by the benefits of acquaintance and interchange of thought, amid delightful surroundings, which has been made possible for intellectual leaders. These benefits have not only been a stimulus but a main reward for effort. We have had nothing comparable to this life in America. Here a man of genius has been expected to be more grateful for a sandwich than an ordinary person would have to be for a year of banquets.

Genius of any kind is not apt to be gregarious. It stalks alone, feeds on its own breast like the Pelican and reproduces itself like the Phoenix. Only the lure of dainty feminine presences brought it into the precincts of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the Academia Della Crusca, or the later French *salons*. And even these did not get the big men. Left to itself, genius has always preferred the social life of taverns, coffee-houses, and small clubs. The Mermaid, the Mitre, Will's Coffee House, Dr. Johnson's Club, were the Academies of their times. They were the nursing places of talent; in them reputations were made or unmade; there the intellectual life of the day flowed freest.

Yet it may be doubted whether in our times a great capital or chief city is a necessary factor in the development of the arts and sciences. That it was so of old, is unquestionable. Where the king and court were, there was the assemblage of intellect. But we have changed all that. Weimar, a country village, dominated Germany for fifty years; the Lake District and Edinburgh cast the rest of Great Britain into the shade for half as long. Victor Hugo in the Jersey Islands was a fair counterpoise to Paris. Wagner scorned Berlin, and built his throne at Beireuth. As long as Tennyson lived, even London was in comparison to his hermitage as the low flaring confused lights of a seaside resort are beside the high clear flame of a light-house beacon. Wherever the great man is, wherever the few good heads are congregated, there is the head of the table. And apparently what genius needs is a desert island for ten months in the year, and then a passport to the best life of the world for the remaining two.

There has lately been launched, also in New York, an organization called The American Civic Alliance. Its object is vast, if vague, being nothing less than, in the language of its prospectus, "An effort to supplement the Government of the people with a civic body representing the combined Intellect and Conscience of the entire nation." Its membership is limited to four thousand, and the qualifications seem to be quite elastic. Apparently anyone of respectable attainments, who has the necessary enthusiasm and ten dollars, can belong. This is certainly being democratic, and everyone his own Academician. Strange as it seems, it looks to me as though this rough-and-ready body, if it materializes, might have the germ of greater usefulness in it than the localized Academy I have been discussing. If its State chapters could bring together the best minds of their various sections, if a wave of enthusiasm could be sent through the whole body, some-

thing might come of it. It would at least make for the acquaintance of people who in various lines of work are trying to do their best. It might do for us, in a measure, what the flow and interchange of English social life have done for Englishmen. It might teach the politicians that literary men are not necessarily fools, and the clergy that politicians are not inevitably "crooks." From such a general understanding among our leaders in all departments, a larger and fuller life might dawn for our country.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE YEAR'S ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, according to the recently published report of the librarian, amount to 167,677 volumes, besides pamphlet, manuscript, and other material, bringing the total book collection up to 1,702,635 volumes. Among the noteworthy accessions is a set of the great Chinese Encyclopædia, of which we have before made mention in connection with the copy owned by the British Museum and regarded as one of its most valuable possessions. The Washington set was presented by the Chinese government—possibly as a slight acknowledgment of American courtesy and fair play in returning the undistributed balance of the Boxer indemnity. Among the valuable manuscripts lately transferred to our national library from various departments of the government are all the applications for public office received during Washington's administration, the original accounts and vouchers of his expenses in the Revolutionary War, and documents concerning pension claims of soldiers in that war. The catalogue cards now so satisfactorily prepared by the library and furnished to more than a thousand other libraries, both at home and abroad, have attained a yearly circulation of about four million cards. A method of exchange is in operation whereby a collective or union public library catalogue is being formed, to indicate the contents of all the great libraries of the country. Good work, too, is being done in the drawing up of library rules and regulations, the Washington code being already adopted by the Library Association of England; the desirability of its still further use on the Continent will be discussed next June at the international library congress to be held at Brussels.

A LIBRARY OF BANKING AND CURRENCY, of twenty volumes or more, is to be published during the coming year under the auspices of the National Monetary Commission, and efforts will be made to give the volumes a large circulation throughout the country. The government will be the publisher, and it is hoped that the books can be distributed by the superintendent of documents at a moderate price. Private purchasers may be few enough, but public and semi-public libraries will be interested in securing sets of these authoritative works, which will,

collectively, give a full history and description of the monetary and banking systems of the world. Representatives of the Commission have for some time been collecting material and holding interviews with finance ministers and leading bankers in various countries. The services of the foremost authorities in the many departments into which the general subject divides itself have been secured. In the matter of Japanese banking, for example, a theme of especial interest in view of Japan's rapid financial development in the last forty years, papers have been expressly prepared by Marquis Katsura, Premier and Minister of Finance, by Baron Sakatani, ex-Minister of Finance, and by Baron Takahashi, vice-governor of the Bank of Japan. There is at present unusual interest here in the question of banking, and the Commission expresses the hope that business men and students of finance will study the volumes and coöperate in devising for this country a more adequate banking system.

A QUEER SCHEME OF LITERARY CENSORSHIP has been agitating the book world of England. The circulating libraries wish to decide on the morality or immorality of a book before it shall be formally turned over to the book-buying and book-reading public. If approved by the circulating libraries, through some examining board appointed by them, the book would enjoy the patronage of those commercially important institutions. If disapproved on the score of immorality, what an advertisement the book would thereby receive! The plan is too obviously objectionable, not to say absurd, on many accounts, to be taken seriously—more ridiculous even than the much-criticised puritanic committee of fiction-sifters voluntarily undertaking to decide what novels are good enough for the Boston Public Library. It is no wonder that the English Society of Authors is strongly opposed to the scheme, and that a leading London journal pronounces it "incomparably more deadly" than the theatrical censorship which has stirred up so much opposition in England. The interesting situation is discussed more fully by THE DIAL's London correspondent in this issue.

THE PERILS OF PRECOCITY in a popular writer are grave. Having early made his mark and familiarized the public with his juvenile genius, can he persuade his readers to accept riper and worthier and it may be heavier work at his hands? Will Mr. Chesterton, for example, find himself forced to continue writing Chestertonese for the next thirty or forty years, or will he be able to drop the journalistic cock-sureness and epigrammatic smartness that have so well served him thus far? He is only thirty-five, and the prospect of forty years more of Chestertonian paradox somehow daunts one. Mr. Kipling, a somewhat older writer, is one whose later work, whatever its excellence, seems to suffer by comparison with those first fine flights of his imagination before the cares of his country weighed on

his mind and prompted him to produce rhymed homilies on imperialism. Another early successful author is Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, from whose pen we are not getting many new books of late. Is it possible that he has described his own fate in "The Altar Fire," and that his pen, once so fertile, has written itself out? And yet Mr. Benson is still several years under fifty. It is to be hoped that he is simply resting and ripening for yet worthier achievements in literature. To be handicapped by youthful fame is worse than to be muffled in a not easily penetrable obscurity.

THE SINGULAR USAGE OF SOME LATIN PLURALS invites passing comment. A current paragraph, in a newspaper standing at or near the head of the list for acknowledged literary excellence, runs as follows: "'Cook's data turned over,' says a headline, referring to the delivery of the stuff to the Copenhagen scientists. The next thing will be to turn it inside out. Was there ever any 'data' that was so mercilessly criticised as this will be? The examination of Peary's records was like an afternoon tea in comparison." No fewer than four times does the writer of this short paragraph proclaim the rustiness of his Latin. We have long been accustomed, though not wholly reconciled, to the misuse of "stamina" as a singular noun. "His stamina was inadequate to the strain put upon it" might now be read in one's morning journal without robbing the entire day of its enjoyment; but "the data was" still jars one rather painfully. Other like instances will occur to many readers. Thus do the last lingering traces of a polite education go the way of Hans Breitmann's "Barty,"—into the *Ewigkeit*.

AN OCTOGENARIAN JAUNT might appropriately be the title of a volume describing the European trip just undertaken by Mr. John T. Trowbridge. He and Mrs. Trowbridge have recently sailed from Boston for a winter's sojourn in sunny Italy—so pleasantly at contrast with east-windy Boston, or breezy Arlington either, the venerable author's long-time place of residence. Let us hope he will feel moved to add a sequel, embracing this Italian visit, to his already published "My Own Story," which appeared six years ago. Mr. Trowbridge, at eighty-two, braving the winter Atlantic for a scamper across Europe—if he will pardon the levity of the expression—is surpassed only by Mr. John Bigelow, who, with the burden of ten more years to carry, recently ran over to Paris, and then, with equal lightness of step, returned to present us with the three noteworthy volumes of his "Retrospections."

THIS YEAR'S WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE, Miss Selma Lagerlöf, will be generally acknowledged to have deserved the honor. Indeed, it would have come to her before now had not the committee of award feared the charge of prejudice in thus choosing a writer of their own nationality

for a distinction of world-wide significance. Miss Lagerlöf, now entering on her second half-century, has written tales of Swedish life that have won for her a position not unlike that occupied by Walter Scott among his compatriots. She has revealed what was before but dimly perceived, the poetic meaning and romantic charm of Swedish legend and Swedish life. Best known to us of her books are "Gösta Berling's Saga" and "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," — and concerning the latter there is a touching and a true story that will bear re-telling. Not long after the book appeared, its author received from an orphan boy bearing the same name as its hero a letter telling her of the forlorn life he was living in his dreary little world, and so moving in its tone that she hunted him up and took him to her home and heart, adopting him as her son. From all that can be learned there seems no question but Miss Lagerlöf is a woman of genius and also of warm and noble sympathies.

THE STORY OF A GROWING APPETITE FOR BOOKS among the people of San Francisco (rising in renewed vigor from the prostrating calamity of a few years ago) is told in Librarian Watson's latest annual report of the public library of that city. With not more than seventy-six thousand volumes at its disposal, the library circulates each volume more than eight times yearly on an average, while one branch reports an annual circulation of thirteen times for each volume, and another fourteen times. The past year has shown the largest addition to the supply of books in the history of the library, and its present temporary quarters are apparently becoming inadequate at a geometrically progressive rate. All of which speaks well for the city's devotion to the things of intellect. An issue of library bonds to the extent of \$1,647,000 was authorized six years ago, and a part of the issue has been made, the proceeds of which have been used in the purchase of land for a new library building that is to cost a million dollars.

THE PERFORMANCE OF TWO PLAYS OF EURIPIDES, within a few days of each other, in two Massachusetts cities, Boston and Springfield, speaks well for the still undegraded theatrical taste of at least a part of the better-educated public. The Bryn Mawr Club, of Boston, presented on December 10 the "Medea" in Professor Gilbert Murray's English verse translation, and three days later a company of Greek students of the American International College at Springfield played the "Alcestis" in the original Greek. While not attaining to the magnificence and impressiveness of last year's rendering of the "Agamemnon" in the Harvard Stadium — a grandeur less consonant with the more modern-spirited Euripides than with the tragic sublimities of the earlier poet — these two attempts to revive the classic drama of Athens were highly creditable to all concerned, and were well received by appreciative audiences.

FROM LITERARY LONDON.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

The two things that are most interesting the English public since I last wrote are, first, the attempt to purify our literature through a censorship emanating from what are called subscription libraries; and, second, the question of an Academy of Literature.

The first question has arisen in part, no doubt, from genuine remonstrances having been made to these libraries in behalf of parents who think that their children are taking out books that are very bad for them. The whole problem is a difficult one. On the one hand, one does not see that any censorship, especially one coming from the circulating libraries, which in this country are very keen commercial affairs, on a basis of private ownership, would be other than detrimental to good literature.

Four of our great circulating libraries, having an enormous business — not only in this country but in some cases all over the world, — although rivals in everything else, have joined themselves together into a sympathetic union over this question. First, there is Mudie's, a splendidly managed library, founded by the late Mr. Charles Edward Mudie, and now a flourishing company. In one department of this great business you may see huge boxes packed with books to go to India and the British Colonies. These boxes are sent to and fro as systematically as if it were only across the road. Naturally, considerable control is exercised by the library as to the books distributed in this way. The next firm is W. H. Smith & Sons. This company once had at its head Mr. W. H. Smith, who held important posts in several Conservative Governments. The third of these firms is known as Boot's Book-Lovers Library. Mr. Boot was made a knight the other day, and is now Sir Jesse Boot. He has chemist shops all over London, and the happy idea came to him of adding book-lending to medicine-vending; and there is no doubt that the plan has proved a great success. The fourth of these book firms is known as The Times Book Club, a concern already known to American readers through the big fight that raged between "The Times" newspaper and the book publishers when this club was founded, the dispute being over the right of the club to sell the new books that it had purchased at second-hand prices without a certain interval intervening, — a plan obviously disastrous to the booksellers.

These four firms have made the proposal to the book publishers that time should be given to the librarians to examine books before they are taken by the libraries, with the view of discovering if they contain anything either "scandalous," "libellous," or "immoral." The Publishers' Association of London promptly fell into line with this idea; which shows that certain publishers are evidently not connected with that Association — presumably the publishers of

the books aimed at. The Publishers' Association, however, desired to consult the Society of Authors, an organization which undoubtedly has the majority of English authors among its members. The Society of Authors, at their meeting held to discuss the matter, declared that the libraries obviously had the power already to select what books they willed for their customers. The Society declined, however, to accept the condition that the books of their authors should be submitted to any committee of librarians, and indeed described the claim of the libraries as unwarrantable.

Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote a very sensible letter to "The Times" in which he condemned this attempt at censorship on the part of what would be a secret or irresponsible committee. He incidentally declared that in their day Darwin's books would have been impossible under such conditions. Whereupon Mr. John Murray wrote to "The Times" to say that, as the publisher of Darwin's books, he did not think that such works as the "Origin of Species" would have been in any danger. Mr. Murray has a short memory. I recall the days when, in this country at least, Darwin's books were looked upon by more than half the community as emanating direct from hell. I recall that Mr. Mudie, the founder of the Library bearing his name, was a very strong dissenter, who would gladly have burnt Darwin and all his works. But Mr. Mudie was also a shrewd business man, and could not have acted without the coöperation of his competitors.

My own strong feeling regarding the proposed censorship is that the remedy is to be found in the newspapers and not in the libraries. The call for novels is largely based upon reviews, and if a paper denounces any given book as immoral it is sure to have a great sale. It is not the favorable reviews, but the unfavorable, that sell a book, at least in this country. The condemnation of the libraries would serve as an additional advertisement of a bad book. However, we shall await the result of the struggle with no small interest. That some horrid books are now being issued here, is undeniable.

We have also had considerable discussion of the question of a National Academy of Literature. For ages past, English men of letters have hankered after such an institution as they have in France. Matthew Arnold made great fun of the idea in a very clever essay, and it seemed to have quite ceased to be considered. Meanwhile, however, some clever men in the realms of non-imaginative literature have formed an Academy among themselves, which contains some of our ablest writers, — the British Ambassador to America, for example. It is devoted purely to the work of the student, and not to that of the writer who writes because he must, — that is to say, the imaginative artist. The Society calling itself the British Academy has a very energetic secretary in Mr. Israel Gollancz, and has been taking the lead in directions in which I for one cannot see that it has any clear authority. It organized, for exam-

ple, the Milton Celebration in London; it organized the Tennyson Centenary, and it took in hand the whole arrangements of a funeral service to George Meredith in Westminster Abbey. These activities have awakened a spirit of revolt among our men of letters, — that is to say, among imaginative writers. They assert that a Society which does not admit any of their number into its ranks has no right to assume functions of this character. Tennyson could not have been a member of it; Meredith was not a member. Yet the Society arrogated to itself the task of commemorating these very men. The Society might perhaps justify itself by saying that it only does what there is no one else to do. But the Society of Authors clearly thinks that such things are the especial business of that body. There is no doubt that the Society does number among its subscribers a majority of our English writers. Yet one feels that its membership is made up almost too indiscriminately. Perhaps the ideal Academy would be made by a selection of forty of the most brilliant imaginative writers of the day. But who is to make the selection? The popular verdict could hardly be trusted. Mr. Hall Caine, for example, might be elected a member of such an Academy, because he has thousands of readers, although his books are quite remote from literature. Mr. Maurice Hewlett demands that the Society of Authors should consider the question; but I doubt very much if that would be the best method. It is rather the "critics" of authors than the authors themselves who should have the power of selection; and to that the authors would never submit. Altogether, I do not imagine that a National Academy of Literature is likely to be established in London for many a year to come.

In a recent letter I referred to the Johnson Club in London. I have just come away from a dinner which took place on the anniversary of Dr. Johnson's death, and on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Club's existence. The Club numbers only about thirty members, but its membership has been a very interesting one. Mr. Augustine Birrell, for example, has been an enthusiastic supporter from the beginning, although his duties as a Minister of the Crown have kept him away of late. Sir Henry M. Stanley, the well-known African explorer, was a member; Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who edited the best edition of Boswell's Johnson that has ever been published, was a very regular attendant. Mr. Austin Dobson was a member for some years, until, in fact, he ceased to go out at night. Each member takes his turn in being what is called the "Prior" of the Club. A quite recent Prior was Mr. H. B. Wheatley, who has written some important books on London, and is the editor, preëminently, of Pepys's Diary. The Prior for this year is Mr. Thomas Seccombe, the author of a book called "The Age of Johnson," and one of the ablest of the reviewing staff of the London "Times." Among the visitors to the Club for the evening were Mr. Anthony Hope, Canon

Beeching, and Professor Walter Raleigh. Anthony Hope we all know as a popular novelist; he is also an excellent after-dinner speaker. Canon Beeching, who is a canon of Westminster Abbey, is one of the few men of to-day who are keeping alive the literary traditions of that church which were so pronounced when we had Dean Stanley and Dean Church, to say nothing of Dr. Merivale and Bishop Creighton. It might almost be said that Canon Ainger was the last of the literary clergymen of England; for Canon Beeching, with considerable critical gifts, is but little known to the reading public. The third of our guests, Professor Walter Raleigh, is the son of an eminent Nonconformist Minister, Dr. Alexander Raleigh; he now holds the chair of English Literature at Oxford, and has written books on Milton and Wordsworth that have attracted much attention. But perhaps I have said too much about the Johnson Club and its pleasant gatherings. We meet only three times a year; a paper is read and discussed, and we drink in silence to the memory of "the Master."

The event of the week in which I am writing is the publication of the "Jubilee Number" of the "Cornhill Magazine." The "Cornhill" has existed for fifty years. Thackeray was its first editor; its other editors have included Sir Leslie Stephen, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, and Mr. James Payn. I rather fancy that Mr. Greenwood had some difference of opinion with the publishers of the magazine, Messrs. Smith & Elder, and hence his name is strangely ignored in the volley of congratulations contained in this "Jubilee Number." Mr. Stanley Weyman writes about James Payn; Mr. W. E. Norris writes about Sir Leslie Stephen; while Lady Ritchie, the daughter of Thackeray, writes about her father. There is a poem by Thomas Hardy that has distinct charm. Altogether, the "Cornhill" jubilee is a very notable celebration, because magazines that love to publish literature are becoming more and more uncommon in England. There is a very marked deterioration in this field. Mr. John Murray once had a nice magazine, with good literary matter in it, called "Murray's Magazine." Our other old-time firm, the Longmans, had a magazine called "Longman's Magazine," which also published much good literature. The Macmillans issued a magazine which they called after their name, that had equal merits. All three are dead. "Blackwood's" and "Cornhill" alone survive of all the magazines run by high-class publishers aiming to provide good readable material of the best quality; and I do not believe that either of these has a very large sale. Thackeray boasted of a hundred thousand copies of the earlier numbers of "Cornhill." I am afraid your readers would be astonished if they heard the present-day sales. The fact undoubtedly is that literary taste in this country seems to have deteriorated.

CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

London, December 20, 1909.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY AND SPELLING REFORM.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The pith of Professor Paul Shorey's courteous letter in THE DIAL of December 1 is to be found in his assertion that the amelioration of our spelling cannot be confided solely to profest scholars, learned in the history of English, because it "involves many nice questions of taste, literary feeling, psychology of education, and practical consequences, in the decision of which the judgments of all thoughtful men, whatever their specialties, are entitled to consideration." And with this assertion no friend of a more logical orthography has any desire to quarrel.

By an interesting coincidence, the same number of THE DIAL contained an account of the organization of an American Academy of Arts and Letters, having now forty-five living members. In this article the declaration is made that "the collective distinction of the list is deeply impressive," and that it is "clearly representative of what is best in our intellectual and artistic life." Probably the writer of that article would be ready to admit that men who have been elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters ought to be specially qualified to deal with what Professor Shorey has aptly described as "nice questions of taste" and of "literary feeling."

It may, therefore, be interesting to have it pointed out that six members of the Simplified Spelling Board are also members of the American Academy—Messrs. Clemens, Higginson, Lounsbury, Matthews, Roosevelt, and White. Three other members of the Academy are on record as sympathizing heartily with the effort to better our orthography,—Messrs. Burroughs, Cable, and Howells. This has an obvious significance upon which there is no need to expand.

But what is almost as significant is the fact that at most only one of the twenty other men of letters in this carefully selected group of leaders in the several arts,—only Mr. Lodge,—has publicly expressed his opposition to the progressive simplifying of our spelling. Of course, it may be quite possible that there are others among this silent score of American authors who do not approve of the movement. But if any such there are, they have seen fit to keep their opinions to themselves, for whatever reason. On the other hand, those members of the American Academy who believe that something ought to be done now to make our noble tongue fitter for service thruout the world have not hesitated to stand forward to testify to the faith that is in them.

Professor Shorey does not say in so many words that scholarship in English is a disqualification for advocacy of spelling reform; but he seems to be on the verge of insinuating this. That Professor Lounsbury is tainted by this disqualification, cannot be denied; but it does not attach to Messrs. Burroughs, Cable,

Clemens, Higginson, Howells, Matthews, Roosevelt, and White. Probably even the "professors of dead languages" would admit the right of these members of the American Academy to deal with "nice questions of taste" and of "literary feeling."

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

New York, December 20, 1909.

[It was, of course, the "collective distinction of the list" of "sixty-two names altogether," constituting the total membership of the Academy, that we found to be impressive,—not the half-dozen members who are members also of the Simplified Spelling Board. And we especially emphasized Matthew Arnold's admirable statement of what a real Academy must be,— "an institution which will discourage every orthographical antic, every manifestation of the provincial spirit."—EDR. THE DIAL.]

A LOCALIZED AMERICAN ACADEMY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It is easy to see that an American Academy of Arts and Letters, as outlined in your issue of November 1, may be a useful and authoritative institution, and a vital force in the upbuilding of our higher national life. But there are phases of it that call for thoughtful consideration. It is hard to see how an institution representing one locality, however meritorious it may be, can properly be regarded as a *national* Academy. It is true that for such an institution the best men should be chosen, wherever found; and it may be that the promoters of the Academy have had this principle in mind. If so, their minds afford subject for interesting inquiry. Culture, the pursuit of arts and letters, are commonly believed to tend toward a broadening of view, a correcting of what is narrow and provincial; yet the proverbial inability of New York to see beyond the Hudson River, its *naïve* unconscionableness of the rest of the country, have seldom been more signally displayed.

An inspection of the list of names of the new Academicians, as given in THE DIAL article already referred to, shows that of the sixty-two members about forty (two-thirds of the total membership) are of New York; while of the remaining third, Boston and vicinity have fourteen. Of the eight remaining, Baltimore has two, Philadelphia two, Washington two, and far-off Georgia has one for her beloved "Uncle Remus." One membership is thus left for all that is "American" beyond the Eastern seaboard; and this (under the circumstances) rather overwhelming honor goes to Mr. John Muir of California, a man far greater than any distinction like this could make him, but distinguished in science and exploration rather than in arts and letters.

Now my present purpose is not to complain of all this—not to show the suitability of any of the

scholars or artists or men of letters in the vast and influential region thus excluded from the ken of culture in the East, or to urge the representation of any of the great universities of the West or the Pacific Slope,—but only to call attention to the facts of the case, leaving others to ponder their significance and to consider whether an "American" Academy can be established on a basis such as is here disclosed.

WILMER O. MARTIN.

Chicago, December 22, 1909.

THE ORIGIN OF "OLD GRIMES."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It is so seldom one finds THE DIAL napping that I am tempted to express my surprise at the note on "Old Grimes" in the last issue. The statements that the origin of the song "is now revealed in Mr. Dwight C. Kilbourn's 'History of the Bench and Bar of Litchfield County, Connecticut,'" and "The authorship of the song is now traced to a source sufficiently distinguished," are made as if they announced a new discovery. As a matter of fact, the authorship of the poem has always, I think, been generally known. Both Duyckinck's "Cyclopedia of American Literature" and Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America" discuss the work of the Honorable Albert G. Greene (not Green, as THE DIAL gives it), and print among their samples of his poetry "Old Grimes," and that other favorite of the earlier school-readers, "The Baron's last Banquet."

"O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where in his last strong agony a dying warrior lay,
The stern old Baron Rudiger. . . ."

Several of the more recent handbooks of American literature also perpetuate the memory of "Old Grimes" and its author.

In "Book Notes" for May 30, 1908, Mr. Sidney S. Rider, of Providence, gives two versions of the poem, and reprints an interesting letter from Greene, who says: "It was first published, I think, in 1823, in one of the Providence papers, for which purpose a copy had been requested of me by the editor. In reply to your question respecting the authorship of the stanzas, I answer that the first verse, for aught I know to the contrary, may have been repeated and sung from time immemorial. Whether it formed part of some earlier production now forgotten, or was one of those fragments of verse of which no one can tell the origin or author, I know not. That verse was used as a file-leader for the remainder. . . . I need only add that, with the exception of the first, every line of them was written by myself." Mr. Rider found what he believed to be the first publication of the poem in the "Providence Gazette" for January 16, 1822. As Greene was not born until 1802, the date given in THE DIAL (1812) is surely incorrect.

WILLIAM B. CAIRNS.

University of Wisconsin, December 18, 1909.

The New Books.

SOME EVOLUTION HOUSE-CLEANING.*

The purpose of all scientific investigation is to learn as much as possible about natural phenomena, in order that man may order his life to the best advantage with reference to these phenomena. In carrying out this purpose, science sets before itself the ideal of dealing only with verifiable truth. But in the development of the actual intellectual machinery of investigation (hypotheses, theories, and the like) it results not infrequently that this ideal gets put to one side and for the time being forgotten. Under such circumstances, a great deal of so-called scientific endeavor and speculation comes to deal with "things as they might be" rather than with "things as they are." Nowhere has this been more truly the case than in the study of Organic Evolution.

Darwin and Wallace showed at the outstart how the selection idea might account for many of the observed phenomena of organic nature, and brought forward definite and cogent evidence that selection had really acted to produce certain of these results. This idea of selection developed quickly into certain set formulæ, and much — indeed, most — of the speculation and writing on Evolution up to the present time has concerned itself with the discussion of the probable results of the application of these formulæ to organisms and conditions as they might conceivably be. Thus, the brilliant coloring of certain butterflies has been "explained" as warning coloration, developed by the action of natural selection, to show the birds that prey on butterflies that these particular kinds were not wholesome or palatable, and had therefore better be left strictly alone. Volumes have been written on this subject, and detailed phases of it have called forth as heated discussion as ever did the famous Theory of Tittlebats. Yet practically no one ever took the trouble, or even thought it worth while, to see whether, as a matter of fact, birds do really prey on butterflies to any extent, and whether the effect of the brilliant coloration actually is as it is theoretically supposed to be.

A periodical house-cleaning is just as necessary and just as disagreeable intellectually as it is physically or morally. Mr. Dewar and Mr. Finn have taken it upon themselves to clean up

the Evolution house; to throw away the rubbish, and carefully dust and place conspicuously upon the mantel those scientific ideals that have been rather hidden by the large and ill-assorted collection of mental bric-a-brac which the workers in the house have allowed or helped to accumulate. On the whole, these gentlemen make very efficient "help"; they have done their work unusually well.

"The Making of Species" frankly has as its aim the destructive criticism of Neo-Darwinism, — or, as the authors rather curiously prefer to designate this school of thought, "Wallaceism." In particular, the attempt is made to show that the *Allmacht* of Natural Selection, which is the keynote of the Neo-Darwinism position, is in very large degree fanciful rather than real; that it depends on metaphysical speculation rather than on the actual observation of living plants and animals under natural conditions. The method of the book is to bring forward an array of concrete facts observed by the authors themselves in their ornithological studies, or cited from the literature, and then to show that these facts cannot be accounted for by certain existing theories of the method of evolution without straining logic and credulity to an absurd degree. The authors' standpoint and way of proceeding are refreshingly Darwinian.

"Like Darwin, we welcome all factors which appear to be capable of affecting Evolution. We have no axe to grind in the shape of a pet hypothesis, and consequently our passions are not aroused when men come forward with new ideas seemingly opposed to some which already occupy the field. We recognize the extreme complexity of the problems that confront us. We look facts in the face and decline to ignore any, no matter how ill they fit in with existing theories. We recognize the strength and the weakness of the Darwinian theory."

The first two chapters are introductory and historical, dealing with the rise and development of the theory of Natural Selection and with some of the more important criticisms that have been directed against it during the last fifty years. The next three chapters, on "Variation," "Hybridism," and "Inheritance," contain keen critical discussions of a number of problems and lines of work in the foreground of interest and attention to-day. DeVries's mutation theory, as a general theory of evolution, is criticised, although the great value of his experimental investigations is fully recognized. The discussions of hybridism and inheritance are excellent. A wealth of material regarding hybrids amongst wild forms is presented; nothing could show more convincingly how greatly the importance and generality of the Mendelian principles of

*THE MAKING OF SPECIES. By Douglas Dewar and Frank Finn. With fifteen illustrations. New York: John Lane Co.

heredity is exaggerated by some of the more active and zealous investigators in that field.

The next two chapters deal with two of the pet theories dearest to the heart of the orthodox Neo-Darwinian; namely, protective and warning coloration and mimicry on the one hand, and sexual selection on the other hand. The criticisms are sharp and convincing. There can be no doubt that much of the post-Darwinian refinement and extension of theory and speculation on these subjects is utter nonsense, having no relation whatever to the real facts of Nature.

The last chapter gives a very clear and excellent exposition of the factors (and their relative importance and limitations) now known to influence evolution. The authors point out, with entire correctness and justice, that "The real problem is the cause of variations; or, in other words, how species *originate*. At present our knowledge of the causes of variation and mutation is practically *nil*. . . . The future of biology is largely in the hands of the practical breeder."

The worst that can be said of this extremely interesting and stimulating book is that the authors weaken the presentation of their case by the adoption of an unfortunate style of expression. The book was written in a very short time, considering the range and importance of the topics treated, and its tone throughout is rather flippant. It is certain that a more tactful presentation of the criticisms and evidence would have gained for the book much more respectful and immediate consideration by professional biologists. In its earnestness, the diction occasionally gets amusingly turgid. Thus, the following sentence, in its mixture of desperate earnestness and fozzled grammar, reminds one of nothing so much as of the small boy who chokes and swallows as he tries to state an important matter with all the force that he can command: "We are endeavoring to save biology in England from committing suicide, to save it from the hands of those into which it has fallen."

RAYMOND PEARL.

A SURVEY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

As its title indicates, the "Manual of American Literature," by Mr. Theodore Stanton, in collaboration with members of the Faculty of Cornell University, is a compendium of material for reference rather than a history of literary

*A MANUAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by Theodore Stanton, M.A., in a collaboration with members of the faculty of Cornell University. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

development. For more reasons than one, the volume awakens interest. It is "No. 4000" of the Tauchnitz Editions, a "memorial volume" in the well-known Collection of British Authors which, instituted by Baron Tauchnitz in 1841, has now reached the proportions indicated by the number of this issue. Its significance as a "memorial volume," in thus marking a notable turning-point in the enlargement of the series, is emphasized by the fact that "No. 2000" took the form of a volume by Henry Morley upon "English Literature in the Reign of Victoria." No account of literature in America has hitherto appeared in the Collection. The Manual is dedicated "to President Theodore Roosevelt."

The distinctive feature of the work is the plan of arrangement, which presents the nineteenth-century literature in six divisions under the headings, The Historians, The Novelists, The Poets, The Essayists and the Humorists, The Orators and the Divines, and The Scientists; a seventh section is given to the Periodicals. There are obvious advantages in such a plan, and obvious disadvantages. It is adhered to rigidly, not only in cases like those of Emerson and Lowell, who are consequently "split" into essayists and poets, but also with Irving, Poe, and Holmes, who, like a certain noted actress on a well-remembered occasion, are here compelled to appear in three parts. The awkwardness of such an appearance is perhaps less noteworthy than the danger of disproportionate and inconsistent treatment. Take Lowell, for example: the scant single page which barely gives the titles of his prose essays is painfully inadequate, and altogether out of proportion when compared with the seven and a half pages given to Lowell in the chapter on the Poets, even when we note that all biographical data is presented in this latter section. In Irving's case there is considerable repetition in two of the three divisions; in fact the "Knickerbocker History" is successively described as history, fiction, and humorous essay, — which may be altogether proper; but there is something like contradiction in the description of the "Life of Washington" as "monumental" by one writer, and as "the task-work of his declining years" by another. However, this is said not so much by way of criticism as in illustrating the difficulties that attend this method of presentation. As a matter of fact, we think that the authors have kept well together; they have met the difficulties with a degree of success impossible had they not been in constant and close touch with one another. The work is distinctively a product of Cornell

scholarship. Mr. Stanton is a graduate of that university, and his associates are members of its faculty. This kindred in authorship includes yet more; for the two sections dealing with Colonial Literature and The Revolutionary Period are an abridgment of the masterly work of the late Moses Coit Tyler, formerly a professor at Cornell. It was not only gracefully appropriate thus to join the distinguished name of another Cornellian with the group, but eminently wise and just; for certainly no summary of those periods in our literary history can ever stand except on the foundation of Tyler's work.

The largest section in the Manual is that upon the Novelists, by Professor Clark S. Northup. It is also the most interesting. More than a quarter of the volume is here included, and the list, which begins with Charles Brockden Brown, comprises a hundred and eighty names; yet Professor Northup is discriminating and concise in his commentary. In view of the great and rapid growth of fiction in this generation, it is surprising to note that one of the earliest of American novels, the crude and sentimental "Charlotte Temple" (1790), has survived its century of life through more than a hundred editions, its last appearance having been in 1905. In his account of the beginnings, Mr. Northup does not include Sarah Morton's "Power of Sympathy" (1789), which sometimes figures as the first American novel, although suppressed previous to publication. The much-discussed authorship of two conspicuously successful American novels is definitely settled in these pages. It is announced authoritatively that Professor Henry Adams, the historian, is the author of "Democracy" (1880), and that John Hay wrote "The Bread-Winners" (1888).

In the remaining divisions of the book we have the Historians, presented by Dr. Isaac Madison Bentley; the Essayists and the Humorists, by Professor Elmer James Bailey. The section on the Poets, and that on the Orators and the Divines, are by Professor Lane Cooper. Professor Northup provides the section on the Scientists, and that on the Periodicals. The latter is, necessarily, much condensed, and will doubtless seem meagre to American readers. It must give THE DIAL a feeling of loneliness to find that it is about the only Western periodical of which Professor Northup is aware. Had he consulted Mr. Herbert Fleming's very complete monograph on this subject (published by the University of Chicago), this section would probably have been considerably expanded.

W. E. SIMONDS.

GREEK CULTURE AND MODERN LIFE.*

If experience qualifies one to give counsel, the cause of Greek studies would look far to find two better fitted advocates than the authors of the two volumes before us. Each has devoted to that cause more than half a century of unbroken activity, and each has been peculiarly successful in bringing his own life into vital contact with the deepest currents of Greek life which have come down to us through the souls of men, as well as with the more external remainders of Greek civilization.

The three chapters of Professor Gildersleeve's little volume entitled "Hellas and Hesperia" were delivered as lectures before the University of Virginia, on the Barbour-Page foundation. An old man thus returning to the home of his scholastic youth must naturally be less formal than under other circumstances; and this fact gives to his words a personal touch which can only enhance their value to those who have been fortunate enough to know him, though it may result in some disappointment to persons who open the volume in search of so thorough and logical a defence of Greek studies as a man of the author's attainments might present. As to a formal plea for Greek, he begs to be excused. "If the study is doomed, let it die. Living is the test of vitality. . . . If classical culture has outlived its usefulness; if its teachers are squeaking and gibbering ghosts and not real men, let in the light, turn on the current and have done with it." One recalls the spirited words put into the mouth of the aged Cato by Cicero: "That is a wretched old age indeed which must defend itself by argument." The "cubic contents" of Greek studies, Professor Gildersleeve reminds us, are greater now than in past generations; by which he means, of course, that the actual number so engaged is larger than before, in spite of the fact that they do not constitute so large a proportion of the entire body of students and scholars. The American, he holds, is essentially the Greek of the modern world. "Our keenness and directness, our audacity, our inventiveness, our light-hearted acceptance of the shifts of fortune," are qualities which peculiarly fit us to appreciate the life of ancient Greece and draw both profit and

* *HELLAS AND HESPERIA; OR, THE VITALITY OF GREEK STUDIES IN AMERICA.* By Basil Lannean Gildersleeve, Professor of Greek in the Johns Hopkins University. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

WHAT HAVE THE GREEKS DONE FOR MODERN CIVILIZATION? *The Lowell Lectures of 1908-1909.* By John Pentland Mahaffy, D.C.L., of Trinity College, Dublin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

pleasure from a first-hand acquaintance therewith. Dr. Gildersleeve's kindly humor, of course, pervades every paragraph. That will never depart until pen and tongue are stilled forever.

Professor Mahaffy's Lowell Lectures on "What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization" are naturally more formal. In various important fields of human effort — prose and poetry, architecture and sculpture, painting and music, logic, mathematics, medicine, politics, law, philosophy, etc., — he points out the achievements of the Greeks and the direct or indirect relation of those achievements to modern efforts in the same lines. In general, this work is well and carefully done; but we note a tendency unduly to depreciate the work of the Romans by way of comparison. Of course no Latinist denies the general artistic superiority of the Greek, through which he "took his fierce Roman conqueror captive," but that is a very superficial view of the evidence which fails to recognize that the Romans added substantial and valuable qualities of their own to all their borrowings from Greece, qualities without which modern life would have lost very heavily in its lessons from the ancient Mediterranean civilizations. It is not necessary to attempt here any *resumé* of Professor Mahaffy's arguments, since intelligent readers are already aware of the general trend which such a discussion must take. Perhaps many would be surprised to read some of the definite information which he gives as to the extent of Greek achievement in the field of higher mathematics. The present writer once heard a famous platform lecturer, the head of an educational institution in an Eastern city, assert to a body of students in a preparatory school that they knew more of science and mathematics than any of the ancient Greeks and Romans! Few, of course, are as ignorant of the facts as that, but not many are aware how far one would have to go to pass the northernmost igloos of a Euclid, an Apollonius of Perga, an Hipparchus, or a Diophantus, in the polar latitudes of mathematics. The average modern student preparing for such a feat would certainly find it necessary to dispense with many of the customary accoutrements of current college life and load his sledges with a high quality of intellectual pemmican instead.

In discussing the subject of Greek music, Professor Mahaffy assumes that the idea of Greek educators that the practice of music has a direct and powerful effect upon the morals of average men is entirely foreign to modern

thought. We have no sufficient acquaintance with modern musical literature to say whether this idea has had any very general discussion, but we have heard it put forth orally too often to believe that it can be as foreign to modern thought as he imagines. In fact, when we consider how readily certain types of music appeal to certain moods of mind, it would seem an inevitable conclusion that either elevating or degrading moral effects must be produced by this means under appropriate conditions. Who does not know how readily, in the field of church music, almost an entire audience may be jarred out of a spiritual frame of mind by some misplaced effort of organist or choir?

Professor Mahaffy is too plain-speaking a man to be insincere in his assertion that he found during his visit to America a far more hopeful situation with regard to Greek than he had expected. And we are glad that he was not afraid, within such close proximity to Harvard Square, to allude to the part of Harvard University itself in making the situation as bad as it is. We can do no better in closing than to quote the final sentence of our author's peroration:

"So now, when my part in the race is nearly run, there remains to me no higher earthly satisfaction than this, that I have carried the torch of Greek fire alight through a long life — no higher earthly hope than this, that I may pass that torch to others, who in their turn may keep it aflame with greater brilliancy perhaps, but not with more earnest devotion, 'in the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.'"

W. H. JOHNSON.

NEW REVELMENTS OF SHELLEY.*

Seldom has the foolishness of prophesying been better illustrated than by Matthew Arnold's famous dictum of three decades ago: "I doubt whether Shelley's delightful Essays and Letters will not resist the wear and tear of time better and finally come to stand higher than his poetry."

Certainly, we welcome gladly a collection of Shelley letters which includes thirty-eight entirely new ones, besides nearly fifty containing hitherto unpublished matter. Yet our enthusiasm is mild compared with what we should feel at the announcement of an equal number of fresh Shelley poems. However, a comparison of this kind is quite unnecessary; and we would not belittle what we now have, after eighty-seven years of waiting — a chronological and systematic arrangement of material which hitherto it has been necessary to seek through numer-

* THE LETTERS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Collected and edited by Roger Ingpen. With illustrations. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ous fragmentary and scattered volumes, the whole collection of old and new amounting to about four hundred and eighty letters, or nearly three times as many as any one previous work has contained. Moreover, the compact biographical sketches of Shelley's numerous friends and correspondents are of the greatest service in putting the reader *en rapport* with his environment; the illustrations are mostly new, and the whole work of editing is admirably done.

Naturally, the volume is richer in biographical than in critical interest. Concerning the moods, the motives, the impulses and surroundings that influenced the production of special poems, Shelley has little to say in these letters. But Mary Shelley's Notes to the early editions of the poems have made these as well known as any such matter can ever be made known to an outsider. What we do get, and are heartily glad to get, is considerable light upon two fundamental principles that perpetually challenge discussion in the career of Shelley. To enter fully into his attitude of mind on these two points is absolutely necessary if anyone is to justify or even endure his course of conduct as a man, however he may be esteemed as a poet. These principles were: (1) Opinion should be absolutely free; therefore no man should be arraigned by his fellow-men for any opinion. (2) Resolutely and consistently to act according to his own opinion is the duty of every man, and is the way in which he can best serve his fellow-men. To read the group of letters written by Shelley to his publisher and to other friends in the last month of the year 1817, when a young man of twenty-five, unknown to fame and seeking to get a poem of twelve cantos into print, is to realize the stuff of which he was made. "Laon and Cythna"—so the poem was called—so far outran the bounds of discretion in its utterances, moral, political, and theological, as to terrify the publisher and cause him to threaten to withdraw it after only three copies had been printed. Although he had no hope of another publisher, Shelley for a long time refused to alter a line of the poem. His eloquent letter of protest against the intended injustice of suppressing the book after it had been printed, brought the publisher down to Marlow; a personal conference resulted in the cancelling of some pages, the altering of others, and the final publication of the poem as "The Revolt of Islam." The transaction is brought into high relief by placing the vigorous letters written at this period to different persons side by side, as well as by the addition of one entirely new letter. Thomas Moore had written kindly and encouragingly to the young author, and this was his reply:

"The present edition of 'Laon and Cythna' is to be suppressed, and it will be republished in about a fortnight under the title of 'The Revolt of Islam,' with some alterations which consist in little else than the substitution of the words *friend* and *lover* for that of *brother* and *sister*. The truth is that the seclusion of my habits has confined me so much within the circle of my own thoughts that I have formed to myself a very different measure of approbation or disapprobation for actions than that which is in use among mankind; and

the result of that peculiarity, contrary to my intention, revolts and shocks many who might be inclined to sympathize with me in my general views. As soon as I discovered that this effect was produced by the circumstance alluded to, I hastened to cancel it—not from any personal feeling of terror or repentance, but from the sincere desire of doing all the good and conferring all the pleasure which might flow from so obscure a person as myself. I don't know why I trouble you with these words, but your kind approbation of the opening of the Poem has emboldened me to believe that the account of my motives might interest you."

Five years earlier than this, Shelley, at the age of twenty, wrote thus to an unknown correspondent:

"No human being is a member of the community, not as a limb is a member of the body, or as what is part of a machine, intended only to contribute to some general joint result. He was created not to be merged in the whole as a drop in the ocean, or as a particle of sand on the sea-shore, and to aid only in comprising a man. He is an ultimate being, made for his own perfection as his highest end, made to maintain an individual existence, and to serve others only so far as consists with his own virtue and progress. . . . Nothing seems to me so needful as to give the mind the consciousness—which governments have done so much to suppress—of its own separate work. Let the individual feel that he is placed in the community not to part with his individuality, or to become a tool. To me, the progress of society consists in nothing more than in bringing out the individual, in giving him a consciousness of his own being, and in quickening him to strengthen and elevate his mind.

"No man, I affirm, will serve his fellow-beings so effectually, so fervently, as he who is not their slave,—as he who, casting off every yoke, subjects himself to the law of duty in his own mind. For this law enjoins a disinterested and generous spirit. Individuality, or moral self-subsistence, is the secret foundation of an all-comprehending love. No man so multiplies his bonds with the community as he who watches most jealously over his own perfection. There is a beautiful harmony between the good of the State and the moral freedom and dignity of the individual. Were it not so, were these interests in any case discordant, were an individual ever called to serve his country by acts debasing his own mind, he ought not to waver a moment as to the good which he should prefer. Property, life, he should joyfully surrender to the State. But his soul he must never stain or enslave."

On the great *crux* of Shelley biography—his elopement with Mary Godwin while still in apparently friendly relations with his wife Harriet—more opportunities than ever before in one place are offered for individual judgment. Harriet's letters to Mrs. Nugent, soon after the event, are collected in an Appendix; and we know her view of the case as well as his. It becomes, indeed, far less easy to justify Shelley, or to endorse Dowden's opinion: "It is evident that in May, 1814 (the elopement took place in the July following), Harriet had assumed an attitude of hard alienation towards her husband who pleaded with almost despairing hope for the restoration of her love." It is true that Shelley left home and went to London about this time; yet it looks like anything but "hard alienation" when we find that there was a continual correspondence kept up,—that on one occasion, four days having elapsed without a letter from Shelley, Harriet wrote an appealing letter to his publisher, saying, "It seems an age since I heard from him. . . . If I do not hear from you or from him I shall come to London. I cannot endure this dreadful state of suspense."

That she never intended to alienate herself from Shelley is plain from her pathetic account to Mrs. Nugent, and the desperate eagerness with which she seeks to shield Shelley by placing the blame elsewhere.

"Mr. Shelley has become profligate and sensual, owing entirely to Godwin's 'Political Justice.' The very great evil that book has done is not to be told. . . . He cares not for me now. He never asks after me, or sends me word how he is going on. . . . Oh! if you knew what I have suffered, your heart would drop blood for my miseries."

With as much of the evidence before us as we are ever likely to have on the "Harriet question," it seems high time to banish at least one cruel injustice. Many of Shelley's biographers have placed the blame of separation on Harriet's unfaithfulness. The evidence of this vanishes into less than nothing, since it comes from prejudiced parties; and there is a good deal in disproof. Shelley's only justification, if justification there be, must be found in his views of marriage, as expressed in "Queen Mab" and often in his letters. Very early he had become a disciple of Godwin, and had accepted entirely Godwin's belief that "The institution of marriage is a system of fraud. . . . Marriage is a law, and the worst of laws." Shelley greatly desired the union of his friend Hogg with his beloved sister Elizabeth; yet he wrote to Hogg:

"*Matrimony*, I know, is a word dear to you; does it vibrate in unison with the hidden strings of rapture—awaken divine anticipation? Is it not the most horrible of all the means which the world has had recourse to, to bind the noble to itself? Yet this is the subject of her constant and *printed* panegyric. It is in vain that I seek to talk to her [Elizabeth]. It is in vain that I represent, or rather endeavor to represent, the futility of the world's opinion."

The last words explain much of Shelley, and of his conduct, which at least was founded upon conviction. The "futility of the world's opinion" carried no restraint with him; if he loved another person more, marriage was no reason for remaining with one less loved.

In general it may be said of these letters that they do not materially alter our impressions of Shelley's character. The qualities of decision, promptness of resource and action, of generosity, of self-forgetful interest in others, general kindness, and courtesy, come out with increased force. A new light seems thrown upon him in the capacity of a business man. We see him negotiating, transacting, advising, controlling, treating the business of life in a business-like way, though not blind to the fact that he was unconsciously "worked" by the insatiable Godwin. In one of the last letters he ever wrote, he said: "I have been long firmly persuaded that all the money advanced to Godwin, so long as he stands engaged in business, is absolutely thrown away."

Shelley's religion, or absence of religion, has been so often discussed, his belief in immortality has been so often denied, that we cannot refrain from quoting one very explicit statement in a letter dated 1811:

"Shall we sink into the nothing from which we have arisen? But could we have arisen from nothing? We put an acorn into the ground. In process of time it modifies the particles of

earth, air, and water, by infinitesimal division, so as to produce an oak. That power which makes it to be this oak we may call its *vegetative principle*, symbolizing with the animal principle, or soul of animated existence. An hundred years pass. The oak moulders in putrefaction—it ceases to be what it is; its *soul* is gone. Is soul then annihilable? Yet one of the properties of animal soul is consciousness of identity. If this is destroyed, in consequence the *soul* (whose essence this is) must perish. But as I conceive (and as is certainly capable of demonstration) that nothing can be annihilated, but that everything appertaining to nature, consisting of constituent parts infinitely divisible, is in a continual change, then do I suppose—and I think I have a right to draw this inference—that neither will soul perish; that in a future existence it will lose all consciousness of having formerly lived elsewhere,—will begin life anew, possibly under a shape of which we have now no idea. But we have no right to make hypotheses—this is not one; at least I flatter myself that I have kept clear of the supposition."

ANNA BENNESON McMAHAN.

RECENT FICTION.*

Ann Veronica is a young woman who chafes under the conditions which life would impose upon her. She lives in a suburb with her father, a prosperous man of affairs in the City, and a maiden aunt who cherishes sentimental memories. There are brothers and sisters, but they are married or otherwise away, and do not count. Ann Veronica studies biology in a London school, and her father shakes his head at the presumably godless character of her instruction. She also gets unconventional ideas from a little group of art students with whom she mingles. She is a restless girl, who is ambitious to "live her own life," and is refreshingly free of speech. "Damn!" "Oh, cuss it!" and "That's the devil of it," may be offered as selected quotations. No wonder her lover remarks, "You *do* use vile language"—not reprovingly, but as a statement of objective fact. But this is anticipatory; for when we meet her, she has no lover, although she yearns for one. A domestic crisis is reached when her father forbids her to go to a costume ball given by her art student friends. She plans to go just the same, if for nothing more than to assert her rights as an individual; but is caught escaping from the house, and ignominiously locked up in her room. This is "tu mutch," and she flees

* ANN VERONICA. A Modern Love-Story. By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE FAITH OF HIS FATHERS. A Story of Some Idealists. By A. E. Jacomb. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

BELLA DONNA. A Novel. By Robert Hichens. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

BRONSON OF THE RABBLE. By Albert E. Hancock. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

MY LADY OF THE SOUTH. A Story of the Civil War. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE MOVING OF THE WATERS. A Novel. By Jay Cady. New York: The John McBride Co.

THE TREASURE. By Paul W. Eaton. New York: R. R. Fenno & Co.

THROUGH THE WALL. By Cleveland Moffett. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE SILVER HORDE. A Novel. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers.

to London in outraged dignity. Taking cheap lodgings, she sets about "living her own life" in fact, and discovers it to be a difficult matter. Her services do not seem to be greatly desired, and she finally borrows forty pounds from an elderly stockbroker with bulging eyes who professes solicitude for her welfare. He naturally expects payment after the fashion of his kind; and this episode leads to a scene in a *cabinet particulier* which is — well, we hesitate to say what it is, beyond expressing the opinion that it goes beyond what is legitimate in decent fiction. With the borrowed money, Ann Veronica pays her fees in the laboratory, and pursues her studies under the direction of a young biologist named Capes, who has a wife and a shady past. She concludes that she is in love with him, and, nothing abashed, tells him so. He makes difficulties, still having some sparks of decency in his nature; but she is determined, and off they go to Switzerland. Meanwhile, Ann Veronica's experience with the stockbroker has aroused an indignation that must find vent somehow, and the thing nearest at hand for Ann Veronica is to become a suffragette, which she does so successfully that she is soon enjoying a fortnight of enforced seclusion from the world. Then comes the Swiss escapade with its delirious joys. And finally, skipping several years, we are given an epilogue showing the couple living happily together as Mr. and Mrs. Capes. We infer from this that the former Mrs. Capes has made some sort of an end, although the author delicately refrains from mentioning the fact. Capes, who has deserted biology, is now a prosperous dramatist. Meeting his father-in-law one day, he introduces himself and invites him to dinner. The affair goes off very well, and when their guest has departed, Ann Veronica says to her husband:

"To think that is my father! Oh, my dear! He stood over me like a cliff; the thought of him nearly turned me aside from everything we have done. He was the social order; he was law and wisdom. And they come here, and they look at our furniture to see if it is good; and they are not glad, it does not stir them, that at last, at last we can dare to have children."

The modern young woman is a restless creature, no doubt, and Mr. Wells knows some things about her. But if we thought him serious in offering this particular specimen for our approval, we should straightway, in preference, declare for the young women of Jane Austen's world. They at least recognized something higher than the law of individual impulse. But we cannot take Mr. Wells very seriously, or find much more than good fun in his account of Ann Veronica. We should have to call this his latest story one of the most immoral, if it were not obviously one of the larkiest, of books.

An instructive contrast to Mr. Wells's audacity of invention is provided by Mr. A. E. Jacomb's "The Faith of His Fathers," which is also a story of revolt, — a plea for the claims of the new generation against the crusted prejudices of the old, — but is conceived in a spirit of sympathy and reverence, not one of

scorn and recklessness. The revolt which it portrays is a reaction against the drab puritanism which frowns upon all pleasure as sinful, which holds in dark suspicion every natural motion of the human spirit toward light and cheer. It is a novel of provincial England, dated, we should say, some time ago, although survivals of the austere and dogmatic idealism which supplies its motive may possibly yet be found in out-of-the-way communities. Here is a father, a leader of some such narrow sect as the Plymouth Brethren, unswervingly conscientious in his own light, who well-nigh ruins the lives of his children by the sternness of his discipline. The son, forced to marry the girl whom he has seduced, drags out a wretched life which ends in crime and a prison sentence. The daughter, forbidden to marry the man she loves because he does not accept the tenets of the sect, is made miserable by the interposition of this unreal obstacle in the path of her happiness, and asserts her rights as an individual only at the cost of family estrangement. Even the long-suffering wife gives way in the end, and, after a lifetime of self-repression, turns upon her husband, saying, "I hate you! I hate you and your religion!" But we, seeing with more objective eyes the man who has wrought all this calamity, cannot withhold a considerable measure of sympathy from one who is so sincere, even if so intellectually at fault. He stands unshaken, a sort of minor replica of Ibsen's "Brand," as the moral avalanche for which he is responsible descends upon him, and his uncompromising fortitude makes of him the one heroic figure of the narrative. Throughout this conflict of ideals there is always recognized the principle, of which we can find no evidence in the conflict of "Ann Veronica," that the controlling force in every soberly-ordered life must be something more deserving of respect than the individual will, something that bears a higher mandate than even the most passionate desire for personal happiness. The man who forsakes "the faith of his fathers" is bound to see to it that the substitute he provides is no less morally effective, and is something more than a mere cloak for self-indulgence.

The atmosphere of Egyptian life is reproduced for us with quite extraordinary effect by Mr. Robert Hichens in his latest novel. In this respect, a comparison with Mr. Hall Caine's efforts, or even with those of Sir Gilbert Parker, is so far in favor of the author of "Bella Donna" as to make such books as "The White Prophet" and "The Weavers" seem garish and tawdry. But we can hardly call it a pleasant tale for which Mr. Hichens has provided so wonderful a setting. A woman whose past is more than dubious, but who has the power to affect injured innocence, is looking about London society for a new victim, and finds him in the person of an idealist of quixotic temperament, whose chivalrous instincts are so aroused by the slanders heaped upon her that he asks her to become his wife. This is precisely her game; for her affairs are desperate,

and he is, besides, an excellent *parti*, being the prospective heir to a title and estates. It so happens that his work is in Egypt — a work of agricultural reclamation — and thither he takes his bride. His friends, meanwhile, are aghast at the way in which he has been duped, and one of them, a keen-sighted physician, determines to keep his eyes open. The scene now shifts to Egypt, where the discomforts of existence makes it hard for the wife to keep up the deception of even so credulous a person as her husband. When his prospects of a title vanish, she becomes reckless and throws herself into the arms of a native potentate, whose sensual nature matches her own, and who is the possessor of great wealth. Keeping up the pretence of wifely devotion, she not only betrays her husband, but sets about getting rid of him by means of poison, slowly and subtly administered. His robust health breaks down under the treatment, and he is almost at the point of death when the physician friend (whose suspicions have become aroused), journeys post-haste from the Thames to the Nile, takes a hand in the plot, rescues the man, and opens his eyes to the doings of the would-be murderess. Finally, poetic justice is satisfied when the latter flies to her Egyptian lover, only to be spurned by him as a cast-off toy. It is not, as we said before, a pleasant story; but it is one of vivid description and characterization, and of marked power to hold the interest.

Mr. Albert E. Hancock is the author of "Bronson of the Rabble," a historical novel of early American life, covering the period from the War of 1812 to the first election of President Jackson. The hero is a youth of the people — "the rabble," as it is contemptuously styled in the circles of wealth and breeding — who distinguishes himself in the Battle of Lake Erie, and afterwards becomes a political leader and newspaper editor in Philadelphia. His story, although not devoid of the private and sentimental interest which readers have a right to expect, is essentially a portrayal of American life in its formative stage, in the period which witnessed the emergence of democracy from a society that had been mainly controlled by aristocratic ideals and influences. The author is almost fiercely partisan in championship of the new spirit then making itself felt, and takes a whack at the Federalists upon every possible occasion. He has only words of praise for the war in which America took the part of the arch-enemy of liberty, and only scorn for the movement which led to the Hartford Convention. He carries contempt for John Quincy Adams to an extreme, and accepts the legend of the "corrupt bargain" whereby Jackson was defeated in 1824. The triumph of democracy four years later is the climax of the novel. While we think Mr. Hancock's view unfairly colored by prejudice, we cannot deny the vigor and interest of his work, or the unusual character of his historical and antiquarian equipment. His book is fairly comparable with the works of his fellow-townsmen, Dr. Weir Mitchell, for knowledge and sound literary workmanship.

"My Lady of the South," by Mr. Randall Parrish, provides a sort of complement to "My Lady of the North," by the same novelist. Hero and heroine are merely reversed in their sympathies, and otherwise the stock situation is the same. It is a situation of perennial interest to American readers, and in the hands of as capable an entertainer as Mr. Parrish it requires no apology for another treatment. The present story is compactly knit, and the entire action covers only a few days, all spent in and around an old Kentucky home. The heroine is about to be forced into a distasteful marriage, when the hero appears, and, under cover of darkness, passes himself off as the bridegroom, contracting a midnight marriage. The obvious difficulties of this situation are ingeniously met, and we are prepared for the *éclaircissement* and the softening of the young woman's rebel heart. Days of excitement follow, for the house becomes a scene of raids and forays, of excursions and alarms, during which both hero and heroine exchange several times the characters of captor and captive. There are secret tunnels in which mysterious murders take place, and there is a concealed family maniac to account for these deeds of blood. There is also a feud, of which the dramatic possibilities are exploited to exciting effect. The story is as good as the best that the author has ever given us.

The simple and appealing tale of a baby foundling, whose parentage is at last happily discovered, is told by Mr. Jay Cady in "The Moving of the Waters." It is a tale of the Mississippi, and the child grows up in the rude house-boat of a wooden-legged fisherman. One day she flags a train that is rushing to destruction, and thereby becomes a heroine in the literal sense. This brings her into notice, and sets in action the machinery whereby her secret is disclosed. It also provides a suitable hero in the person of the young physician who looks after her when she is injured in her life-saving adventure. The scene then shifts to St. Louis, where the threads of the mystery are gradually untangled. There are several quaint and lovable characters, besides those already mentioned, and the whole story is delicate in feeling and charming in sentiment.

Tales of treasure-hunting have a perennial charm. The tale called "The Treasure," which Mr. Paul W. Eaton has provided for our delectable excitement, is concerned with no less a booty than the pirate hoard of Captain Kidd, which was buried by the redoubtable buccaneer upon one of the islands in Casco Bay. The inevitable manuscript provides a clue to the hiding-place, but there is a rival claimant in the person of one of Kidd's descendants, who has allied himself with an Englishman, a pirate himself, but posing as a British privateer's man in the War of 1812. Thus history is interwoven with romance, and we are regaled, among other matters, with an account of the burning of Washington by the British in 1814. It is a fairly well-written yarn, which brings the villain to a suitable end, and the heroine to her lover's arms. But the treasure, to our regret, goes to the bottom of the Atlantic.

If anything is equal to a good story about pirates and buried treasure, it is a good detective story; and Mr. Cleveland Moffett has written one of the best that have come to us in recent years. It is a Parisian tale, much after the manner of Gaboriau, and deals with the unmasking of an arch-villain of wealth so enormous that he is able to control the very machinery of justice, and thwart the detective-hero at every turn. He knows that Paul Coquenil is the only man whom he has to fear, and attempts, by flattering offers from South America, to secure his removal from the scene. But Paul refuses the bait, after nibbling at it, and remains in Paris, to the discomfiture of the criminal, after the wits of the two have been pitted against each other in a long game of check and countercheck. "Through the Wall" is the title of this exciting and absorbing tale.

"The Silver Horde" which supplies the motive of Mr. Rex Beach's latest Alaskan story, is a picturesque designation of the salmon that congest the northern rivers at a certain season of the year. The hero, who has been down and out for some time, finds new opportunity beckoning to him in the shape of a cannery, and proceeds to organize a company and lay plans for the acquisition of the fortune that shall win for him the love of the girl to whose service he has long been devoted. She is the daughter of a Chicago magnate who at just this time is organizing a trust to control all the salmon fisheries of the Pacific Coast. This brings the hero and his prospective father-in-law into violent collision, and the warfare that follows makes up the substance of the story. The hero is successful, of course, after overcoming exaggerated and incredible obstacles, but in the progress of these events his affections are transferred to a young woman of somewhat dubious past, whom he meets in Alaska, and whose loyal support and self-sacrifice are the most important factors in his triumph. The story is highly-colored melodrama, violent in action, and with little claim to serious consideration. It presents certain phases of the rough Alaskan life with vivid forcefulness, but of the finer graces of fictive art it is wholly innocent.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A quiet man's book for quiet people appears from Mr. E. M. Martin's pen under the pleasantly alliterative title, "Wayside Wisdom" (Longmans). Availing himself of the intimate essayist's privilege, the author speaks throughout in the first person singular, and reveals himself with some distinctness to the reader in the end. He appears to us as a book-loving bookseller, printing in the back of his house the volumes he sells in the front, — a disciple of William Morris, one conjectures, and making a fine art out of what would else be a trade. But there is little of bookishness in his chapters, which deal with such matters

as old superstitions, rural life, the advantages of poverty, the smoke of cities, travelling, being in love, the vanity of learning, living alone, growing old, death, and a few others. The chapter on "Some Old Superstitions" makes the oldest of these to be the superstitions of sound. One would have said the visible ghost, the apparition, was older than "the calling voices." But who knows? In connection with solitary living, the author quotes from an unnamed source: "Silent men are kings, for they rule over a great country where none can follow them." But the assertion that follows, a little later, that "it is a law of our being that we live alone," must refer to spiritual solitude, not physical. The very first essay, on "Wayside Wisdom," quotes the contemptuous definition of proverbs ("milestones on the pathway of fools") only to dissent from it, very properly. The writer's style is agreeable and fluent. On the opening page stands a little example of perversity that is often met with in current literature. Why will writers use "still less" for "still more," and *vice versa*? Here is the sentence: "There is a grace, even a virtue, in doing nothing; but so unaccustomed are we to its practice, still less its praise, that at first this very old truth sounds like some new thing." Six of the essays have already appeared in "The Gentleman's Magazine" (one of the six being rewritten for the book), and the remaining eleven are new.

"Old Pepys"
in new lights.

Pepys's Diary will always be the best commentary on its author; whatever others say can be based only on that most fascinating of self-revealing documents. So when Mr. E. Hallam Moorehouse writes on "Samuel Pepys, Administrator, Observer, Gossip" (Dutton), he puts before us when he can the Pepys of the Diary, and when he cannot he has to be content with the formal documents consciously prepared for publication. The book aims to give the domestic and historical setting in which Pepys's activity was placed, and in this it forms a useful commentary on the Diary. It does not take its place — no work could do that — but it forms a very good introduction; it enables one unfamiliar with the events and persons of the time to read the work itself with greater intelligence. The author has caught Pepys's spirit admirably; in fact, in his zeal as Pepys's defender he seems to exaggerate the unfavorable criticism on the poor sinner, as if we were all Puritans and there were to be no more cakes and ale. The charming *naïveté* of the man goes far to atone for his embracing Deb Willet; and surely his repentance should cause him to find favor in the sight of the most proper individual, when he could as a light affliction endure Will Hester, his wife's authorized detective, who "goes up and down with me like a jaylour, but yet with great love and to my good liking it being my desire above all things to please my wife therein." Mr. Moorehouse brings out in a very favorable and just light Pepys's fine administrative ability, his splendid showing before the

House of Commons, his remarkably effective work as Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty in conducting the affairs of the navy, drawing for this upon the Diary and official documents. And there is, too, the Pepys of the *Bibliotheca Pepysiana*, that graces and enriches Magdalen College, Cambridge. But above all is the inimitable gossip, who prattles about all sorts of persons, from the servant whom he was seen to kick, to his chief whom he righteously reproves and his king of whom he sincerely disapproves; he is introduced to us here that we may go to the Diary to know him as we can know few men, as we hardly dare know ourselves.

The white man's burden, and its galling curse.

That "the white man's burden" galls, is often evident. The willingness to assume it has never been more notably shown than by Britain. The needs of British trade lie in the direction of the policy of burden-assumption. Exploitation and elevation—at least in theory—go hand in hand; and wherever we find the white man taking up his burden and working the lower races for his profit and their welfare, we also find chafing and sores. Just now, South Africa presents serious problems. What is to be done with the native? How is he to be worked? How is he to be protected? How can he be worked and still protected? To such problems the work on "South African Natives" (Dutton) is devoted. In South Africa are tribes so badly needing elevation that for their uplift Britain has taken possession. True, the land offered agricultural opportunity, and mines of gold and diamonds. In assuming the burden, and incidentally getting the land and mines, there has been injustice to the natives; there always is. And hence there is the South African Races Committee, composed of estimable gentlemen who have some conscience. They acquiesce in the necessity of burden-bearing, but desire to reduce the native suffering and the overlord's injustice to a minimum. Their Report discusses such topics as The Labor Question, Land Tenure, Taxation, Administration, Legal Status, Education, The Ethiopian Movement. The need of a watchful committee is amply demonstrated by the facts presented and the discussion of them. Within a few decades the Bantu native, well adapted to and fairly utilizing his environmental resources, has been dispossessed. He can no longer gain a living in his own natural and simple fashion; he must be so managed and manipulated as to supply a continuous and usable labor force for mine and farm; where his fathers were owners, he may no longer hold land, or only under strange and new restraints; he is subject to heavy taxation, often amounting to coercion to labor for the benefit of aliens—for his own elevation, of course; his legal status is uncertain, often disadvantageous; his education but qualifies him the better to serve his overlords. These and many other interesting facts emerge from the careful reading of this Report, which on the whole is optimistic regarding the future. Not the least interesting chapter deals with "The Ethiopian Movement." In the

native churches, in the section of population most tolerant of and affected by ameliorative influences, signs of revolt appear. Even the Christian natives are becoming restless, and prefer to elevate themselves rather than to be further elevated. Probably the political significance of the "movement" has been exaggerated (as is here claimed); but it is an interesting symptom, encouraging and wholesome, though not reassuring to the burden-bearing white man.

Chapters of New York's early history.

The trading-post established by the Dutch on the island of Manhattan, at the mouth of the Hudson River, in 1610-13, presented to the student some interesting phases of colonial history in the seventeenth century, and before the settlement began to give any sign or promise of ever becoming one of the world's great cities. Not until 1633 was it regarded as of sufficient importance to receive the name of New Amsterdam. Twenty years later it acquired a form of municipal government from Governor Stuyvesant, who in 1664 surrendered the city to Governor Nicolls of New England; and its name was changed to New York. In 1673 the city was recaptured by the Dutch as an incident of the war between France and England and Holland, and its name was again changed, this time to New Orange. It was restored to England by the Treaty of Westminster the following year, and resumed its former name of New York. It received, in 1686, the famous Dongan Charter, which was the basis of a plan of government for the great city which it has since become. Within a few years, and before the close of the seventeenth century, at the time of the accession of William and Mary, it was the scene of an effort to establish popular government, led by Jacob Leisler, which resulted in the execution of Leisler and one of his supporters on the charge of high treason. Such, in outline, are the materials for Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's "History of the City of New York in the Seventeenth Century" (Macmillan), a work in two volumes, aggregating nearly twelve hundred pages, and illustrated by two frontispiece maps. The volumes treat of "New Amsterdam" and "New York under the Stuarts" respectively. The author's thoroughness is attested by the long list of authorities consulted, at the end of each chapter; some of them original documents or rare books to be found only in the New York Society Library, to which library she pays a high tribute. The author has, however, presented no complete bibliography of the history of New York in these lists, having excluded some well-known books because of their inaccuracy of statement and their tendency to mislead the serious student. Under this rule, Irving's "Knickerbocker History" is excluded, because, although written as a jest, it has been accepted as a history of a period with which no historian had yet familiarized the public; and it has served to give an erroneous bias even to serious historians in later times. It is the effort to correct this that has apparently given to

Mrs. Van Rensselaer the zest with which she writes her account of New Amsterdam and its people. And her account of the Dutch suffers not at all in interest by comparison with Irving's because written in more serious style. Mrs. Van Rensselaer believes Leisler, about whom students of history have quarrelled more than about any other colonial character, and upon whose career her second volume chiefly centres, to have been neither villain nor martyr, but a patriot born under a hapless star; and she notes, as one of the effects of the Leislerian episode, the rise of parties which gradually found wider range of interest than merely local ones, and eventually became the Patriots and Tories of Revolutionary times. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's work is well done, and her volumes are valuable contributions to our historical literature. All who read them will look forward with interest to the two additional volumes which will carry the story of the city's growth through the later Colonial and Revolutionary periods down to the year when New York was the capital of the nation and witnessed the inauguration of the first President of the United States.

Some popular astronomy for the curious.

Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, who is known as one of the most prolific of writers of popular books on astronomical themes, has until recently devoted himself chiefly to exploiting the wonders of the sky as revealed by small telescopes, striving to make his readers better acquainted with the constellations and the chief objects of interest in them. But his latest book, "Curiosities of the Sky" (Harper), has a widely different trend, being a popular discussion of various interesting matters on which astronomical research has recently thrown light. The book consists of fourteen separate essays of about twenty pages each. The first half-dozen of these are upon the distant realms which are tenanted by the fixed stars and nebulae. The mysteries of the Milky Way, the migrations of the stars—which will eventually lead to the dismemberment of the constellations—the flaming forth of new stars, and the new views of the nebulae which are brought out by the triumphs of modern photography, are all discussed in entertaining fashion. The remaining eight essays are devoted to topics connected with the solar system. Those on which modern developments in the science of physics have thrown especial light, such as the sun's corona, the zodiacal light, and auroras, receive especial attention. Mars, the moon, and the asteroids, are also treated in a fashion as unhackneyed as one can reasonably expect. The illustrations include thirty-six full-page plates, most of which are of unusual excellence.

"Man is man, and master of his fate."

A volume that has passed through thirty editions in fifteen years, on so apparently trite a subject as the Education of the Will, must certainly have found the secret of a popular appeal. This and more may be said of Dr. Jules Payot's volume which has just ap-

peared in English form (Funk & Wagnalls). Though not so aptly suited to the needs of English readers, yet the common human nature to which the book appeals, and the admirably direct and fresh attack of the subject, will justify many an edition in English. The book is fortunately free from the hackneyed academic treatment of problems apart from their concrete setting, and equally from the undue simplification which solves all the loose knots but leaves the tight ones as badly tangled as ever. The text of the discourse remains the same: the inherent laziness of the human kind, the necessity of vitalizing ideas with true and clean motives, and the absolutely frank, almost confessional, attitude which self-examination requires. In setting forth the elemental place of action in the human life, M. Payot is not quite as brilliant as Professor James, but his task is differently conceived and no less practically executed. Such chapter headings as "Day-dreams and Sensuality" and "Sophisms of the Indolent," and the influences of the "Departed Great," suggest the trend of the book; while the pertinent use of everyday examples and of helpful analogy further drives home the moral which even a tale unadorned might forcibly point. Those who are looking for such aids and inspiration as a plain book may give to plain people will find few writings more to their taste and need than this acceptable volume. Its appeal is not alone to teachers and those who have to do with training, but likewise to the larger mass who aspire to be in some measure masters of their fate.

Davis's travels in America a century ago.

In 1803 there was published in London an octavo volume bearing the title, "Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America: During 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, and 1802." One John Davis, possibly descended from the celebrated navigator of that name (for this John had followed the sea from his twelfth year), was the author, and he dedicated his work, by permission, to President Jefferson. This interesting and little-known book is now republished by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., with an introduction and footnotes by Mr. A. J. Morrison. A peculiar interest attaches to this work because its author was a self-educated man of letters, awake to the literary promise of our country and on the alert for literary material for his own use. He speaks of having with him on shipboard a library of nearly three hundred volumes, and adds: "The Muses, whom I never ceased to woo, blessed me, I thought, not infrequently, with their nightly visitations; and I soothed my mind to tranquillity with the fancied harmony of my verse." Landing at New York after a ten weeks' voyage in "a Snow of two hundred tons," the traveller soon proceeded southward, to Philadelphia and beyond, walking most of the way, and supporting himself by writing and tutoring. He is pleasantly free from the supercilious and censorious spirit of certain other early visitors to the United States, and his observations,

though betraying no remarkable acumen or profundity, are genuine and refreshing. Now and then, too, he favors his readers with a set of verses inspired by the new scenes. On the whole, it is a most agreeable book.

*The hard life
of city streets.*

To interpret the primitive and seemingly contradictory wants and aspirations of young people of industrial centres, to discover the soul of goodness in things evil, to summon the ambitions of generous youth to the service of universal justice, is the task which Miss Jane Addams has set herself in her latest book, "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets" (Macmillan). The spectacle of thwarted hope, of mutilated affections, of perverted souls, lends these pages of Miss Addams's a touch of sadness. There may be more enthusiasm for justice outside the circles of Halsted Street immigrants than she discovers; but we cannot blame her for reporting what she sees. We might ask rather more precise and concrete advice as to the actual methods we ought to use, those with which the daily struggles of the author make her so familiar; but one must be adamant who does not, after reading this little book, search his own conscience, and, what is better, go forth in quest of adventures on behalf of the oppressed and the spiritually starved.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Useful Fiction catalogues, marking the initial step in carrying out the A. L. A. plan of making coöperatively printed catalogues, as outlined before the Minnetonka meeting of the Association, have been published by the H. W. Wilson Co., of Minneapolis. A list of about 2000 titles is printed, with both author and title entries, and frequent brief annotations, in a pamphlet of 147 pages, while shorter lists, of 1200 and 800 titles, are also issued. It is the publishers' design "to furnish to librarians and library patrons a near-at-hand substitute for the heavily alphabetized card catalog. From its small libraries may check their fiction titles, and have their catalogs, any number necessary, made up from slugs kept at headquarters." Good authorities have been consulted in the compilation of these lists, and they are inexpensive as well as serviceable.

The multiplication of books of selected readings, compiled to provide material for the study of important subjects at their sources, is one of the most characteristic of educational publishing activities at the present time. History and literature having been fairly well covered by books of this sort, the movement is now being extended into the domains of social and political science, and now, by Dr. Benjamin Rand, into those of ethics and philosophy. For Dr. Rand's "Modern Classical Philosophers," published not long ago, a companion volume of "The Classical Moralists" is now provided. It is a large volume of eight hundred pages, representing all the great ethical thinkers of ancient and modern times, and amounts practically to a history of the subject in the very words of those who have created it. Such works as this are of very great usefulness, and the present example is one of the best of its kind.

An edition of Tegnér's "Frithiof's Saga," edited by Professor George T. Flom, is published by the Engberg-Holmberg Publishing Co., Chicago. The work is primarily a gift-book, reproducing a Swedish edition adorned with many attractive illustrations. The editor has fitted it for use as a language-text by furnishing the customary apparatus of introduction, bibliography, and notes. He also reprints Tegnér's "Anmärkningar" concerning the poem, as well as several of the author's letters about it. The special feature of this edition is the introduction, which deals with Tegnér's literary development, the sources and genesis of the poem, and the translations into other languages. This bibliography of the translations is very valuable, and it must have cost the editor much labor to collect the facts.

NOTES.

We welcome another good source-book for the use of teachers of history. This time it is "A Source History of the United States," prepared by Professors H. W. Caldwell and C. E. Persinger, and published by Messrs. Ainsworth & Co. It is a book for high schools, and the extracts given are boiled down to their essentials by omission of all but the most significant passages.

The latest addition to the "Musician's Library" of the Oliver Ditson Co. is a volume of "Songs from the Operas for Alto," edited by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel. Twenty-two composers are represented by twenty-nine songs. There are few really great songs in this collection, for the alto voice does not get the lyrical prizes, but Gluck's "Che Faro" is alone good to bring up the average. The editor's explanatory notes are helpful and interesting.

Dr. Samuel B. Harding's volume of "Select Orations Illustrating American Political History" (Macmillan) offers a valuable aid to both teacher and student. The orations are for the most part abridged or represented by fragments, which makes it possible to give examples from thirty-four men, from Otis and Henry to Carl Schurz and Mr. Booker T. Washington. An essay on "Oratorical Style and Structure," by Professor John M. Clapp, prefaces the selection.

"Fifty Songs by Hugo Wolf," edited by Mr. Ernest Newman, forms a new volume of the "Musician's Library," published by the Oliver Ditson Co. They are arranged for high voice, and accompanied by the editorial apparatus customary with the books of this series. Most of the fifty are included within four groups, one Spanish, one Italian, and one each composed for texts by Mörike and Goethe. The same publishers send us "Echoes of Naples," being thirty Neapolitan songs edited by Signor Mario Favelli, and a volume of exercises in "Hand Expansions and Contractions," by Mr. E. R. Kroeger.

"The Great English Essayists," edited by Messrs. W. J. and C. W. Dawson, is a new volume in "The Reader's Library," published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Nearly half a hundred essays, or parts of essays, are given, grouped under the following six heads: "The Classic Essay," "The Letter Essay," "The Short-Story Essay," "The Biographical and Critical Essay," "Impassioned Prose," and "The Familiar Essay." Each group has an editorial essay by way of introduction. All of which makes a pleasing book of very good reading, so put together that its several parts serve to illuminate one another as well as the general theme of the work as a whole.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1910.

African Game Trails—IV. Theodore Roosevelt. *Scribner*.
 Antwerp's Business Methods. H. T. Sherman. *World's Work*.
 Art in the U. S. Ernest Knauff. *Review of Reviews*.
 Athletics, School, The Reform of. M. K. Gordon. *Century*.
 Aust. Eugene. David Soakice. *McClure*.
 Bank Plan, Central. Victor Marametz. *No. American Review*.
 Banking, Central, Evolution of. O. A. Conant. *No. Amer. Rev.*
 Banking, Government. W. A. Peffer. *North American Review*.
 Belgium's New King. *Review of Reviews*.
 Bird-hunting. Franklin Clarkin. *Everybody's*.
 Boston's New Museum. L. Bullard. *World To-day*.
 Breakfast, Degeneration of. Eugene Wood. *Everybody's*.
 Canada. American Builders in. O. M. Keys. *World's Work*.
 Cannon and the Insurgents. H. B. Needham. *Everybody's*.
 Chicago, The New Plan of. Charles W. Eliot. *Century*.
 Child Criminals—IV. Ben B. Lindsey. *Everybody's*.
 China's Far West. E. D. Burton. *World To-day*.
 Coal in Alaska, Finding. *McClure*.
 College Contests of the Future. S. Strunsky. *Century*.
 College Diversions. J. J. Stevenson. *Popular Science*.
 Comet, Halley's. C. L. Doolittle. *Popular Science*.
 Criminal Procedure in U. S. Jas. W. Garner. *No. Amer. Review*.
 Darwin Celebration at Cambridge. T. D. A. Cockerell. *Pop. Sci.*
 Darwin's Place in Future Biology. W. E. Ritter. *Pop. Science*.
 "Dawn of a Tomorrow." L. F. Pierce. *World To-day*.
 Dead Sea, A Trip on the. E. Huntington. *Harper*.
 Deep Waterway Problem. E. J. Ward. *World To-day*.
 Detective Stories. J. C. Cummings. *Bookman*.
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 Lord Kelvin's Early Home: Being the Recollections of his Sister the Late Mrs. Elizabeth King. Illustrated, 8vo, 345 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.
 The Duke De Choiseul: The Lothian Essay, 1906. By Roger H. Soltan. 16mo, 176 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

HISTORY.

The Great French Revolution, 1789-1793. By P. A. Kropotkin; translated by N. F. Dryhurst. Large 8vo, 610 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.35 net.
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
IMAGINATION IN HISTORY	35
CASUAL COMMENT	37
Gladstone the man of letters. — The multiplication of learned societies. — Notable gatherings of American scholars. — The rooster as a hero of the stage. — A noteworthy exhibition of manuscripts and rare books. — The hand of little employment. — Some curious phases of bibliokleptia. — The book of the year in London. — The censorship of books for Sunday-school libraries. — The original of "The Chambered Nautilus." — An English annotator of Dr. Holmes.	
COMMUNICATIONS	40
School Board and Superintendent. <i>Duane Mowry</i> . "I Swan!" <i>Albert Matthews</i> . Sectionalism in Learned Societies. <i>H. S. Chapman</i> . A London Literary Haunt. <i>T. Fisher Unwin</i> .	
A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES. <i>W. H. Johnson</i>	42
DANTE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE <i>Melville B. Anderson</i>	43
A VENERABLE AMERICAN PREACHER. <i>Lewis A. Rhoades</i>	46
THE GOVERNMENT OF CITIES. <i>Henry R. Spencer</i>	48
RECENT POETRY. <i>William Morton Payne</i>	50
Meredith's Last Poems. — Sharp's Songs and Poems Old and New. — Lee-Hamilton's Mimma Bella. — Watson's New Poems. — Le Gallienne's New Poems. — Noyes's Drake. — Upson's Collected Poems. — Winter's Poems. — Lodge's The Soul's Inheritance. — Van Dyke's The White Bees. — Cawein's The Giant and the Star. — Cawein's New Poems. — Scollard's Song for the Ter-Centenary of Lake Champlain. — Scollard's Pro Patria.	
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	55
A philosopher of the unobvious. — The strength and weakness of diplomacy. — The last days of papal Rome. — A consolation to nervous invalids. — A book for the lover of sailing craft. — Literature and advertising in "The Spectator." — The peaceful conquest of the Soudan. — Stage settings in the time of Shakespeare. — A sound mind with the aid of a sound body.	
BRIEFER MENTION	58
NOTES	59
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	60

IMAGINATION IN HISTORY.

We were recently assured by the New York "Nation" that philologists are by no means the dull dogs that they are popularly supposed to be, and the assurance was fortified by modern instances in convincing exposition. The psychologists also, under the leadership of Professor James and Professor Münsterberg, are growing positively genial; and the sociologists, if we may include among them such writers as Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, are becoming fairly coruscating in their brilliancy. Even the dismal science now and then reckons among its adepts a scholar whose irrepressible vitality relieves it from the old-time reproach, and shows it to be really human in its implications. Just now it is the turn of history, — if we may indulge in the method of generalization from a single example, and base our proposition upon the address of President Hart before the American Historical Association at its meeting held during holiday week. The subject of Professor Hart's address was "Imagination in History," and it makes the liveliest sort of reading. The dry-as-dusts may have worked their will upon other sessions of the meeting, but this one was given over to wisdom tempered with wit, and to historical scholarship garbed in the grace of literary expression.

Mr. Hart pays his respects to many kinds of imaginative historians — the plain liars, the myth-makers, the hero-worshippers, the sentimentalists, the writers of metaphysical leanings, the literary artists who are constitutionally incapable of accuracy, the historians who are determined to be picturesque and dramatic at all costs. Of deliberate historical fabrications he gives some of the familiar examples, and some very curious ones not nearly so well known. There was George Psalmanazar, "whose very name is a guarantee of candid bad faith," and whose Formosa "was plainly one of the most distant spots visited by Sindbad the Sailor." There was Sigonio, who forged a work of Cicero, and had his publisher obtain "from the great scholar Sigonio an opinion that none but Cicero could have written the book." There was Lucas, an ingenious Frenchman, whose specialty was autograph letters, and who imposed upon a

single credulous customer with examples from Shakespeare, Plato, Lazarus to St. Peter, Judas Iscariot to Mary Magdalene, and Strabo to Juvenal! Then in our own country there was the Reverend Mr. Peters who invented Blue Laws, and the forger of the "Cape Fear Mercury" in the interests of the Mecklenburg myth, a document whose examination "raised many embarrassing questions."

The myth-makers have been busy in the field of American history, comparatively young as that history is. The story of Marcus Whitman and how he saved Oregon has recently been "resolved into its elementary gases" by an expert analyst. Other myths, such as those of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Virginia Cavaliers, are of such molluscos structure that it is difficult to strike them at a vital point, and they still persist in a sort of semi-animate existence. Dr. Hart remarks truly, concerning one of them:

"My ancestor, Stephen Hart, helped to settle Cambridge, and later was one of the fundamental orderers of the Fundamental Orders of Connecticut; but in the Pequot War he massacred Indian women and children mercilessly. I take no responsibility for his acts; I refer the case to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs."

The hero-myth, as exemplified by the portrait of Washington drawn by the inventive and sentimental Weems, is neatly characterized.

"Weems has never been properly understood by the American public; he landed himself among the immortals by writing what is substantially a romance—a kind of patriotic 'Sanford and Merton'—not intended to give information about George Washington but to suggest virtuous conduct to young Americans. Who but an expert performer upon the imagination could personify Washington's father on the boy's refusal to divide a fine large apple with his brothers and sisters? 'George looked in silence on the wide wilderness of fruit. He marked the busy humming bees, and heard the gay notes of birds; then lifting his eyes filled with shining moisture to his father, he softly said, 'Well, Pa, only forgive me this time; and see if I ever be so stingy any more.'" Human nature rebels at this attempt to make a prig out of a youth who was probably more likely to steal apples than to divide them."

Such examples of misdirected imagination in historical writing almost force one into the scientific camp, where facts alone are supposed to count. But husks are the provender there offered the hungry student, and he is not altogether to be blamed for hankering after the flesh-pots of invention. The president of the American Historical Association is under bonds to respect facts, and honor the men who give their lives to ascertaining them; but he demands something more of the historian than the scraping together of facts, and realizes the justice of such criticism as he quotes from Dr. Crothers:

"The historical expert starts with the Magna Charta and makes a preliminary survey. Then he begins his march down the centuries, intrenching every position lest he be caught unawares by the critics. His intellectual forces lack mobility, as they must wait for their baggage trains. . . . There are references to bulky volumes, where at the foot of every page the notes run along, like little angry dogs barking at the text."

So our writer has a good word even for Froude, and a more than good word for Macaulay, for neither the unreliability of the one nor the prejudice of the other can altogether nullify the splendid picturesqueness and dramatic qualities of both. Those men, and Tacitus and Gibbon and Parkman, are all quoted from to illustrate imagination of the kind that must excite the admiration of the most captious historian; and by way of contrast, a single sentence, running to over three hundred words, from Bishop Stubbs, is cited as an example of historical writing that "would not arouse a poet to an ode nor a nation to revolution." This is perhaps as far as the speaker dared to go when addressing an audience "composed wholly of cautious persons who never open their mouths without a foot-note to a trusty original."

On the whole, Professor Hart's plea is for imagination, properly regulated of course, in the writing of history. "There is much in history that cannot be measured like atomic weights, or averaged like insurance losses," is his epigrammatic way of saying it. All historical writing that is worth anything recognizes "this impotence of facts taken by themselves, this infusion of a shadowy something which may be called sentiment, or the ideal, or spirit, or imagination." History is "an art which stands alongside that of the painter, the sculptor, and the architect, which puts the great historian parallel with the philosopher, the seer, and the poet." And the final summary of the argument is thus finely expressed:

"The danger of the historian is in imagination, that is, in the kind of imagination which invents details or seizes upon the unimportant ones, or combines them into pictures which are but the outside; which tell us nothing of the stir and movement of human souls, the clash of human wills, of the thinking of national thoughts. There is another kind of imagination which works from within outward; which makes the reader see, as the historian sees, the real characters of men; which divines their motives; which, allowing for human weaknesses and for the pressure of adverse circumstances, informs us whether this or that man, this or that people, this or that age, this or that standard has carried forward civilization, opened wide the gates for thought, liberated souls. There is no great history without large imagination, any more than there is painting, or for that matter, scientific discovery."

CASUAL COMMENT.

GLADSTONE THE MAN OF LETTERS received but a small part of the tribute that was paid to the great statesman on the occasion of his centenary (December 29). The omission may justify a passing word in recognition of Gladstone the writer and lover of literature. His very first book, "The State in its Relations with the Church," which appeared in 1838 as a plea for the union of church and state, had the distinction of a review from Macaulay's pen. "The book," said Macaulay, "though not a good book, shows more talent than many good books. It contains some eloquent and ingenious passages. It bears the signs of much patient thought." Talent rather than genius was, indeed, a characteristic of all Gladstone's writings, — a wonderful facility in the handling of material and in the use of words. It was the same quality that appeared, intensified by the arts of the orator, in his speeches. A Quarterly Reviewer, commenting on Gladstone's four-hour speech on the budget of 1860, used the phrase, "The enchanted region of pure Gladstonism, — that terrible combination of relentless logic and dauntless imagination." One cannot read Gladstone's printed words without feeling the vigor and earnestness of his thought. His "Juventus Mundi," written in the intervals between engrossing public duties, is a remarkable piece of scholarly research touched with enthusiasm — whatever its defects as a contribution to the right understanding of Homer. Its opinions are stated with emphasis and clearness. Homer's treatment of the gods and goddesses of Greece is, as a representation of "the Olympian religion," "one of the topmost achievements of the human mind." His appreciation of animal grace is described in glowing terms: "Homer had a profound perception of the beauty of animals, at least in the case of the horse, as to color, form, and especially movement." It was Gladstone's tremendous earnestness, the concentration of all his energies on the matter in hand, that enabled him to accomplish so much, both in literature and in affairs of state.

THE MULTIPLICATION OF LEARNED SOCIETIES, as called to one's attention by their holiday conventions in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, offers encouraging proof that our national energies are not all directed toward materialistic ends. The large and enthusiastic gathering of scholars in the halls of Columbia University, and in other public buildings of the city, was made up of members of no fewer than nine learned societies, — the American Historical Association, the American Economic Association, the American Political Science Association, the American Statistical Association, the American Sociological Society, the American Association for Labor Legislation, the American Social Science Association, the Bibliographical Society of America, and the American Society of Church History. Simultaneously with the New York meetings there

was a mustering in Boston of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and its numerous subsidiary and allied societies, under the presidency of Dr. David Starr Jordan. In the halls of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, of the Harvard Medical School, and elsewhere in Boston and in Cambridge, were held meetings of physiologists, anatomists, bacteriologists, chemists, mathematicians, entomologists, astronomers, seed-analysts, geologists, and representatives of many other -ologies, — all presumably interested in making Science really and beneficially the concern, not of the school or the study or the laboratory merely, but of society at large. Whatever the comparative cultural value of science and humanism (those jealous educational rivals of long standing), that late lamented French humanist, Ferdinand Brunetière, went entirely too far in asserting that science is bankrupt and has no new things in store for mankind.

NOTABLE GATHERINGS OF AMERICAN SCHOLARS occurred at Baltimore in the Christmas vacation week, when the Archæological Institute of America and the American Philological Association met in annual convention under the hospitable roof of the Johns Hopkins University. Despite the polysyllabic names and learned character of these bodies, one presidential address at least was in lighter vein and provocative of much mirth. Professor Gildersleeve, president of the Philological Association, succeeded in so presenting the "Aspects of Philological Work in America" as to enliven and entertain his large audience. His fifty years' study of languages, and his almost fifty years' connection with the society he was addressing, qualified him to speak in a richly reminiscent and instructive strain. Yet he earnestly deprecated being called the Nestor of the Association. "The grievance of grievances," he continued, "is that Nestor has left a name to be fastened on every man who has had the opportunity of making himself foolish in the sight of the third generation." The titles of a few of the papers read will show the nature of the discussions for which so many eminent scholars had assembled from all points of the compass. There was an essay on "The Origin of the Idea of the Atom According to Heracleides and Asclepiades," one on "Certain Linguistic Tests of the Relative Antiquity of the Iliad and the Odyssey," another on "The Treatment of Time in the Æneid," and still another on "Certain Popular Elements in the Satires of Persius." A worthy successor to Professor Gildersleeve as President of the Association was chosen in Dr. Paul Shorey of the University of Chicago.

THE ROOSTER AS A HERO OF THE STAGE is the novel feature of M. Rostand's new play, "Chanticleer" (as we will call it in English), about which there has been a vast amount of talk and conjecture and curious inquiry, ever since it was reported, eight years ago, that the author of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon" had conceived a novel and startling

idea for dramatic treatment. Why Paris has had to wait all this weary while to hear the marvellous "cock" crow appears to have been due to illness, to a death in the poet's family, and, later, to the lamented demise of the actor Coquelin. In regard to the genesis of the new play, its author is reported to have expressed himself at some length in a recent interesting interview. That he had taken a hint from Aristophanes or any other writer, he would not admit. "It may be possible," he acknowledged, "that others have had the same idea as mine. They tell me that in the Middle Ages certain parts of 'Le Roman du Renard' were arranged for the stage and acted; but I have not verified the statement, and no one can show me the text." Pressed with questions as to whence came his first suggestion for the play, the poet replied: "Where did the idea come from? By chance, while idling in the country. Soon after I had produced 'L'Aiglon' I was ill, and to convalesce I established myself at Cambo. Near the house I then occupied there was a farm. One day, while walking about, I entered the farmyard. I can still see this farmyard, full of light and thronged with happy animals. There were all sorts of them. . . . There was a magpie. There was a cage on the wall full of birds. All these creatures seemed to be thinking and talking together of a thousand things. Suddenly the cock came in, and there was a general commotion. It seemed as if his entrance had been made the topic of a new conversation; they really talked about this rooster. . . . Then these animals, I know not why, seemed to me the characters in a sentimental, ideal play, of which the background was this barnyard. I saw the play before beginning it, and I called it 'A Little Corner of the World.' For a long time it lived in my mind under this title. Then a novel, a very good novel, was published with the same title. Thereupon I named my play after the principal character, 'Chanticleer,' so called in 'Le Roman du Renard' to distinguish the cock. At the same time that I found the title I found the actor for the part, Coquelin."

A NOTEWORTHY EXHIBITION OF MANUSCRIPTS AND RARE BOOKS, loaned by different persons, was held at the Columbia University Library in connection with the recent annual convention of various learned societies, including the Bibliographical Society of America. Especially interesting to members of the American Historical Society were various autograph manuscripts of famous historians, mediæval chronicles in manuscript, and early editions of ancient historians. There was also on exhibition the famous Columbus letter announcing the discovery of America in 1492, the first dated edition of Americus Vesputius (1504), Corlear's Journal of 1634 describing the Mohawk Indians, the manuscript rolls of the Concord Minute Men, and other documents of the colonial and revolutionary periods. English history was well represented by the manuscripts of Macaulay's and Hume's Histories, and Gibbon's

notes to his great work, by the original proclamation of the Commonwealth (dated May 19, 1649), and by printed books of rarity and interest. From Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's splendid collection came, among other treasures, the famous "Golden Gospels" once owned by King Henry VIII., written in gold on purple vellum, and for a time in the keeping of the Vatican. It was presented by Leo X. to Henry when the latter received the title "Fidei Defensor." It is supposed to be about twelve hundred years old. This remarkable exhibition, after attracting the historians and bibliophiles and other savants assembled in convention, continued open for two weeks for the benefit of the general public.

THE HAND OF LITTLE EMPLOYMENT hath the daintier sense, said Hamlet on a certain occasion; but he might have added that through too little employment the hand doth lose what sense it had. In a recent address before the Liverpool Philomathic Society, Sir Frederick Treves, the eminent surgeon to the King, lamented the decline of manual dexterity and nice skill, with the increasing use of machinery in the arts and manufactures. The loom, the sewing machine, and the typewriter, he declared, have reduced to a soulless level of uniformity what formerly were the diversely excellent products of a million hands; the stamping machine displaces the wood-carver and the decorator; and the human hand is in some danger of forgetting its cunning. The book-lover deplores the passing of hand-made paper and hand-bound books. In a letter from Edward Everett Hale to Colonel Higginson, quoted in the latter's recent book entitled "Carlyle's Laugh, and Other Surprises," the letter-writer says: "I see that you can write intelligibly. I wish I could — But I cannot run a Typewriter more than a Sewing-Machine. Will the next generation learn to write — any more than learn the alphabet?" Personal letters from both these men now lie before us and give point to the above passage, although Dr. Hale's penmanship was not (fifteen years ago, the date of our letter) nearly so cryptic as many that we have seen, or indeed as he himself seemed to imagine. Another letter of Dr. Hale's, dictated and typewritten, also lies before us, and perhaps helps to explain the comparative illegibility of the one executed by the little-used pen. After all, if the time has passed (or soon will have passed) when the Japanese worker in ivory could spend half a lifetime in carving a series of concentric hollow spheres, his energies are set free for what may well prove to be higher and worthier activities.

SOME CURIOUS PHASES OF BIBLIOKLEPSIS (the Greek word sounds less harsh than "book-stealing") attract now and then the notice of those interested in such things. The dexterity with which an inveterate book-thief will gain his end would, if turned into legitimate channels, win him fame and fortune in a short time. The man who succeeded in abstracting a Webster's "Unabridged" from the reading-

room of the Boston Public Library presented a clear case of perverted genius. There has been recently recalled, by a chronicler of the vandalism committed in that library, the instance of a professional biblioklept who managed to make off with a copy of the rare first edition of Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," and, after removing the book-plate, to sell it to some obscure and conscienceless or uninformed dealer, from whose hands it finally reached a New York auction house, and was returned thence to the library. Such treasures are too rare and too easily identified to be of much commercial value to thieves. A curious sequel to this incident was the search that it led to, on the part of those who read or heard about it, for stray copies of the valuable little book that might be lurking in ancestral attics or cupboards; and, as a result of all this rummaging, several copies were actually unearthed and put on the market, so that the price speedily fell from eight hundred to four hundred dollars. Often enough it has been noted that the bibliokleptic desire seizes upon persons otherwise honest and respectable; a survival, possibly, of primitive predatory instincts.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR IN LONDON cannot be named with ease and certainty by any reviewer of the extensive literary output of the last twelve months in England. But probably more general attention has been drawn to Sir Ernest Shackleton's work, "The Heart of the Antarctic," than to any other book of acknowledged worth and importance. Its extra-literary or practical interest of course greatly overshadows its purely literary merit, although it is written in a style admirable for its strength and effectiveness, and deserves to live as a narrative of vivid and fascinating quality. Curiously enough, the book of the coming year in the English-speaking world, if not in the world at large, promises to be another autobiographical account of polar exploration, — namely, Captain Peary's story of his dash to the North Pole and his safe return, which will next month begin its serial appearance. The public appetite has been whetted by a most extraordinary series of events for this true account of a genuine exploration, and it will be cause for surprise if the book does not attain an enormous circulation.

THE CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES, as carried on by a volunteer body known as the Church Library Association, organized at Cambridge, Mass., thirty years ago, appears to be most thorough. We read in regard to the monthly routine duties of this body, that its forty members, earnest men and women of the Episcopal Church, are divided into a certain number of reading committees, and that every book examined by its appropriate committee is reported upon in writing by each member of that committee. If a majority of these written opinions are favorable, the book is brought before the monthly meeting of the association, the opinions are read aloud, discussion follows, and a vote is taken on the eligibility of the book. A nega-

tive vote from a fourth of those present casts the book into extra-ecclesiastical darkness. All this work is of course primarily for the benefit of Sunday-school and parish libraries of the church which the association represents; but the published catalogues (of which four have now appeared) are obtainable by anyone on request from the Secretary of the Church Library Association, Cambridge, Mass. No books are sold and no orders are taken by the society for books, but all its expenses are said to be met by voluntary contributions of twenty-five cents each from those receiving the catalogues. If such a thing as sterilized literature is possible, the books sanctioned by this reading committee may surely be recommended with a tolerable sense of security.

THE ORIGINAL OF "THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS," or the first suggestion of it, was once pointed out by the poet Stedman in a letter to his friend and distant kinsman, Colonel Higginson. The latter publishes the letter in his latest volume of miscellanies. It is interesting to learn, and it is doubtless new to some, that the poet-physician, Holmes, found his "Nautilus" (in crude enough form, to be sure) in the works of another poet-physician, Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchell. Turning up his name in Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature," we encounter an "Elegy on a Shell — The Nautilus," irregular in metre and far less admirable in form and substance than the poem to which it appears to have given birth. The curious will like to read the older verses in full; but the less eager may be satisfied with these three sample stanzas, which in thought and expression are the best of the set.

"Thou wast a house with many chambers fraught,
Built by a Nautilus or Argonaut,
With fitness, symmetry, and skill,
To suit the owner's taste and sovereign will.

"In curves of elegance thy shape appears,
Surpassing art through centuries of years,
By tints and colors brilliant made,
And all, — the finished workman has displayed.

"So man erects in sumptuous mode
A structure proud for his abode,
But knows not, when of life bereft,
Who'll creep within the shell he left."

AN ENGLISH ANNOTATOR OF DR. HOLMES has been contributing to the gaiety of the American nation. An edition of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" which is furnished with a critical analysis of the author's genius by Mr. Chesterton, and a text commentary by Mr. Blakeney of Trinity College, Cambridge, has this note on a passage in "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay": "Hahnsum kerridge: surely an anachronism. The patent for 'Hansom Cabs' was not taken out till 1834, or twenty-four years after the date 1810, given here." Then, to leave undone no duty of the complete commentator, the same conscientious pen adds this footnote: "So named from the inventor, Hansom, architect of Birmingham town-hall." Other gems are to be found in the volume, and the only regret is that the Autocrat is no longer with us to enjoy their brilliance.

COMMUNICATIONS.

SCHOOL BOARD AND SUPERINTENDENT.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The problem of school administration is filled with many practical difficulties, and has never been quite comprehensively solved. True, it is always easy enough to say what ought to be; but it is not quite so easy to determine just how to secure the exact thing desired.

There exists, for instance, among some school boards, the view that the superintendent, as the expert head of the school system, should have pretty full swing in the conduct of the purely pedagogical side of school work. These school boards hold that the superintendent should have both the initiative and the final word in these matters; that any attempt at official interference is unwarranted, and likely to be disastrous to the best interests of the school.

Another view existing in some quarters is that the school board is, and of necessity must be, the final authority upon all matters, both of a professional and a business nature; that the initiative may and should be accorded to the superintendent in strictly professional matters, but beyond this is dangerous ground; that no well-equipped school board will permit the superintendent to extend his official acts beyond the field of the initiative.

The superintendents themselves are not wholly agreed as to the exact scope and extent of their duties and authority. But the consensus of opinion seems to be in favor of their complete and absolute control of purely professional work, the school board exercising only a perfunctory relation to such matters.

The writer has been a somewhat interested student of the problem for a score or more of years, during which, both as a teacher and a member of several school boards, as well as a parent and patron of the schools, he has tried to consider the subject from every point of view. And he is frank to say that from the view-point of the public interest — which, as he views it, is always of paramount consideration, his conviction is firm that the school board should have the final word upon every important educational question and matter of policy.

It seems right and necessary that this should be so. The superintendent is at most but the servant of the board. He is not its superior; he is employed to do its will. It is true that he is, or ought to be, an intelligent, conscientious, and wise servant; and he can, and does, do much to further the interests which he is employed to conserve. His advice and services upon professional subjects are admittedly invaluable. But while all this is true, it is the school board that is and must be responsible to the people. The school board is the trustee of the educational interests, — not the superintendent, and not any other employee of the board.

There is always danger in giving great and exclusive authority to an individual. The superintendents of schools are not less human and not a whit wiser than their fellows in other walks of life and other fields of endeavor. As a school board is answerable to the people that put it in power, so should a superintendent be subject to the power that gave him his position and authority. There is safety in numbers; and a school board, if wisely and judiciously selected, may be trusted with the final word. To say that such selections are not always made wisely and judiciously does not militate against the main contention. A school board of

three, or five, or seven, or more members, will carefully weigh important school questions before pronouncing the final verdict.

The danger from favoritism, from chicane, from trick or fraud, is never inconsiderable. School systems have been known to suffer severely on these accounts. Here is where the right to review the actions and to keep a check on the recommendations of superintendents becomes vitally important. This is a field which offers opportunity for independent investigation. It is a field which, if properly worked, means much to the defenceless teacher in every school system.

The writer has known of superintendents who welcomed the right of review, of independent investigation and inquiry; but their number is not large. Most of them smart under any attempt at the exercise of authority over their professional acts. They assert that it is an unwarranted exercise of authority, an exercise of the right of review and of criticism which belittles them in the public eye and does harm to the system.

The writer has never become convinced of the correctness of this professional point of view. On the contrary, he believes that the best interests of the schools demand that the right to the final word be always reserved to the board itself, which, after all, is only the voice of the people whom the board represents and serves. To say that the voice of the people is not always wisely expressed is to say, in another way, that all human effort is imperfect.

DUANE MOWRY.

Board of Education, Milwaukee, January 5, 1910.

"I SWAN!"

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

My eye has just caught the following passage in THE DIAL of October 16, p. 273:

"A writer in the London 'Nation' comments on our supposed use of 'I swan.' 'I frequently ask my American friends,' says this writer, 'if they can give me the derivation of 'I swan,' and never yet have I heard even an attempt to do so. Fifty years ago 'I swan' was in regular use by poets and novelists, and to-day it is employed in current American speech, though a certain class of Americans seem to find it necessary to apologize for the use of what they think is slang.' Then we are confidently assured that it is not slang, but merely a corruption of 'I warrant you,' through 'I see warrant,' 'A's warn,' of the Liddesdale farmer. Thus what has been considered a bit of Yankee slang turns out to be an idiom of the Scottish border that 'fifty years ago . . . was in regular use by poets and novelists.' Henceforth, our polite circles of Boston, or Chicago, or Kalamazoo, or any other centre of refinement and culture, may feel at liberty to continue the daily use of 'I swan,' but with no longer any need of the hitherto customary apology. What a relief!"

We all know that many words and phrases, popularly supposed to be Americanisms, were brought over by the early settlers from England, where they have become obsolete. So often has an alleged Americanism been proved to be a survival of an English provincialism, that there are times when we Americans may well ask ourselves, "Is our reputed faculty for coining words after all a delusion?" Our British cousins are too apt to insist that it is. The easy way in which your reviewer accepted the gold brick handed out by the writer in the London "Nation" confirms this. It may be necessary to haul down the Stars and Stripes, but let us not do so without at least striking a blow. Permit me to offer the following comments on the above passage.

(1) The writer in the London "Nation" has never

"heard even an attempt" to explain "I swan." An attempt, doubtless a successful one, was made twenty years ago in the *Century Dictionary*, where we read: "A euphemistic variation of *swear*; cf. *seow*, a similar evasion."

(2) The notion that "I warrant you" is "an idiom of the Scottish border" which originated a beggarly half-century ago is diverting, seeing that it has been in vogue among English poets and authors for at least three centuries.

(3) The writer's further notion that "I warrant you" and "I swan" are identical in meaning is also amusing, for "I swan" is an expletive. Moreover, though no fewer than twenty-eight forms of "I warrant you" are recorded in the *English Dialect Dictionary*, "I swan" is not one of them.

(4) "I swan" is declared by lexicographers, even English ones, to be an Americanism. This of course is not conclusive, for even lexicographers are not infallible; but as the examples they quote are all American and run back to 1842, clearly the burden of proof lies on him who asserts that it is not an Americanism.

(5) In their "Slang and its Analogues," Farmer and Henley quote an example from Mrs. Kirkland's "Forest Life," published in 1842 — or before the idiom is said to have originated along the Scottish border. But that is a much-belated example, for in a letter written from Boston and printed in the "New York Packet" of November 22, 1784, we read:

"When I left this town last April, I was (you will remember) very desirous that we should obtain a charter of incorporation. . . . Go, go to New York, gentlemen, go and see what pickle that town is in, and then tell me (if you dare) of getting Mayors, Aldermen, and the Lord knows what besides! *Cui bono*, my friends? Nay, I swan (as the old saying is), we of Boston, after all, are the better off than those of New York; have we not got a fine public walk, now well planted, gravelled and fenced in? Whereas, at New York (although they have what they call their fields), yet none of them have ever thought as yet of planting a single tree for public ornament or utility. Ergo, no charter for Boston; and I will vote against every attempt to bring in this new mode of government."

Note the words "as the old saying is," showing that one hundred and twenty-six years ago the idiom was well established.

(6) Finally, the expression carries on its face proof that it is an Americanism. Your Britisher comes out with a good honest "damn," but your American, ever fond of soft swearing, dilutes it to "darn." Hence, "I swan" is eminently characteristic.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, January 8, 1910.

SECTIONALISM IN LEARNED SOCIETIES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It ought not to be necessary to point out to the writer of the communication on "A Localized American Academy," in your last issue, that such institutions as the American Academy of Arts and Letters cannot be established on a geographical basis. It is not a question of where a man lives, but what he has done. Naturally, it is the tendency of men eminent in art or literature to gravitate to the great cities of the country, and particularly to the older centres of culture. Artists, indeed, as in the cases of Sargent and Abbey, are quite as likely to make their homes abroad. But they are none the less American by birth and inheritance. The *Académie Française* is made up almost wholly of men

who live in Paris, yet no one would think of denying its claim to represent fairly the literary ideals and performance of the French nation.

I suppose your correspondent credits Mark Twain to New York, because his home is not far from that city. But no man could be less of a "New Yorker," or represent more perfectly the great region of the central Mississippi Valley. The various cities and states of the country, the great universities of the West and the Pacific Slope, cannot legitimately be represented as such in an American Academy. Of course if your correspondent believes particular members of the Academy unworthy of the distinction, in comparison with other men who have not been so honored, that is another matter. He would not in that case be without sympathizers. But the Academy is not less American because most of its members happen at present to live near the Atlantic seaboard.

HENRY S. CHAPMAN.

Boston, January 5, 1910.

[It seems but just to our previous correspondent to recall that he himself said that "for such an institution the best men should be chosen, wherever found," and that his whole point seemed to be that geographical considerations had counted too much, not too little, in the formation of the Academy. — EDR. THE DIAL.]

A LONDON LITERARY HAUNT.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have been reading your paper with much interest, as I always do, and I notice in a recent issue a review of "The Literary History of the Adelphi and its Neighbourhood," by Mr. Brereton. May I observe that I am the publisher of this work, and my friends Messrs. Duffield & Co. issue it for me in America; of course the book is of London origin.

Like my friend the author, I am also a resident in the Adelphi. You ask what part of the neighbourhood described in this book is known as the Adelphi. I think it is that part which forms a square with its front to the Thames known as Adelphi Terrace, its west side Robert Street (named after Robert Adam), its east side Adam Street, and its north side John Street (after John Adam), in which will be found the well-known Adams House occupied by the Society of Arts. This square block was practically all built by the Brothers Adam, architects; and, as you will note, is named after the family. Your notice fairly describes the book and its literary associations. I am glad to say they continue to this day, as we have as neighbors on this Terrace some good American citizens, such as Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell; there are also J. M. Barrie the dramatist, Sidney Low the historical writer and journalist, Bernard Shaw, novelist and dramatist, J. B. Atley, another well-known man of letters; and of course my publishing business is housed at No. 1 Adelphi Terrace and No. 19 Adam Street — houses which show the characteristics of the art of the brothers for whom the street was named.

I may add that should any of your friends desire to visit this interesting neighbourhood, they will find the "quartier," as Mrs. Pennell calls it, by taking the first turn westward after leaving the Hotel Cecil or the Savoy, and it certainly will give me great pleasure to show them anything of interest there is to be seen in the Adelphi.

T. FISHER UNWIN.

1, Adelphi Terrace, London, January 4, 1910.

The New Books.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES.*

If Mrs. Pryor's volume of "Reminiscences of a Long Life" does not sell with the best novels of the season, the reason will lie elsewhere than in its power to seize and hold the interest of any intelligent reader. American autobiography and reminiscence has attained many a high level during the past decade, but here is a book which the reader will unhesitatingly put on his choicest shelf with the best of it all. A happy girlhood and a happy marriage in the best circles of the old Virginia life of the middle of the last century, the fiery test of extreme poverty and humiliation in the wreck of that society incident to the Civil War, the removal to New York City and the grim struggle there to pick up the broken threads of life and weave them once more into a comely fabric, with the slow but ever advancing march to a position of usefulness and influence and honor beyond anything which either she or her gifted husband had dared hope for,—this is the framework of Mrs. Pryor's story.

At the outbreak of the war Mr. Pryor was a member of the House of Representatives. When the fateful news of the secession of South Carolina reached Washington, the Pryors, President Buchanan, and others in high social and official station, were attending a wedding. Mrs. Pryor herself bent over the back of the President's chair and gave him the momentous information, just received over the wires by Representative Keitt of the seceding state. Falling back in a dazed condition, the President grasped both arms of his chair, and begged her, in a whisper, to have his carriage summoned. She and her husband immediately called their own carriage, and drove away, "with no more thought of bride, bridegroom, wedding-cake or wedding breakfast." "This," she continues, "was the tremendous event which was to change all our lives,—to give us poverty for riches, mutilation and wounds for strength and health, obscurity and degradation for honor and distinction, exile and loneliness for inherited home and friends, pain and death for happiness and life."

Although Mrs. Pryor's husband threw himself energetically into the cause of his section and attained distinction as a brave and effective commander in the Confederate army, he

accepted defeat in good faith and used every effort in his power to hasten the healing of the wounds that had been made. At one time or another he had met in battle Generals Hancock, Slocum, Butterfield, Sickles, Fitz-John Porter, McClellan, and Grant, all of whom became his firm friends in later years. "They had fought loyally under opposing banners, and from time to time, as the war went on, one and another had been defeated; but over all and through all, their allegiance had been given to a banner that has never surrendered—the standard of the universal brotherhood of all true men."

In November, 1864, while she was leading a painfully economical life at Petersburg, virtually in a state of siege, with a babe less than a year old in her arms, came the news that General Pryor had been captured and was held as a prisoner of war. It was at first ordered that he be taken to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor; but he was finally committed to Fort Lafayette instead, where his privilege of a daily walk upon the ramparts allowed him to look upon the mist-blurred outlines of the great city where in later years he was destined to an honored position upon the Supreme Bench, and his no less worthy wife to a place of effective leadership, especially in the benevolent and charitable activities of the best social life of the metropolis. But in the meanwhile, what grief, toil, and humiliation! In the little cottage at Petersburg an old trunk full of the finery of a happier day is dragged forth. The laces are remorselessly ripped from evening gowns, made deftly into the forms then in vogue, and sent to Richmond to be sold. Silks and muslins and artificial flowers followed the laces when it was found that Richmond could furnish a market for the tasteful creations which her ingenuity could devise under the keen spur of want of food for herself and children. But there was humor to season even that dish of woe. "Aunt Jinny," an old negro woman, was vexed in conscience because Mrs. Pryor was "sho'ly leadin' de po' young lambs in Richmond into vanity" by the powerful halter of such finery, when the Almighty has told us that we should clothe ourselves rather with the garment of righteousness. But Eliza, another negro friend in need, cut her short right at that point: "You 'pear to me to be mighty intimate with God A'mighty. Now you just run 'long home an' leave my mistis to 'er work. How would you look with nothin' on but a garment of righteousness?"

When Petersburg was occupied by the Union forces, Mrs. Pryor was held as a prisoner in two

*MY DAY. *Reminiscences of a Long Life.* By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, author of "Reminiscences of Peace and War," "The Mother of Washington and Her Times," etc. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

of her rooms for ten days, by General Sheridan, who took possession of her house for an adjutant's office. A little later she was compelled to apply for rations for her family to Major-General Hartsuff; but the first consignment brought to the house was unspeakably beyond the point of edibility. She turned to her table and wrote, "Is the Commanding General aware of the nature of the ration issued this day to the destitute women of Petersburg?" The delivery of this note brought in haste an orderly with an official slip commanding the Quartermaster and Commissary to "furnish Mrs. Roger A. Pryor with all she may demand or require, charging the same to the private account of George L. Hartsuff, Major-General Commanding." But he soon learned a little more of the spirit of the woman with whom he was dealing. "Mrs. Roger A. Pryor," the response went back to him, "is not insensible to the generous offer of Major-General Hartsuff, but he ought to have known that the ration allowed the destitute women of Petersburg must be enough for Mrs. Roger A. Pryor." Even the tearful appeal of Mrs. Hartsuff, who came at once on a personal visit, failed to move her to accept the private favors which in the nature of the case others could not have; and the next day saw rations of another character.

We might fill columns with choice extracts from this most interesting volume, which deserves the widest reading. It lets the light in upon phases of the Civil War and its sequels with which too many are unacquainted, and it makes for the sympathy and good feeling between North and South which alone can give the key to problems even yet unsettled.

W. H. JOHNSON.

DANTE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

Thanks to the author of the Dante Dictionary, we now have a full, perhaps exhaustive, collection of materials for the history of the influence of Dante on the English mind. By English, Dr. Toynbee evidently means British, as he includes the Scotch but excludes the Americans. Here are some 1400 pages of citations containing all the discoverable allusions to, or

*DANTE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE, from Chaucer to Cary (C. 1380-1844). By Paget Toynbee, M.A., D.Litt., Oxon. With Introduction, Notes, Biographical Notices, Chronological List, and General Index. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE MORAL SYSTEM OF DANTE'S INFERNO. By W. H. V. Reade, M.A., Tutor of Keble College. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. New York: Henry Frowde.

comment upon, the Tuscan poet, which were made in Great Britain down to the date of the death of Cary the translator. Translations are also noticed and liberally cited. Biographical notices, based upon the "Dictionary of National Biography," of all the known authors, are provided. The author exhibits again the vigilance, industry, and scholarship which he has taught us to expect from him. The arrangement of all this material is "in the chronological order of the first work quoted," the several citations from one author being grouped together. It is ill looking a gift-horse in the mouth, but the reviewer is constrained to say that this plan results in some confusion of different eras. For example, Merivale, commenting in 1843 upon Francis Horner's studies in Dante, undertaken to beguile his dying days in 1817, is made to precede Horner himself by some forty pages, all but three lines of those forty pages being devoted to citations of dates between 1814 and 1822. Again, an anecdote is taken from Thomas Moore's Diary illustrating the preference entertained by Moore for Wright's translation as compared with Cary's. But before coming to Wright himself we have to traverse no less than 540 pages, a long gap which Dr. Toynbee has neglected to bridge by cross-references. This quite mechanical arrangement has the merit of bringing all the comment of each author together, all the material being rendered accessible by means of the Index, the numerous notes and cross-references, and the Chronological List of Authors — which, however, is *not* chronological, but is arranged in the order described above. Dr. Toynbee has enriched the work with an Introduction in which he gives a brief outline of the course of Dante criticism in England. Here, and in the Index, under the heads "Commedia" and "Dante," are grouped together some of the more terse and distinctive pronouncements, *pro* and *con*, many of which are illustrations of the English genius for denouncing what it cannot understand.

A noticeable feature of the work is the homage done to the Rev. H. F. Cary, by making his death the *terminus ad quem*, an homage justified rather by the reputation of Cary than by his real merit as a translator. Indeed, Cary bulks bigger in these pages than anyone else except Dante, whose "English Duplicate and Re-incarnation" Coleridge declared him to be. No work in the English language, except Macpherson's Ossian, has been more persistently over-rated. To parody Voltaire's unlucky

prophecy about Dante, it does seem that Cary's reputation has gone on increasing because he has been so little read. To the Cary legend, Dr. Toynbee has contributed an impetus, not only here but in an annotated edition of Cary's translation. Scholarship, however, not poetic taste, is the *forte* of our author. Why Coleridge should have so praised Cary in the first place, is an interesting question. Certainly, Coleridge was a good judge of poetry; that he was not an infallible judge is shown by his extreme admiration for the sonnets of Bowles. An impulsive critic, he was doubtless overawed by Cary's superior knowledge of Dante, whose work had hitherto been imperfectly known in England, and scantily appreciated. Cary offered the first presentable translation; Coleridge, who was getting up Dante about that time, found the translation and notes serviceable; he paid his debt to Cary in the most effectual way by praising the latter in the famous lecture of 1818; having set up as an authority on the subject, he could not conveniently withdraw anything he might have said, especially after all the world had taken up the laud from him as critical corypheus. All this, I admit, is little better than reading between the lines; but it may have as much foundation as some of Coleridge's own critical divinations. At all events, one has only to analyze the first passage which Coleridge quotes from Cary in the notes of his lecture, to perceive how uncritical was the praise he lavished to the misleading of the nation. The fact is that Cary's traducement of the divine Tuscan could have found acceptance only among a people essentially ignorant of the poet, and at a time when interest was just beginning to awaken. To be sure, he is a competent writer of blank verse, but in a movement which does not suggest the movement of any great poet except sometimes Milton. Does Dante soar easily and swiftly, like an eagle? Cary flutters like a bird whose plumage is entangled in the lime-twigs. Does Dante say a thing and have done? Cary says it twice. Is Dante simple and severe? Cary is turgid and ornate. Does Dante stamp the precious metal with his own image and superscription? Cary deals forth the featureless fool's gold of poetic commonplace. Dante's "broad stream of speech" becomes "copious floods of eloquence"; Dante's "poets," a "tuneful train." Dante says to Virgil: "May the long study avail me and the great love, which have made me search thy volume!"

Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore
Che m'ha fatto cercar lo tuo volume.

Cary:

May it avail me that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conn'd it o'er.

The trailing repetition is intolerable; nor is to *seek* a book the same thing as to *search* it. It would take up all the space which utmost editorial indulgence could allot to this review, to point out all the crimes which Cary manages to commit in the three stanzas selected by Coleridge for special praise. He sometimes does better, but oftener far worse.

Chaucer and Milton knew Dante well, and show many traces of his influence. Sir Philip Sidney must have had some acquaintance with him. Shakespeare sometimes says a thing in a way that makes one think of Dante, but such parallels occur everywhere when great writers touch upon the same human or moral themes. Lowell asserted that Spenser had read his Dante closely, but Dr. Toynbee is inclined to think the resemblances, like those in Shakespeare, mere coincidences. Between Milton and Coleridge, there are few allusions to Dante in the great English writers. If he be mentioned at all, it is likely to be with disparagement, or, what is worse, with condescension. In his "Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning," Sir William Temple gives his list of "the great wits among the moderns"; these were, in Italy, Boccaccio, Machiavel, and Padre Paolo; in England, Sir Philip Sidney, Bacon, and Selden. What names shine by their absence! The generous shades of Sidney and Boccaccio might well be indignant that they also were not omitted from the enumeration of a critic who could forget their betters. Temple's *protégé*, Swift, does not mention Dante; nor does Addison, who wrote a book about his literary pilgrimage through Italy; nor yet does Burke, who was so great a lover of Virgil. Pope and Dr. Johnson show no symptoms of familiarity with the Tuscan poet, whose name does not occur in the famous life of Milton. To Horace Walpole's jaunty philosophy, the greatest of modern poets is "in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam"; while the Earl of Chesterfield warns his hopeful son against wasting his time in the attempt to understand an author who is not worth the pains. Goldsmith, in his "Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning," pronounces that Dante owed most of his reputation to the obscurity of the times in which he lived. Akenside, who in his curious "Ballance of Poets" applies to the great poets what is known in the schools as the "marking system," places Dante on the same

form with Ariosto, Horace, Pindar, Pope, Racine, Sophocles, without indicating whether he should be first or last "*tra cotanto senno*." In taste, Dante is marked 12 (on a scale of twenty), with Cervantes and Tasso, no one being lower except that ill-bred Shakespeare. In dramatic expression, Shakespeare and Homer get the best mark (18), while poor Dante goes to the foot of the class with a mark of 8. In critical ordonnance, Dante gets off with the middling mark of 12; Boileau, Homer, Sophocles, and Terence receiving the highest standing, while Shakespeare and Ariosto — careless fellows — are "flunked" with a zero apiece. As to moral, Dante is placed on the same indifferent footing with Horace — who appears to have been no better than he should be, — but is able to look down upon the inferior virtue of his compatriots, Tasso and Ariosto, to say nothing of that basest of the base, Lucretius, with his zero.

But amid all the

"Rash judgments and the sneers of selfish men" recorded in these 1400 pages, perhaps nothing is worthier of bad eminence than the remarks of Dr. Thomas Warton in his *History of English Poetry*: "We are surprised that a poet should write one hundred cantos on hell, paradise, and purgatory. But this prolixity is partly owing to the want of art and method, and is common to all early compositions in which everything is related circumstantially and without rejection, and not in those general terms which are used by modern writers." So carefully is all truth here reversed, that the sentence, standing alone, might pass for a laborious effort at irony. Particularly to be admired is the rare excellence of modern poets which consists in the use of general terms! In a later age, indeed, Landor, that most treacherous of critics, attacked Dante, just as he attacked Milton, in the guise of a friend. He did what in him lay to promote the false and superficial view which sees in Dante little to admire but the episodes of Francesca and Ugolino, and three or four others.

Non ragionam di lor! In that dark age of "enlightenment," Gray, in his admiration for Dante, as in other things, stood almost alone. After Coleridge had spoken, it became the fashion to prophesy in Dante's name, as did Hazlitt without ever knowing him, and Leigh Hunt with better right. In those days every critic felt bound to come out with a parallel between Dante and Milton. To this whole discussion, Leigh Hunt contributes what seems to me the most penetrating observation: Milton, he

says, "had not the faith in things that Homer and Dante had, apart from the intervention of words. He could not let them speak for themselves without helping them with his learning." The year 1818 produced two memorable winged words about Dante. Coleridge said: "You cannot read Dante without feeling a gush of manliness of thought within you." Hallam said: "His appearance made an epoch in the intellectual history of modern nations. . . . It was as if, at some of the ancient games, a stranger had appeared upon the plain, and thrown his quoit among the marks of former casts which tradition had ascribed to the demigods." Hallam is inclined to prefer "*Paradise Lost*" to the "*Divine Comedy*"; but Macaulay, who knew Milton by heart, thinks Dante the superior poet. "He runs neck and neck with Homer, and none but Shakespeare has gone decidedly beyond him." Again: "His execution I take to be far beyond that of any other artist who has operated on the imagination by means of words." In temperament, Macaulay is a typical Englishman, who would have found himself very comfortable in the eighteenth century beside Johnson and Akenside. His frank and not indiscriminating admiration for Dante is therefore significant of the immense change that had come over the English mind with respect to the vital things of poetry. It is quite to be expected that men of spiritual insight — such, for example, as Shelley, the younger Hallam (he of the "ethereal brows"), Gladstone, Carlyle — will be attracted to the divine Poet.

The general impression made by this voluminous comment is one of relative poverty. It is a dark mass of prejudice, error, and ignorance, shot through only here and there by bright flashes of insight. So this, we murmur, is the reaction of the great English nation upon the most spiritually inspired of modern poets! Even those who were most persuasive in drawing the attention of the English middle-class to Dante, themselves walked rather by faith than by sight. Coleridge, Macaulay, Carlyle say so much of true and good that the critic may well wink at the times of this ignorance. Carlyle has much the same fanciful Orphic mode of dealing with Dante as has Victor Hugo with Shakespeare. Much in the same way, Petrarch divined Homer through the cloud of the unknown tongue. Probably these writers were just the teachers needed by their time. The well-known anecdote of Robert Hall, employing at the last his spent strength in learning enough Italian to verify Macaulay's parallel between Milton and Dante,

may be taken both as an example and a symbol of the effect which all this discussion was having upon the class whose chief source of literary culture for generations had been first Milton and the English Bible, to which more recently had been added Shakespeare. It will do much to deprovincialize the English-speaking race if we ever make the vital discovery that another modern nation has produced a poet not decisively inferior to Shakespeare in size and range, and fully Milton's equal in art, in piety, in loftiness of character.

In 1850, six years after the date chosen by Dr. Toynebee for the hither limit of his collection, appeared the first really adequate critical survey in English of the Tuscan poet. It is a pity that a somewhat undue respect for the performance of Cary should have induced the editor to stop short of a date that would have made it natural to ornament his collection with Church's Essay on Dante, which in absolute value far transcends all that these volumes contain. For just and sympathetic and intelligent criticism of Dante in English, no reader need go back farther than to that Essay. The present work, valuable as it may be historically, is only a history of the wanderings in the Wilderness, and brings one barely to the border of the Land of Promise.

Theophile Gautier somewhere observes that the human race is so wanting in originality as never to have invented more than seven deadly sins. He had only to read the "Inferno" to learn that Dante himself had recognized the inadequacy of that sevenfold framework to close in all human badness. Dante follows the conventional category down to the walls of the City of Dis, whereupon he abruptly drops it, widening his classification of sins with the narrowing of the bottomless pit. On the other hand, in the "Purgatorio" he finds the sevenfold division sufficient for his purpose. This variation has puzzled many critics, who have made rather inconclusive attempts to account for it. There is a legend that the composition of the "Inferno" was interrupted, after the completion of seven cantos, by the exile of the poet. Such a circumstance might explain an apparent change in the scheme of the work. Probably most readers have been content with the feeling that too exact a parallelism between the parts would have been inartistic. The "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio" are symmetrical, without being identical, in plan. In his dissertation upon the moral system of the "Inferno," Mr. Reade, as becomes an Oxford don, approaches the subject by the

dialectical road. It is a very cogent piece of reasoning, bristling with quotations in Latin from St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante's great theological authority, from whom, as Mr. Reade proves, the poet does not radically deviate. The learned and logical author is not lacking in trenchancy. He remarks that if the *finis*, or inward criterion, of all crime must always have been one of the seven capital vices (which, by the way, are not to be confused with the seven deadly sins), then "iniquity seems, after all, to be a meagre profession, failing in a very marked manner to satisfy the ambition of those who find the path of virtue too narrow." Students will find this work a valuable criticism of, and supplement to, the essays of Witte and Moore on the subject.

MELVILLE B. ANDERSON.

A VENERABLE AMERICAN PREACHER.*

The beneficent life and interesting personality of a venerable American preacher, teacher, and reformer, the Rev. Washington Gladden, are revealed in the recently published volume of his "Recollections." Not only to members of his own congregation, to each of whom Dr. Gladden is both a devoted pastor and a sincere friend, but to his wider parish, the American people, the book makes its strong and direct appeal. The earlier chapters are distinctly autobiographical, sketching the influences and the environment that shaped his character. Later chapters, for perhaps the second third of the book, are in chronological order; while the portion of the work centred around his pastorate in Columbus, Ohio, deals with the more important phases of religious and social thought, the industrial and civic questions, of the past thirty years. A fine sense of personal reserve and broad tolerance for opinions from which the author dissents are shown throughout the book. Whatever savors of fraud, of political hysteria or moral delinquency, is sternly though briefly rebuked; but otherwise a spirit of optimism and kindness sheds gentle light alike upon memories of the past and prophecy of the future.

Himself one of our foremost religious teachers, whatever Dr. Gladden tells us of his own religious experience possesses particular interest. His boyhood training was strictly Calvinistic, and he unquestioningly accepted the doctrine

* RECOLLECTIONS. By Washington Gladden. Boston Houghton Mifflin Co.

of original sin, by which all mankind had lost communion with God. This communion, even as a child, he desired above all things to regain; but though he tried a thousand times, he never felt that "emotional or ecstatic experience" he had been taught to expect. He says:

"I have often wondered, in later years, that my faith did not give way; that I did not become an atheist. It was the memory of my father, and the consistent piety of my uncle, I suppose, which made that impossible. But that little unplastered room under the rafters in the old farmhouse, where I lay so many nights, when the house was still, looking out through the casement upon the unpitying stars, has a story to tell of a soul in great perplexity and trouble because it could not find God."

It was not till his eighteenth year that a wise friend showed him that he had but to trust in God's love, walk in the ways of service, and confide in his friendship. This single word *friendship* has since then dominated all his religious thought. He sums it up in almost the last paragraph of the book:

"I am fain to believe that the time is drawing near when the Christian church will be able to discern and declare the simple truth that Religion is nothing but Friendship; friendship with God and with men. I have been thinking much about it in these last days, and I cannot make it mean anything else; so far as I can see, that is all there is to it. Religion is friendship — friendship first with the great Companion, of whom Jesus told us, who is always nearer to us than we are to ourselves, and whose inspiration and help is the greatest fact of human experience. To be in harmony with his purposes, to be open to his suggestions, to be in conscious fellowship with Him, — this is religion on its Godward side. Then, turning manward, friendship sums it all up. To be friends with everybody; to fill every human relation with the spirit of friendship; is there anything more than this that the wisest and best of men can hope to do?"

The consistent avowal of this faith has always put Dr. Gladden among the leaders who turned away from dogma to the practical test of conduct. In consequence, his right to stay in the fellowship of the church was called in question; but as a "Stay-inner" rather than as a "Come-outer," he preferred to hold to fellowship that was dear and needful, and that, as differences once emphasized have disappeared, has grown increasingly dear. Of his feeling on this point he speaks very clearly:

"The duty of liberal men to stay in the churches to which they belong — if they can be tolerated there — and, by kindness and patience and fidelity to the truth as they see it, to do what they can to enlighten and broaden the fellowship of those churches, has always appeared to me very plain."

How far such conduct on the part of a few leaders has liberalized popular opinion is illustrated by the fact, cited in this connection, that in the early seventies Dr. Gladden stood alone

in a company of twenty Congregational clergymen in feeling that it was safe to tell the people that the verse 1 John, 5: 7, was admitted by scholars to be spurious.

Dr. Gladden was for several years, from 1871 to 1875, engaged in editorial work on the staff of "The Independent." In that capacity he contended vigorously against "immoral theology," as he unequivocally termed the Calvinistic theories. The issue can perhaps be best stated in the concluding words of one of his editorials, reproduced in this volume:

"For our own part we say, with all emphasis, that between such a theology as this and atheism we should promptly choose the latter."

In his pulpit he has never hesitated to speak with equal directness, and in mentioning various calls to undertake educational work he expresses himself as follows:

"I do not believe that there is any place of influence in the world in which a man can be as free as in the Christian pulpit. . . . Unquestionably there is cowardice and subserviency in the pulpit, as everywhere else. But there need not be. . . . I have been saying things, with no sense of restraint, during the last fifty years, that I should not have been so likely to say if I had been a journalist or a college professor. . . . I doubt if any other kind of work would have given me so large an opportunity as my churches in North Adams and Springfield and Columbus have given me to speak my deepest thought.

"But it has not all been criticism or controversy. How far from it! The great themes of the ideal life are, after all, the supreme interests. The insights, the aspirations, the convictions, the hopes, the purposes which flow into our lives from the realms about us and above us — how much of our peace and strength depend upon them! These things of the Spirit are the great realities. The existence of that world in which our higher nature dwells and from which we draw our inspirations is not a matter of conjecture. Herbert Spencer himself, the great agnostic, declared that we are more sure of the Unknown Reality, out of which all physical forces and laws proceed, than we are of our own existence. By our scientific logic we cannot define it, but we cannot think without assuming it. And that which our scientific logic cannot define is made known to us in our religious experience. It is with these realities of the unseen realm that our faith makes us acquainted. And these, after all, are the 'fountain light of all our day, the master light of all our seeing.' It is in the light of them that everything else gets value and significance. They are the only certainties."

Especially the conclusion of this passage is noteworthy. The abiding sense of spiritual verities, together with the idea of God's friendship, — these two things are the cardinal points of all Dr. Gladden's teaching and living.

More than once Dr. Gladden has been instrumental in the settlement of social and political questions. He initiated and guided to its successful consummation the movement to amend

the Constitution of Ohio abolishing the October elections. He also drafted the petition to President Roosevelt, in 1902, to intervene in the coal strike. All facts of this sort are modestly mentioned in this volume, but they may serve here to call attention to the deep sympathy with the working classes that has always characterized his ministry. On the duty of the clergy to inform themselves upon social and economic questions, he expresses himself very strongly.

"The plea of religious teachers that they are incompetent to deal with social questions is a fearful self-accusation. They have no right to be incompetent. Whatever else they are ignorant of, they must not be ignorant respecting matters which concern the very life of the organization they represent. . . . Shall the teacher of religion confess that in the arena where character is mainly lost or won, where the life of the church is at stake, where the destiny of the nation is trembling in the balance, he is unfit for efficient service?"

Space forbids further consideration of this interesting and suggestive volume. The just and kindly characterizations of many men of distinction, the occasional flashes of humor, and the sense for diction everywhere shown, make it a book that is hard to lay aside till the last page has been read. But the best thing about it all is that it reveals the personality of the author.

LEWIS A. RHOADES.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CITIES.*

Among recent substantial additions to the literature of municipal affairs are two notable books by Professors Goodnow and Munro, lawyers and political scientists both, who have set forth the product of recent research in that always interesting field of our "conspicuous failure." Their purposes are distinct, but they have an important relation, and the conjunction is interesting. Mr. Munro's three chapters are so many monographs, describing with intense concreteness and little generalization the present condition of French, Prussian, and English cities. Mr. Goodnow, on the other hand, is analytical. For him, the "city," whenever and wherever he can find it, is a political and administrative form, whose evolution is to be traced, whose structure and functions are to be studied, that he may discover the laws of its being, the principles of its organization.

We have long been told that, whatever the constitutional unsatisfactoriness of European

states, their cities at least are well governed. Mr. Munro's book is intended, the author says, to provide an "introduction to the study" of those foreign city governments. About one-half the volume is given to the cities of England; the remainder, in equal portions, to those of France and Prussia. In each case an historical introduction gives us the background for our picture of the present day commune, or *Stadt*, or borough; then follows an account of the representative bodies and the magistracies, their respective powers and their relations to each other. Incidentally, numerous striking features are described, to a very few of which attention may here be directed.

A singularly valuable feature of Mr. Munro's book is the discussion of elections. Suffrage qualifications, parties and their methods, provisions against corrupt practices, the calibre of men elected, — all these and other features are treated elaborately. Regarding supplementary elections, required when the first ballot shows no majority or an insufficient proportion of the registration, it is perhaps a little surprising to find a preference shown for the French over the Prussian system. The Prussian voter must choose between the two standing highest at the first balloting; the Frenchman is free, and may even elect, by a mere plurality, one not mentioned at the first ballot. However, he concludes that in both cases equally the system encourages a first ballot that is scattering and ineffectual, inconsiderable factions making such showing as they can to win recognition from the favorites. The protection of the voter's independence by a secret ballot, he shows to be utterly wanting in Prussia; with the result (partly due to other causes) that abstention is an evil of serious proportions. In France, he says, the ballot is secret only when the voter "troubles to make it so," and apparently it is made a matter of trouble to him. The American reader cannot fail to be struck with the shortness of the ballot abroad. The annual choice of a councillor or two, possibly a prominent executive officer also, is an electoral task which the voter can be expected to perform with some degree of satisfaction. It is feared that much of the "intelligent vote" in America would wander, hopelessly lost, on our vast blanket-ballots, but for the convenient party emblem. In these days of legislation by statute or constitution as the cure-all for our municipal pains, it will be wholesome to reflect that the change in English boroughs, from 1882 when conditions were "about as bad as they could well be," to the admired present, was wrought by an alteration in

* THE GOVERNMENT OF EUROPEAN CITIES. By William Bennett Munro, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT. By Frank J. Goodnow. New York: The Century Co.

the "spirit not the form of local administration, for the organs of municipal government . . . are now almost exactly the same in structure and in functions as they were before 1835."

Professor Goodnow has long been regarded as an expert in municipal affairs; in lecture, text-book, scientific treatise, and commission report, he has been forming opinion and solving problems with increasing influence and authority. We suspect that college classes may be disappointed in his present book. His paragraphs do not lend themselves readily to analysis and orderly grouping; the paragraph headings are useless and often misleading; the argument is sometimes obscurely developed. But it is not as text-writer that we value Mr. Goodnow; rather is he an expert, whose opinions we must have and shall rely on. And the book is crammed with suggestive comment, comparison, conclusion. After introducing us to the phenomena of urban life generally, he devotes several chapters to an historical exposition of the thesis that cities have progressively played their part as (1) city-states, (2) mere administrative districts of states, (3) local political beings, having needs of their own and requiring organization adapted to those needs. At once we are in the presence of the problem with which our author seems to be constantly preoccupied; viz., municipal home-rule. It is interesting to observe that he regards home rule as desirable, not in itself and of course, but only where populations are fit to be entrusted with the right to vary municipal policy, and when municipal policy may be varied without detriment to the state. Centralization, he has told us before, may be legislative or administrative. He now observes that England has for some years past been experimenting with the continental method, and has found that this substitution of administrative for legislative control, instead of repressing local life, has "been accompanied by a great increase" in municipal activity. He distinctly favors a further introduction of administrative control among us. He believes that "the legislature must in the nature of things be a partisan political body," and, as we should readily agree, administrative control stands a better chance of being firm, consistent, and expert.

The author is well persuaded that America is wrong in the method by which she distributes powers to municipalities. Enumeration of powers granted by the legislature, and strict limitation to those powers by the judiciary,—the municipal corporation on the same plane with any private corporation, bearing the burden

of that hostile presumption which public welfare requires that the ordinary corporation shall bear,—this arrangement is inconvenient and unjust to cities; for the latter are public rather than private bodies, and the first requisite for the public welfare is that their powers shall be adequate. The Continental method is preferred, endowing cities with powers by general grant, limited only at need by general legislation, or more conveniently by the devices of administrative control, a system which affords sufficient safeguards but allows free growth according to varying circumstances.

Having thus dealt with the position of the city in the modern state, Professor Goodnow devotes a chapter each to the Executive, the Council, and the Participation of the People; and then a chapter each to the five great administrative departments of Police, Charities and Correction, Education, Local Improvements, and Finance. He holds that the city electorate in the United States is not properly safeguarded, and has doubts, therefore, of the general utility of the municipal referendum. As to the city legislature, it is interesting to observe that "both practical men and theorists . . . are tending towards a partial rehabilitation of the municipal council." The commission system has this important characteristic, that in concentrating legislative and administrative authority in the same hands it wholly abandons the idea of the separation of powers in city government. That principle had never been applicable, and the attempt to secure it was found by bitter experience to be "most disastrous." The official system and the organization of its members presents a very difficult problem, whose discussion brings in valuable incidental remarks on several features of administration in general, *e. g.*, tenure of office, removal for cause, appointment by competitive examination. A properly organized administration must show, (1) amenability to popular control, (2) administrative efficiency. The German system sacrifices the former to the latter, the American *vice versa*. The English system (to which the author constantly displays strong leanings) secures both in a high degree. The English administrative officer is well paid, and is thus supplied with a motive for becoming expert; he is protected in office not so much by law as by public opinion; there is an antidote to bureaucracy in his legal position, for he is under, and not superior to, the council committee, the non-expert element of the system.

Upon the form of the headship of departments conflict has long raged between the advocates of

the board plan and the single-commissioner plan. Granting that the latter secures greater responsibility, and expecting to be branded as "heretical," Professor Goodnow argues for the board plan, (1) from English and German experience generally, (2) from our own experience in educational administration, (3) because it secures greater permanence of tenure in the heads of departments, boards being only gradually renewed from year to year, (4) because "it is the only form . . . which makes permanently possible popular non-professional administration," that is, that participation of laymen in administration which he admiringly observes on such a wide scale in Prussia under Gneist's influence.

Finally, a word must be said as to the relation of municipalities to public services, the absorbing political issue of "municipal trading." European opinion is almost unanimous that cities should "under proper limitations have the power to enter upon the field of municipal ownership and operation, and even in the United States opinion is gradually coming to approximate the opinion of Europe," though as yet few American cities have the requisite legal powers. Local regulation of transportation services has often proved unsatisfactory, partly because of the inadequate legal powers of cities, partly because of inefficiency and corruption in their governments. Possibly for this part of the problem a proper solution has been found in the state commission, already used to good effect by New York and some few other states. But in other departments, lighting, housing, etc., the sphere of direct municipal activity is gradually extending. Private parties can often render better service at less cost, but the question is not only economic; it is social. "It is wise to endure a slight waste in processes of production in order to secure greater equality in distribution or a greater regard for general social needs." As the sewers have been universally municipalized, so are water-works generally; and other services will probably follow the same way. In every case the city must sit down first and count the cost, for what it gains in general social convenience it must pay for, often not from dividends, but in taxes. This absolutely requires that realization of the community of interest between voters and tax-payers that is so essential to social peace, and yet so far from obvious or easy to secure. It was easy and natural, perhaps, in primitive times. It is extremely difficult in these days of highly concentrated wealth and vast voting but property-less populations.

HENRY R. SPENCER.

RECENT POETRY.*

When a poet has "climbed to the snows of age," his voice may lose something of its warmth and richness, but acquire in their place the note of prophecy.

"From labours through the night, outworn,
Above the hills the front of morn,
We see, whose eyes to heights are raised,
And the world's wise may deem us crazed.
While yet her lord lies under seas,
She takes us as the wind the trees'
Delighted leafage; all in song
We mount to her, to her belong."

There is little need to name George Meredith as the author of these lines, or of the following equally characteristic quatrains:

"Once I was part of the music I heard
On the boughs or sweet between earth and sky,
For joy of the beating of wings on high
My heart shot into the breast of the bird.

"I hear it now and I see it fly
And a life in wrinkles again is stirred,
My heart shoots into the breast of the bird,
As it will for sheer love till the last long sigh."

These examples from the precious sheaf of Meredith's "Last Poems" vividly recall the brave free spirit that winged its flight a few months ago. Several of the poems offer retrospective pictures of the Napoleonic days at which Meredith's imagination always took fire.

"Their facts are going headlong on the tides,
Like commas on a line of History's page;
Nor that which once they took for Truth abides,
Save in the form of youth enlarged from age.

"Meantime give ear to woodland notes around,
Look on our Earth full-breasted to the sun:
So was it when their poets heard the sound,
Beheld the scene: in them our days are one."

*LAST POEMS. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SONGS AND POEMS OLD AND NEW. By William Sharp (Fiona Macleod). New York: Duffield & Co.

MIMMA BELLA. By Eugene Lee-Hamilton. New York: Duffield & Co.

NEW POEMS. By William Watson. New York: The John Lane Co.

NEW POEMS. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: The John Lane Co.

DRAKE. An English Epic. Book I.-XII. By Alfred Noyes. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ARTHUR UPSON. Edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Burton. Two volumes. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WINTER. Author's Edition. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

THE SOUL'S INHERITANCE, and Other Poems. By George Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE WHITE BEES, and Other Poems. By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE GIANT AND THE STAR. Little Annals in Rhyme. By Madison Cawein. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

NEW POEMS. By Madison Cawein. London: Grant Richards.

SONG FOR THE TER-CENTENARY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN. By Clinton Scollard. Clinton: George William Browning.

PRO PATRIA. Verses Chiefly Patriotic. By Clinton Scollard. Clinton: George William Browning.

Nelson and Trafalgar are the subjects of two noble poems, and the moral drawn from these historical musings is thus convincingly put:

"Our cry for cradled Peace, while men are still
The three-parts brute which smothers the divine,
Heaven answers: Guard it with forethoughtful will,
Or buy it; all your gains from War resign.

"A land, not indefensibly alarmed,
May see, unwarned by hint of friendly gods,
Between a hermit crab at all points armed,
And one without a shell, decisive odds."

Ireland, Russia, and Italy receive generous tributes in this volume. The stanzas upon "The Centenary of Garibaldi" come to this splendid close:

"Down the long roll of History will run
The story of these deeds, and speed his race
Beneath defeat more hotly to embrace
The noble cause and trust to another sun.

"And lo, that sun is in Italia's skies
This day, by grace of his good sword in part.
It beckons her to keep a warrior heart
For guard of beauty, all too sweet a prize.

"Earth gave him: blessed be the Earth that gave.
Earth Master crowned his honest work on earth:
Proudly Italia names his place of birth;
The bosom of Humanity its grave."

The stately lines for the Milton tercentenary also call for thankful mention, and we reluctantly refrain from quoting a part of them. Enough has been said to show that these new poems are much more than crumbs swept from the Meredithian board; they constitute indeed a substantial addition to the poet's finer work.

Mrs. William Sharp has made a selection from the poems of her late husband, drawing upon the five volumes published under his own name, for the purpose of supplying a companion to the volume which he published under the assumed name of "Fiona Macleod." A few poems never before brought into book form are added to the closing section. One of these later poems, "On a Nightingale in April," may be taken for our illustration of a poet whose sweet and wistful song has qualities that repay a close examination.

"The yellow moon is a dancing phantom
Down secret ways of the flowing shade;
And the waveless stream has a murmuring whisper
Where the alders wave.

"Not a breath, not a sigh, save the slow stream's whisper:
Only the moon is a dancing blade
That leads a host of the Crescent warriors
To a phantom raid.

"Out of the Lands of Faerie a summons,
A long, strange cry that thrills through the glade:—
The grey-green glooms of the elm are stirring,
Newly afraid.

"Last heard, white music, under the olives
Where once Theocritus sang and played—
Thy Thracian song is the old new wonder
O moon-white maid!"

Since several of Sharp's volumes are now out of print, this selection of the best in all of them is

highly acceptable, coming, as it does, from the hands of the person most competent to make it.

The last work done by Eugene Lee-Hamilton took the form of a cycle of twenty-nine sonnets consecrated to the memory of his lost child who died when but two years old. "Mimma Bella" he caressingly called her, and that is the title given to the poems in which she is enshrined. The one which we quote, beautiful and impressive as it is, offers only a fair average example of the extraordinary series to which it belongs.

"Mantled in purple dusk, Imperial Death,
Thy throne Time's mist, thy crown the clustered stars,
Thy orb the world;—did Nature's countless wars
Yield insufficient incense for thy breath?

"Hadst not enough with all who troop beneath
Thy inward-opening gates, whose shadowy bars
Give back nor kings in their triumphal cars,
Nor the worn throngs that old age hurrieth?

"O sateless Death, most surely it was thou,
(A thousand ages, yea, and longer still,
Before the words were heard in Galilee)

"That saidst with dark contraction of thy brow,
While through all Nature ran an icy chill:
'Now let the little children come to me?'"

The pathos of these poems is almost intolerable, but it is redeemed and sanctified by their loveliness. The cycle is a worthy pendant to those "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours" which first revealed to the world the full stature of this poet. The present volume is edited by his widow, who contributes a few pages of biographical notes.

Mr. Watson's "New Poems" include the stinging and indiscreet verses to "The Woman with a Serpent's Tongue" that recently provided the journalism of two nations with a nine days' sensation. The volume contains much other matter far worthier of attention, and notably—since the author is now a visitor to these shores—a stately invocation "To the Invincible Republic," from which we take pleasure in producing the central passage.

"And as thou art vast,
So are thy perils vast, that evermore
In thine own house are bred; nor least of these
That fair and fell Delilah, Luxury,
That shears the hero's strength away, and brings
Palsy on nations. Flee her loveliness,
For in the end her kisses are a sword.
Strong sons hast thou begotten, natures rich
In scorn of riches, greatly simple minds:
No land in all the world hath memories
Of nobler children: let it not be said
That if the peerless and the stainless one,
The man of Yorktown and of Valley Forge,—
Or he of tragic doom, thy later born,
He of the short plain word that thrilled the world
And freed the bondman,—let it not be said
That if to-day these radiant ones returned,
They would behold thee changed beyond all thought
From that austerity wherein thy youth
Was nurtured, those large habitudes of soul."

These lines will illustrate Mr. Watson's chief poetic gift—an aptitude for the fitting characterization of significant men and events. When he attempts

this task, he is always restrained and dignified, provided only his theme is far enough removed from the passions of his own time and environment. His "Purple East" sonnets, and his denunciation of the war in South Africa, were marred by over-vehemence and cloudiness of judgment. Probably this should be said also of the present lines upon the late King of Belgium, although their effectiveness is not to be denied.

"No zeal, no Faith inspired this Leopold,
Nor any madness of half-splendid birth,
Merely he loosed the hounds that rend and slay
That he might have his fill of loathsome gold.
Embalm him, Time! Forget him not, O Earth!
Trumpet his name, and flood his deeds with day!"

A group of seventeen "Sonnets to Miranda," clearly of the nature of a personal confession, forms a conspicuous feature of this volume. Mr. Watson is not so happy when he affects playfulness, for his gambols are rather like those of a dancing bear. Vivacity is not his affair, and his efforts to be sprightly do not exactly come off. But, despite his misguided experiments, he remains one of the noblest of our living poets—a fact strangely forgotten by those who have recently been overwhelming him with vituperation.

The "New Poems" of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne seem to be the product of about ten years—at least they go back to the war in South Africa. Most of them are pretty futilities, although now and then a simple, sincere strain appeals to us in the deeper fashion. Such a strain is heard in "The Cry of the Little Peoples."

"The Cry of the Little Peoples went up to God in vain;
The Czech, and the Pole, and the Finn, and the Schleswig
Dane.

"We ask but a little portion of the green, ambitious earth;
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth."

A rather striking story (with a moral) is told in the "Ballad of the Sinful Lover."

"Four years he sinned, because she died—
With base corroding anodyne
He numbed the noble pain in him,
Four years he herded with the swine.

"And then at last he died, and went,
With hurry of immortal feet,
To seek in the Eternal Life
The face that he had died to meet.

"Up all the stairways of the sky
Laughing he ran, at every door
Of the long corridors of heaven
He knocked, and cried out 'Heliodore!'

"In shining rooms sat the sweet saints,
Each at her little task of joy;
Old eyes, all young again with heaven,
Watched angel girl and angel boy.

"And o'er the fields of Paradise,
Scattered like flowers, the lovers passed
All rainbows—saying each to each
Heaven's two words: 'At last! At last!'"

But Heliodore would have nothing of the sinner, which is the moral already referred to.

It takes courage to write an epic nowadays, but Mr. Alfred Noyes, greatly daring, has essayed no

less a task, and carried it to triumphant success. His subject is "Drake," probably the greatest epic theme that English history can offer, and his poem is a full-blooded composition of such high and sustained interest that it makes breathless reading, and causes us almost to forget that we are dealing with a supposedly outworn literary form. It culminates, of course, in the defeat of the Armada, and its heightened diction may be adequately illustrated by this passage:

"None but the everlasting voice
Of him who fought at Salamis might sing
The fight of that dread Sabbath. Not mankind
Waged it alone. War waged in heaven that day,
Where Michael and his angels drave once more
The hosts of darkness ruining down the abyss
Of Chaos. Light against darkness, Liberty
Against all dark old despotism, unsheathed
The sword in that great hour. Behind the strife
Of men embattled deeps beyond all thought
Moved in their awful panoply, as move
Silent, invisible, swift, under the clash
Of waves and flash of foam, huge ocean glooms
And vast reserves of inappellable power.
The bowsprits ranked on either fore-front seemed
But spear-heads of those dread antagonists
Invisible: the shuddering sails of Spain
Dark with the shadow of death, the sunward sails
Of England full-fraught with the breath of God."

This noble poem is almost worthy to be named in the same breath with Swinburne's magnificent ode upon the same subject, and it was, indeed, completed just in time to greet the eye of the master now dead, and to win his unstinted praise.

The "Collected Poems of the late Arthur Upson" are published in two dignified and almost sumptuous volumes, with an editorial introduction by Professor Richard Burton. From this introduction we learn that the poet was born in Camden, N. Y., in 1877, that he was busily writing at the tender age of nine, that in 1894 he removed to St. Paul and entered the University of Minnesota, that his college life was suspended from 1896 to 1900 on account of ill health, that it was finally resumed and all but completed, that in 1906 he was appointed an instructor in the University, and that in 1908, at the age of thirty-one, he was drowned from his boat in a Minnesota lake. We may hardly say of him, in view of the volume and value of his accomplished performance, that he is to be classed with "the inheritors of unfilled renown;" but we may express a more than perfunctory regret that the springs of a fountain of beauty should have been sealed in such untimely and tragic fashion. The evidence is clear in these two volumes that their author was a poet of the kind that can transmute all experience into beauty, and that our literature suffered no ordinary loss in his death. He had not become widely known, although no less than seven volumes of his verse were published before he died, and he had won the esteem of those whose business it is to keep themselves informed concerning the poetic movement. Aldrich, for example once wrote: "I am afraid he is too fine for imme-

diate popularity; but that does n't matter. It is not the many but the few that give a man his place in literature. The many are engaged canning meat and manipulating pious life insurance companies." Certainly he was not one of the "Failures" characterized in his fine sonnet thus entitled.

"They bear no laurels on their sunless brows,
Nor aught within their pale hands as they go;
They look as men accustomed to the slow
And level onward course 'neath drooping boughs.
Who may these be no trumpet doth arouse,
These of the dark processions of woe,
Unpraised, unblamed, but whom sad Acheron's flow
Monotonously lulls to leaden drowse?
These are the Failures. Clutched by Circumstance,
They were — say not too weak! — too ready prey
To their own fear whose fixed Gorgon glance
Made them as stone for aught of great essay; —
Or else they nodded when their Master-Chance
Wound his one signal, and went on his way."

Of the thirty-three stanzas that bloom "In an Oxford Garden" we cull two of the fairest.

"Some dust of Eden eddies round us yet.
Some clay o' the Garden, clinging in the breast,
Down near the heart yet bides unmanifest.
Last eve in gardens strange to me I let
The path lead far; and, lo, my vision met
Old, forfeit hopes. I, as on homeward quest,
By recognizing trees was bidden rest,
And pitying leaves looked down and sighed, 'Forget.'"

"A great nelumbo heavy on the breast
Of heaven's tranquil lake must be the moon
Above this garden in the still night's noon,
Bending the gold of her refulgent crest.
Thus to the surface of these days of rest
Through all my absent idleness, late and soon,
The thought of you doth blossom and the boon
Of the dear face that waits me down the West."

As an example of the pure lyric, it would not be easy to match the following:

"Flame at the core of the world,
And flame in the red rose-tree;
The one is the fire of the ancient spheres,
The other is June to be;
And, oh, there's a flame that is both their flames
Here at the heart of me!

"As strong as the fires of stars,
As the prophet rose-tree true,
The fire of my life is tender and wild,
Its beauty is old and new;
For out of the infinite past it came
With the love in the eyes of you!"

The range of this poet is wide, and he finds inspiration alike under home and alien skies. Many of his pieces are occasional or tributary, fancies elaborated at sight of some quaint object or compelling monument, at thought of some noble deed or heroic soul. He has the Midas touch that turns everything to gold. And often, when some matter of deep human concern compels his imagination, his utterance becomes prophetic. His fine sonnet on "The Statue of Liberty (New York Harbour, A. D. 2900)" sounds a needed note of warning to an over-complacent nation.

"Here once, the records show, a land whose pride
Abode in Freedom's watchword! And once here
The port of traffic for a hemisphere,
With great gold-piling cities at her side!
Tradition says, superbly once did bide
Their sculptured goddess on an island near,
With hospitable smile and torch kept clear
For all wild hordes that sought her o'er the tide.
'T was centuries ago. But this is true:
Late the fond tyrant who misrules our land,
Bidding his serfs dig deep in marishes old,
Trembled, not knowing wherefore, as they drew
From out this swampy bed of ancient mould
A shattered torch held in a mighty hand."

This is worthy to be set beside Aldrich's no finer sonnet, "Unguarded Gates." The more we delve within this quarry, the more we bring treasure-trove to the surface. Sweetness and light, intelligence and spirituality, are here, and always united with a fluent and admirable technique. Two of the longer poems are dramatic in form, and a third of this kind, "Gauvaine of the Retz," went down with the poet in his Lake Spezzia of Minnesota. We have space only to quote the gnomic lines which end "The Tides of Spring," a dramatic romance of ancient Scotland.

"I think each soul spins wisely as he may,
And God, who weaves the garment of this life,
Draws tight the meshes of our crossing threads,
And bleaches in the sunshine of His love."

"The Poems of William Winter" again offer us an example of a poet's collected life-work, in this case, however, of one whose chief distinction is that of the essayist and dramatic critic, and, happily, of one who in advanced age still lives to exemplify unchilled sensibilities and undimmed intellectual vigor. Mr. Winter's poetical output has been considerable, and even this large volume includes only the author's final selection from a much larger mass of material. He is an adept in the facile old-fashioned rhythms, and is most felicitous when paying tribute to some great spirit or mourning the loss of some cherished friend. His feelings "At Shakespeare's Grave" are thus expressed:

"Here the divinest of all thoughts descended:
Here the sweet heavens their sweetest boom let fall:
Upon this hallowed ground began and ended
The life that knew, and felt, and uttered all."

It is a commonplace thought, perhaps, but one made beautiful by sincerity of feeling. From the "Coronal for Stedman" — a fifty years' associate — we take these stanzas:

"Thy soul is music: from its deeps o'erflowing, —
With the glad freedom of the wild-bird's wing,
Where icy gales o'er sunlit seas are blowing, —
It sings because divinely born to sing.

"No stain is on thy banner: grandly streaming,
Its diamond whiteness leads the tuneful host,
Forever in the front of honor beaming,
And they that knew thee best must love thee most."

This singer's wonted garb is that of a graceful and tender melancholy, and it becomes him well. Possibly a bit too sentimental or lachrymose in his strain, he is nevertheless a warm-hearted and appealing

poet, whose voice we would not willingly miss from the chorus of the now swiftly-dying generation. And it is a voice that has never been raised, either in verse or prose, save for things lovely and of good report.

The poems collected under the title of "The Soul's Inheritance" were prepared for publication by George Cabot Lodge just before his death. They are eight in number, and embody a novel structural plan. In each case, the main body of the poem (usually in heroic verse) is followed by a group of three sonnets, rounding out the thought. Mr. Lodge dwelt in an atmosphere of large abstractions, typified by such lines as these:

"Sun, moon, and stars — inviolate firmament —
Phases of earth's inveterate alchemy
Of life and death — profound tranquillities,
Thunders and trepidations of the sea —
How often have you been to man in spirit
A liberation and an ecstasy!
How often has the soul gone forth with you,
As with the tide, a stranded caravel
Issues by noble estuaries, impelled
By streaming winds and led by the low sun,
Into the light, into the infinite spaces!"

Such verse as this is dignified, but hardly escapes the charge of being turgid also. One of the poems, "Love in Life," is written mostly in octosyllabics, and we quote the concluding sonnet for the sake of the unwonted measure.

"I saw her sandals of grave gold
Move on the marble, soft as light,
Her motion was like birds in flight;
The bountiful, the new, the old
Deep secret that no tongue has told
Was born of her — as is the white
First flame of day-break from the night.
As song-birds wake, as flowers unfold.
And then I kissed her sandals of
Grave gold, and kissed her hands and mouth;
And knew how more serene than song,
How spacious and how strong is Love! —
Spacious as thought is of the truth;
Strong as the conscious soul is strong."

Two of these poems are occasional — one written for the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the other for a Forefather's Day celebration.

Mr. Henry van Dyke is a felicitous writer of occasional and personal verse, and we take pleasure in extracting from his new volume, "The White Bees," two of the four stanzas which he read at the funeral of Mr. Stedman.

"The blue of springtime in your eyes
Was never quenched by pain;
And winter brought your head the crown
Of snow without a stain.
The poet's mind, the prince's heart,
You kept until the end,
Nor ever faltered in your work,
Nor ever failed a friend.

"You followed, through the quest of life,
The light that shines above
The tumult and the toil of men,
And shows us what to love.
Right loyal to the best you knew,
Reality or dream,
You ran the race, you fought the fight,
A follower of the Gleam."

From Mr. Madison Cawein we have two new volumes. In "The Giant and the Star" he works a new and charming vein, for the book is a collection of poems which view the world with the eyes of a child.

"Whenever on the windowpane
I hear the fingers of the rain,
And in the old trees, near the door,
The wind that whispers more and more,
Bright in the light made by the lamp
I make myself a hunter's camp.

"The shadows of the desk and chairs
Are trees and woods: the corners, lairs
Where wolves and wildcats lie in wait
For anyone who walks too late;
Upon my knees with my toy-gun
I hunt and slaughter many a one."

This is an excursion into Stevenson's own child garden, and there are others equally awesome in their suggested possibilities. There are also accounts of "Toyland" and "The Land of Candy," which should make any child's eyes and mouth water. We are a little dubious about the pieces in which "The Boy Next Door" figures, for the youth seems to be a graceless iconoclast.

"And he said that Old King Cole
Was a fraud upon the whole;
Never had a fiddler
That could fiddle any where
By the side of him; and joked
While he drank the vilest brew
From a cracked old bowl; and smoked
Worse tobacco; smiling, too.

"Cinderella, too! why, she
Was a slomp; just naturally
Wouldn't work; and had big feet —
Could have seen them 'cross the street.
Didn't marry a Prince at all,
But the ashman. Never at Court
Or a ball! *She* had her gall
To put that in her report!"

Mr. Cawein's "New Poems" is an English edition, from which we infer than the poems may not all be new for American readers. But many of them certainly are, such as the "North Star" series of sonnets, and the centenary tributes to Poe and Lincoln. We quote one of the sonnets.

"There is a place among the Cape Ann hills
That looks from fir-dark summits on the sea,
Whose surging sapphire changes constantly
Beneath deep heavens, morning windowsills
With golden calm, or sunset citadels
With storm, whose towers the winds' confederacy
And bandit thunder hold in rebel fee,
Swooping upon the fisher's sail that swells.
A place where Sorrow ceases to complain,
And Life's old cares put all their burdens by,
And Weariness forgets itself in rest.
Would that all life were like it; might obtain
Its pure repose, its outlook, strong and high,
That sees, beyond, far Islands of the Blest."

In such work as this, and some other that we have observed of late, Mr. Cawein seems to be acquiring the touch of virility which has hitherto been lacking in his work, — to be no longer satisfied with the rich imagery and melodic loveliness that formerly sufficed him.

Being on the spot, and a poet of approved worth, it was fitting that Mr. Clinton Scollard should write the "Song for the Ter-Centenary of Lake Champlain" to grace the celebration of last July. His poem is in quatrains — numbering thirty-two — and the hero is thus characterized :

"Roland and Bayard! — he was kin to these;
Swerved he no more than magnet from the pole
As forth he sailed upon the uncharted seas
With dreams of high adventure in his soul.
"What foes he faced, what dangers dread he dared, —
Patient in peace, in war unwavering!
Unmoved he toiled, unmurmuring he fared,
Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.
"Since then the great Recorder of the Days
Thousands has scrolled upon his golden book,
Yet still a sheet of shimmering chrysophrase
The great lake spreads for whomsoever may look."

In "Pro Patria," Mr. Scollard gives us a score of pieces, ballads, and lyrics, upon themes belonging to American history. We quote some simple verses upon Lafayette.

"He left the pleasant primrose-bowers,
The paths of ease,
He sought a soldier's arduous hours
Far o'er the seas.
"Within his high, impulsive heart
Burned freedom's flame,
And he espoused the patriots' part
With ardent aim.
"He fought unfaltering till the end, —
The goal, — was won;
The fearless and the faithful friend
Of Washington."

Correct in sentiment, but hardly more than mechanical, Mr. Scollard's verses may be allowed a humble niche in the temple of our patriotic minstrelsy.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A philosopher of the unobvious. Judged according to President Hadley's recent definition of culture —

"the opposite of absorption in the obvious" — Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton is one of the most cultured of mortals. It is the unobvious that he sees in every incident, in every commonplace object, in every person; his whole life, indeed, seems to be passed in absorption in the unobvious. His latest book, "Tremendous Trifles" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is made up of thirty-nine short talks on the unsuspected significance of common things. "Let us exercise the eye," exhorts the author, "until it learns to see the startling facts that run across the landscape as plain as a painted fence. Let us be ocular athletes. Let us learn to write essays on a stray cat or a coloured cloud." The commonest things, in his hands, become fruitful of suggestion and instruction and entertainment. Once he planned to write a book of poems about the things in his pockets; but he found it would be too long, and the age of the great epics is past. In one chapter we

have metaphysics, "the only thoroughly emotional thing," in an animated inquiry into the meaning of Certainty — even more baffling to Mr. Chesterton than the meaning of Truth to some of his contemporaries. Amusing, to those acquainted with the author, must be his conception of himself as a pigmy viewing the smallest objects as things of vast bulk. He aspires not to climb high mountains and overlook the kingdoms of the earth. "I will lift up my eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help," he declares; "but I will not lift up my carcass to the hills, unless it is absolutely necessary," a not unnatural resolution, considering his weight and bulk. These hasty sketches, reprinted from the London "Daily News," are not uniformly admirable or interesting, — in fact, they contain pages of whimsical trifling wherein the author seems to be writing only to fill his allotted space; but they also contain observations and reflections that are so fresh, so droll, so shrewd, or so suggestive, as to make the book well worth reading.

The main thesis of the stimulating book by "A Diplomatist," on our *strength and weakness of diplomacy.* "American Foreign Policy" (Houghton), is that "A purely defensive diplomacy on the part of a great state is as much a heresy as is a navy built only for defense." We are open, says the author, to attack in two quarters — South America and the Orient; yet we are without allies. For a century we were indifferent to foreign intercourse; but the acquisition of the Philippines, which are a source of diplomatic and military weakness, has put us in the same position as other nations with Asiatic possessions, and we must imitate their policies. This can be done without an absolute abandonment of our traditional policy of no entangling alliances. The problem is to find a desirable partner for mutual insurance, with no conflicting interests. Our dearest foreign policy, the Monroe Doctrine, is as likely to be attacked in Manila as in the Caribbean. Diplomacy would be a far better means of defense than an enormous military establishment. The history of England in Egypt is a case in point. She first secured the consent of disinterested nations, and finally that of France, which at first viewed this policy through the cannon's sight. Germany and Italy are the nations most likely to attack the Monroe Doctrine; but at present the latter is in no position to do so. If we could now secure the assent of Great Britain, Russia, and France, while Italy is weak, she would not later dare to oppose us. In this way also Germany and her ally (Austria) might be check-mated. That is, something like this might be done, if we did not recklessly throw away every pawn. A bit of African jungle is no tempting foreign possession, but it might be valuable to cede for just such recognition of the Monroe Doctrine as has been suggested. Yet we foolishly declined to take shares in the Moroccan bank. Likewise we failed to lay Japan under any obligation to us, though we were decidedly friendly toward her in the recent

war with Russia and were the first to abandon the legation at Seoul. Now it is our turn to ask favors, and we have nothing on the other side of the ledger. The Monroe Doctrine defines our policy toward Europe in South American affairs, but it is a negative policy on our part toward that region itself. It is now time to develop an active South American policy,—or, rather, two policies. South of the Orinoco our policy should be that of disinterested friendliness; north of that region it should be to maintain a sort of suzerainty. The latter might be called our Caribbean policy, as it must apply to all territory in that region. The Platt amendment was only a foolish tying of hands in Cuba to put off the inevitable. Such, in outline, is the foreign policy which "A Diplomatist" sets before us. It is not a pleasant prospect to contemplate, but we must confess that the author's reasoning is not altogether illogical, if our faces are to remain set as they are at present.

*The last days
of papal Rome.*

Those who remember Macaulay's vigorous condemnation of papal misgovernment, recorded in his journal in 1848, will turn with lively interest to Signor R. de Cesare's "Last Days of Papal Rome" (Houghton), in order to study in more detail the features of Roman administration, and to discover whether Pius IX. had mitigated the evils of priestly rule which the English traveller summed up in the sentence, "Old women above, liars and cheats below—that is the Papal administration." The subject has also a larger interest, because it is the fall of a princely power, the beginnings of which run back to the last days of the Roman empire. The spectacle of such a fall has deep dramatic significance. It was something more than a tragic close of an ancient rule; it was the vanishing of the final barrier to the completion of the great task of Italian unification. Signor de Cesare's treatment ignores none of these elements of interest; but it has other claims upon our attention. To the student of types of character, it offers that finer kind of gossip out of which one is able to gain impressions of the personality of the principal actors in the drama,—Pius IX., Cardinal Antonelli, the Duke of Sermoneta, and of Mgr. de Merode. Some of de Cesare's stories of Pius IX. remind one of those told by Grant Duff. The Pope certainly had a sense of humor, which occasionally found strange manifestations. For example, after Mentana he received the victors over Garibaldi by declaiming "in a loud voice the first octave of 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' to the great amusement of all present"; and in 1870, an hour after the white flag had been raised over the Porta Pia, he "resumed his easy good-humor, and, seating himself at his writing-table, composed in all tranquillity a charade in three verses on the word *tremare* (to tremble)." In his serious moods the Pope was no less individual. De Cesare describes the intense interest he took in the direction of the discussions on the doctrine of papal infallibility. After the results of

the war of 1859 have been explained, the interest of the volume centres about the attempts to settle the Roman question, of which the most startling were the schemes of Cavour and Ricasoli. These were the first steps toward the Law of Guarantees. The fate of Father Passaglia, who was one of the negotiators, recalls the recent painful experiences, in another field of reconciliation, of the Modernists. De Cesare brings out clearly the weak and hesitant policy of the Italian ministry on the eve of Mentana. He notes, *apropos* of the battle, that although the French *chassepots* may have done "wonders," the "Stützen carbines of the Pontificals were more murderous." In reference to the book as a whole it may be added that those who know the Rome of the present day will find many interesting pages on the topography and social organization of the city of a generation or two ago.

"It is a recognized fact that the work of the world is largely done by neurasthenes." Whether this sentiment is likely to receive wide endorsement or not, the story reported by Dr. Margaret A. Cleaves in "The Autobiography of a Neurasthene" (Richard Badger) tells a remarkable tale of success in the active practice of medicine on the part of one who, by reason of weak inheritance, dwelt for years in the dismal shadow of neurasthenia. The incapacitating effect of this most serious handicap to success seems in this case to have been met by an indomitable will; and it is an open question how far the advice, "Go thou and do likewise," may really be offered to those of like condition. It seems to make surprising differences in the interference with normal life which this dread disorder induces, whether it attacks one group of activities or emotions, or another. But there can be no doubt that the most courageous persons are the neurasthenics, who accomplish all their ordinary tasks in spite of the terrific, if irrational, fear which obsesses them. It is indeed a notable document that is recorded in this unusual autobiography. Here and there are inconsistencies, both of statement, of attitude, and of grammar; but on the whole the account rings true, even though disguised in the interests of anonymity. Its reading may be recommended as a consolation to nervous invalids, and as a warning to those who by temperament are likely to become so.

*A book for
the lover of
sailing craft.*

In the preface to his work on "Sailing Ships" (Lippincott), Mr. E. Keble Chatterton states that his history has been written "primarily for the general reader." Yet the sort of general reader he has in mind surely has sea-legs under him and a weather-eye sufficiently peeled to distinguish a "butter-rigged" top-sail schooner in the offing from one whose to-gallant sail is not set flying, or a genuine barque from the "jackass" variety. To understand Mr. Chatterton's book, the reader must be a real sailor-man, who knows what brails and braces are, as well as the difference between a to-gallant yard and a stun'sail

boom, — no mere fore-and-aft fresh-water man, but a genuine sea-dog such as has become a rarity even in the navy. Fancy the sympathy and horror of a land-lubber upon reading that "running with her bonnet off, she gripes badly." He might fancy that Mr. Chatterton referred to some poor old lady with the colly-wobbles, instead of a Norfolk wherry laboring with shortened sail in a gale of wind. Decidedly, then, Mr. Chatterton's volume is *not* for the "general reader," but for him who loves salt water — for the sport-loving sailor, in fact, who believes that the sailing ship bears the same superiority over the mere steamer that the horse does over the automobile. To such a reader it will be heartily welcome, for it traces succinctly — and clearly, if one understands sailor's talk — the history of the sailing ship from the first Egyptian craft of which we have knowledge down to the time when a Gloucester boat left the ways so gracefully that a bystander, exclaiming "See how she scoons!" added the word "schooner" to the language; aye, even to the day of the racing machines that defend the America's cup. It is just the sort of book to have for handy reference on board the yacht when one sits on deck in the gloaming of the second dog-watch smoking a pipe and arguing with a nautical friend. It is a book, too, for the marine artist, its one hundred and thirty illustrations being technically correct; in a word, a ready means to prevent the sad mistakes that mar the average marine-drawing for the sailor-man's eye. Though not a work for the land-lubber, it should find a place on the book-shelf of every true lover of sailing craft.

*Literature and
advertising in
"The Spectator."*

What must strike one in reading Mr. Lawrence Lewis's "The Advertisements of The Spectator" (Houghton) is the comparatively slight difference between the advertisements of the present day and those of the days of Steele. We, of course, advertise more extensively and much more aggressively; we go out into the highways and hedges and compel the buyer to come into our shops. But the advertisers in "The Spectator" were none the less assured of the superiority of their goods to all others, as witness: "The most acute and violent Tooth-ache instantly cured, by a liquid remedy prepared without Mercury." The accompanying pictures of the dismal persons cured were reserved for our long-suffering age. Fraudulent schemes now exploited in the Sunday issues of our papers of negligible morals were given the dignity of insertion in the highly moral "Spectator." Addison and Steele condemned in their articles what as "practical men" they approved of in their advertising columns. When the "ads" fell off as a consequence of the tax, the paper ultimately died from non-support. That even the "agony column" is not a modern invention for the relief of distressed lovers, the following bears witness: "Florinda, the letter, you was desirous to know, was received." The news "ad" too was not unknown. Thus it seems likely that Addison's seven-

teen critiques on "Paradise Lost" were written "with the ulterior motive of promoting the sale of Tonson's edition of Milton's epic." In like manner we find Addison making all manner of fun of Italian opera till the management "came down" with some paying advertisements, when a most complimentary notice appeared. All this is strangely familiar, but we had believed better things of "The Spectator." The book has an interesting selection of specimen advertisements, and through these it throws very valuable light on the times, as well as on some literary questions that had not before been satisfactorily answered.

*The peaceful
conquest of
the Soudan.*

The sad death of General Gordon and the subsequent defeat and dispersal of the Mahdi's forces are matters of history unsurpassed in the annals of the English expansion in Africa for tragic interest. To-day, amid the tropic heat and dust of Khartoum, another conquest is going steadily on, not by cannon and sword, but by the patient, unobserved, unapplauded and largely unnoticed efforts of a group of investigators and physicians in the scientific departments of Gordon Memorial College of Khartoum. The third "Annual Report" of the Wellcome Research laboratories of this institution gives a glimpse of the lines of investigation, fraught with unknown and perhaps untold consequences to the future of this land and the teeming population of the Upper Nile regions; for they are all designed to increase man's knowledge and mastery of that tropical environment. The Report contains investigations on the diseases of men and of animals due to parasites, including observations on the protozoan, the cause of the much dreaded "sleeping sickness" of man and of allied diseases in lower animals; on poisonous serpents; on the native medical customs and superstitions, and the healing art as practised by the dervishes; on the insects injurious to fruits, crops, and goods, in storage or transit; and anthropological investigations on the native and sometimes still-savage tribes. No outpost of modern civilization contends with forces of nature and savagery so malign in character, so entrenched by the process of evolution, by custom and by inheritance, as this English colony at Khartoum. The Report, quite aside from its scientific value, is an interesting human document, recording the first steps in this second, and, let us hope, permanent and peaceful conquest of the Soudan for modern civilization.

*Stage settings
in the time of
Shakespeare.*

Much has recently been done toward the determination of the stage conditions under which Shakespeare's plays were presented to their first audiences, as well in special monographs like Brodmeier's and Reynolds's as in the more general works of Schelling and Baker. It is well to know that the Shakespearian stage is not a mere matter of curtains, which itinerant dramatic companies can foist upon the public at a convenient cost to themselves. The latest treatise

upon this subject is Dr. Victor E. Albright's "The Elizabethan Stage" (Macmillan), which appears with the imprimatur of Columbia University. A study is made of the rude staging of the old miracle plays, the interludes, and the moralities, so as to trace the development of the stage to Shakespeare; and a corresponding study is made of the Restoration stage so as to carry back what is evidently a survival from the time of Shakespeare. In this way a determination of the actual stage of Shakespeare's time is made from both ends. The conclusion arrived at is that "the typical Shakespearian stage contained the following parts: an outer and an inner stage separated by a curtain, two proscenium doors, a gallery closed by a curtain, two balcony windows, and a 'hut.'" There was, of course, no curtain of any kind in front, nor was the curtain at the back painted; consequently there was no "perspective in scenes" such as came in with D'Avenant at the Restoration. The stage was therefore not a part of indefinite space, as with us, but a mere room or enclosure. There were very few properties, only enough to indicate the character of the scene. Everything was arranged for the presentation of the play with as little loss of time as possible. The audience was of imagination all compact, and did not need the elaborate background of a modern theatrical production.

*A sound mind
with the aid of
a sound body.*

An extremely interesting group of essays by ten distinguished physicians is published under the just now popular title of "Psychotherapeutics" (Richard Badger). They form the addresses given at New Haven, in May of this year, at a meeting of the American Therapeutic Society, devoted wholly to this topic. These essays will appeal to the physician who has no special acquaintance with nervous disorders, and equally to the layman who has. They cover a variety of aspects of this question, such as the value of hypnotic suggestion, the treatment of fatigue states by mental means, the methods of analysis (which amount to a special psychological technique), the application of similar measures to prevent disaster in childhood, the relation of character to psychotherapy, and the several medical and psychological purposes underlying this form of producing a sound mind with the aid of a sound body. The general impression of this symposium is at once to enforce a caution against the shallow or hasty use of psychotherapeutics, and equally a very encouraging endorsement of its value when applied with the expertness and technique indispensable to every art.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. Henry Frowde publishes an "Oxford edition" of the "Poems of Robert Southey" in two forms, one being somewhat higher-priced than the other. Mr. Maurice H. Fitzgerald has edited this work, which will be very welcome as a compact representation of a poet who gets something less of attention from modern

readers than is his due. It includes the four epics, "Thalaba," "The Curse of Kehama," "Roderick," and "Madoc," besides a large selection from the rest of Southey's poetical writings. We may say *quantum satis*, on the whole, despite our usual objection to editions that are less than complete.

Miss Mary B. Ehrmann is the composer of two collections of songs for young people, "The Child's Song Treasury" and "The Child's Song Garden," both published by Messrs. H. W. Willis & Co. Her selection of texts for musical setting is excellent, nearly all of the poems having some value as literature, and particularly as literature within the reach of a child's appreciation. Both melodies and accompaniments are simple and graceful.

"The Englishman in Italy" is a very charming little book published by Mr. Henry Frowde. It is edited by Mr. George Hyde Wollaston, and quite adequately described upon its title-page as "a collection of verses written by some of those who have loved Italy." Most of the familiar pieces are here, and some less familiar, but richly deserving of acquaintance, drawn from the writings of such men as Symonds, Dobell, Trench, Milman, and Hare. There is a good equipment of notes and indexes.

The first thing to be noted about "Terry's Mexico," a guide-book to our sister republic by Mr. T. Philip Terry, is the marvellous exactitude with which it imitates the familiar Baedeker manuals. In every mechanical respect, binding, typography, and engraving of maps and plans, it looks as if it might have come straight from the Leipzig establishment. But as a matter of fact, it is a product of the Riverside Press, and, although it is ostensibly published in the City of Mexico, the Houghton Mifflin Co. are its agents in this country. The text also, in arrangement and selection of material, follows the Baedeker example (and there is no better) so closely that nothing is left to be desired. It is a book that is calculated to fill anyone possessed of the traveller's instinct with a wild desire to pack up and set off at once in search of the multitudinously interesting places and objects described in its pages and to be traced in its alluring maps.

Nothing in book form could well be more appealing to genuine book-lovers than the reprints that come to us from the Oxford Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde). Just now we have a group of volumes of exceptional interest. The stately edition of Spenser, edited by Mr. J. C. Smith, is completed by publication of "The Faerie Queene," in two volumes. Mr. S. P. Vivian has edited, for publication in similar form, the volume of "Campion's Works," which includes the Latin poems and prose treatises along with the lovely lyrics. In smaller but quite charming form, we have the "Select Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed," edited by Mr. A. D. Godley; "Shelley's Literary and Philosophical Criticism," edited by Mr. John Shawcross; Lowell's "Fireside Travels," edited by Mr. E. V. Lucas; "A Hundred Verses from Old Japan," being a translation by Mr. William N. Porter of the "Hyaka-nin-issiu" (with the original text and native illustrations); Sir William Temple's "Essays on Ancient and Modern Learning and on Poetry," edited by Professor J. E. Spingarn; the poems of Keats, edited by Mr. M. Robertson from the edition of 1820; and (in the "Tudor and Stuart Library") Browne's "Religio Medici" with Kenelm Henry Digby's "Observations" upon it.

NOTES.

It is announced that Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon is the author of "Margarita's Soul," a popular novel published anonymously two or three months ago.

The monumental work on "Social England," edited by the late H. D. Traill and Dr. J. S. Mann, is to be reissued soon by Messrs. Putnam in an enlarged and revised edition, to occupy twelve volumes.

The Teachers' College of Columbia University send us a brief monograph on "Later Roman Education in Ausonius, Capella, and the Theodosian Code," prepared, with translations and commentary, by Dr. Percival R. Cole.

"The Centenary of Tennyson," a lecture given in the Sheldonian Theatre by the Vice-Chancellor of the University, is Oxford's contribution to the recent commemoration of the great poet. It is published in pamphlet form by Mr. Henry Frowde.

The H. W. Wilson Co., Minneapolis, publish a volume of "Selected Articles on the Commission Plan of Municipal Government," compiled by Mr. E. Clyde Robbins, and forming an issue in the "Debaters' Handbook Series" for the use of college debating teams.

"The Elements of Agriculture," a treatise by Professor G. F. Warren, is a text-book for high schools and colleges, published by the Macmillan Co. In its fitness for use in the high schools it has no competitor among modern texts, and in that respect supplies a long-felt want.

The Nobel Prize in Chemistry for 1909 has been awarded to Professor Wilhelm Ostwald of Leipzig. Professor Ostwald's works have included a number of text-books, the most recent of which is "An Elementary Text-Book in Modern Chemistry" (Ginn & Co.).

In a new series of handbooks called "A History of the Sciences," the Messrs. Putnam publish the "History of Chemistry," in two volumes, by Sir Edward Thorpe, and the "History of Astronomy," by Professor George Forbes. These little books are interestingly written and illustrated.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will inaugurate their books of 1910 for general readers with two related to the drama, — "Elizabethan People" by Professor Henry Thew Stephenson of Indiana University, and "Allison's Lad and Other Martial Interludes" by Miss Beulah Marie Dix, both of which they hope to issue early in February.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. publish a "Text-Book of Hydraulics," by Professor George E. Russell. It is a work for classroom use in the more advanced schools of technology. From the same publishers we have a "History of the Human Body," an advanced text-book of human anatomy and physiology by Professor Harris Hawthorne Wilder.

It was not so many years ago that Mendeléeff's law was dismissed with a scant page or so in the average text-book of chemistry. It has since gained recognition as the fundamental principle of the science, a fact now attested by the appearance of "The Periodic Law," by Mr. A. E. Garrett, as a volume of the "International Scientific Series," published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

The Schwenkfelder revival is in full swing in Pennsylvania. We mentioned some months ago the inauguration of the huge publishing enterprise of the "Corpus

Schwenkfeldianorum," and now we have as a contribution to the "Americana Germanica" series a monograph on "Schwenkfelder Hymnology and the Sources of the First Schwenkfelder Hymn-Book Printed in America," by Dr. Allen Anders Seipt. The book has several interesting illustrations in the form of photographs and facsimiles.

It is a matter of pleasing interest to THE DIAL, and perhaps to its readers, to note the number of contributors to its pages who have become presidents of various learned societies that have lately held their annual gatherings. Among them are Dr. D. S. Jordan, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; Prof. F. J. Turner, President of the American Historical Association; Prof. Paul Shorey, President of the American Philological Association; Prof. F. W. Kelsey, President of the American Archaeological Institute; Mr. Irving K. Pond, President of the Institute of American Architects. And the list is by no means complete.

Mr. Bryce's great work on "The American Commonwealth," published over twenty years ago, is regarded by its distinguished author as out of date. After running through numerous more or less revised editions, the work now undergoes a thorough overhauling at Mr. Bryce's hands, and so radical are the changes and additions suggested to him by his later familiarity with the American people and American institutions, that entirely new plates will be called for in the proposed new issue of the book. The last two decades have been fruitful in events and developments of national significance, and Mr. Bryce's commentary on them will be well worth reading. Already the curious fact has been noted that the best exposition of our system of government is from an Englishman's pen, while the ablest treatise on the English Constitution is the work of an American, our new President of Harvard.

The fiftieth anniversary of the "Cornhill Magazine" is celebrated this month by the issue of a "Jubilee Number," to which Lady Ritchie, Mr. A. C. Benson, Dr. W. H. Fitchett and others contribute special articles. It is cause for congratulation that while so many high-class English monthlies, like "Macmillan's Magazine," "Murray's Magazine," "Longman's Magazine," and "Temple Bar," have been pushed to the wall, this excellent literary periodical has rounded out its half-century of honorable existence. Edited first by Thackeray, and later by Leslie Stephen and by James Payn, it has always maintained a high standard, and has given to the world, in serial form, the works of many of the great novelists of its time — even as it is now producing the latest of Mrs. Humphry Ward's stories. With the old and reliable "Blackwood's," it stands in eloquent protest against the deluge of sixpenny popular monthlies now flooding the land.

The Trustees of Columbia University announce that they have arranged to publish through the Columbia University Press a complete edition of the works of John Milton, in verse and in prose, in English and in Latin. The editorial supervision of the work has been accepted by William P. Trent, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in Barnard College, Columbia University. Professor Trent has already published a study of Milton, and is now completing a biography and bibliography of Daniel Defoe, which is to be issued shortly in three volumes by the Columbia University Press. For his difficult task Professor Trent is qualified by life-

long devotion to the great poet and by a special training in English history. The Columbia University edition of Milton is intended to be complete, authoritative, and definitive. It will extend to not less than eight volumes, large octavo. It will be illustrated by a chronological sequence of portraits of Milton, and also by views of places identified with the poet. It will be furnished with facsimiles of manuscripts and of title pages. Special attention will be given to bibliographical detail. In addition to the standard library form, this work will be published also in a limited large paper edition.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 56 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Mémoires of Comte Régis de Trobriand. By Marie Caroline Post. With portraits in photogravure, large 8vo, 389 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5. net.

HISTORY.

A Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Edited by John B. Commons, Ulrich B. Phillips, and others; with preface by Richard T. Ely. First 2 volumes; large 8vo. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co. Per vol., \$5. net; per set, \$9. net.

The Kulturkampf: An Essay. By Gordon Boyce Thompson. 8vo, 141 pages. Toronto: Macmillan Co. \$1.35 net.

The History of Political Parties in the Province of New York, 1780-1778. By Carl Lotus Becker. 8vo, 319 pages. University of Wisconsin.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Romanticism and the Romantic School in Germany. By Robert M. Werner. 8vo, 373 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$2. net.

The Treatment of Nature in English Poetry, between Pope and Wordsworth. By Myra Reynolds. New edition; large 8vo, 386 pages. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50 net.

Essays on Ancient and Modern Learning and Poetry. By Sir William Temple; edited by J. E. Spingarn. 16mo, 88 pages. Oxford University Press.

Unwritten Literature of Hawaii: The Sacred Songs of the Hula. Translated, with notes, by Nathaniel B. Emerson. Illustrated, large 8vo, 266 pages. Washington: Government Printing Office. \$1.50.

The Old Librarian's Almanac. Edited by John Cotton Dana and Henry W. Kent. With frontispiece, 8vo. "The Librarian's Series." Woodstock, Vermont: The Elm Tree Press.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Spenser's Faerie Queene. Edited by J. C. Smith. In 2 volumes, large 8vo. "Oxford English Texts." Oxford University Press. \$5.75 net.

Campden's Works. Edited by Percival Vivian. 8vo, 389 pages. "Oxford English Texts." Oxford University Press. \$2.40 net.

Oxford Poets. New volumes: *Poems of Robert Southey*, edited by Maurice H. Fitzgerald, M. A.; *Poems of Matthew Arnold, 1840-1867*, with introduction by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Each with portrait, 12mo. Oxford University Press. Per vol., 75 cts. net. Also on better paper, with photogravure portrait, per vol., \$1.50 net.

Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry. New volumes: *Select Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed*, edited by A. D. Godley; *Shelley's Literary and Philosophical Criticism*, edited by John Shawcross; *Fireside Travels*, by James Russell Lowell, with introduction by E. V. Lucas; *A Hundred Verses from Old Japan*, translated by William N. Porter. Each 16mo. Oxford University Press. Per vol., \$1. net.

The Old-Speaking Shakespeare. New volumes: *The History of Henrie the Fourth*, edited by F. J. Furnivall; with introduction by F. W. Clarke. In 2 volumes, 12mo. Duffield & Co. \$2. net.

Pope's Rape of the Lock. Edited by George Holden. With portraits in photogravure, 8vo, 102 pages. Oxford University Press. \$2.40 net.

Tudor and Stuart Library. New volume: *Browne's Religio Medici and Digby's Observations.* 12mo, 44 pages. Oxford University Press.

Keats's Poems Published in 1820. Edited, with introduction and notes, by M. Robertson. 16mo, 256 pages. Oxford University Press. 90 cts. net.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

The Awakening of Spring: A Tragedy of Childhood. By Frank Wedekind; translated by Francis J. Ziegler. 8vo, 161 pages. Philadelphia: Brown Brothers. \$1.35 net.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE LIBRARY INTERESTS OF CHICAGO . . .	75
GLEANINGS FROM THE LIBRARY PRESS OF 1909. <i>Aksel G. S. Josephson</i>	77
CASUAL COMMENT	78
A poison-label for treacherous literature. — Reminiscences evoked by the Lew Wallace memorial. — The indignity of the imperfect period. — Some reminiscences of the first editor of "Punch." — A Sisyphus task for library trustees. — The courteous and tactful librarian. — Public library events in St. Louis. — The winter encouragement of summer reading. — The child's conservative taste in literature.	
COMMUNICATIONS	80
An Earlier American Academy. <i>William B. Cairns</i> .	
A "Library of the Masters" at Mount Holyoke College. <i>Bertha E. Blakely</i> .	
THE BIOGRAPHY OF A FAMOUS GEOLOGIST. <i>Percy F. Bicknell</i>	82
THE MUSIC OF PRIMITIVE MAN. <i>Louis James Block</i>	84
A GREAT ENGLISH HISTORIAN. <i>John Bascom</i>	85
HEALTH, CHARACTER, AND EYESIGHT	87
TWO GREAT FOES OF SLAVERY. <i>Charles H. Cooper</i>	88
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	89
Addresses and essays, personal and historical. — Psychology of the autobiography. — Maxims of an old-school librarian. — Imminence of the "yellow peril." — Good advice about using a Library. — Graceful essays by Mrs. Meynell. — An echo of the Browning cult in America. — Steamboat days upon the great Western rivers.	
NOTES	92
TOPICS IN FEBRUARY PERIODICALS	93
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	93

THE LIBRARY INTERESTS OF CHICAGO.

Although the large publishing houses of the United States have grown up, for the most part, in the Eastern States, Chicago has long been recognized as the chief distributing centre for American books. The Mississippi Valley, from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, is the great book-buying section of the country, and the city which focuses the principal lines of transportation of this section is naturally the city to which it looks for supplies not of meat and grain alone. It is only a logical extension of this principle that has recently brought to Chicago the headquarters of the American Library Association, which is now comfortably housed in quarters generously provided by the Public Library of the municipality. Chicago thus becomes the centre of the activities represented by the profession of American librarianship; and those activities, we need hardly say, are varied and far-reaching to an extent of which the general public has little idea.

The fact that Chicago is the home of four of the largest libraries in the country constitutes one of the important reasons for thus making it the national centre and rallying-point of the profession. These libraries, all four of which have been rapidly growing in possessions and in usefulness, are the John Crerar Library, the Newberry Library, the Chicago Public Library, and the University of Chicago Library. The first two have about a quarter of a million volumes each, the third upwards of a third of a million, and the fourth a number not far below half a million. Here, then, are about a million and a third of volumes altogether, dedicated to the uses of the democracy and the republic of scholarship. There have recently been developments in the history of all four of these libraries which, while sufficiently familiar to Chicagoans, are of such interest to the larger public as to call for the brief statement that we are now about to make.

The library of the University, the largest of the four, is to be congratulated upon the prospective erection of a long-needed building. Soon after the death of President Harper, plans were made for a library building that should bear his name, and that should stand as the

imposing central structure of the campus group. A popular subscription was opened, in order that the building might be the result of many personal contributions, and Mr. Rockefeller made the liberal offer of three additional dollars for every one thus subscribed. The sum of eight hundred thousand dollars was fixed as the total to be realized, and that mark was reached some months ago. An adequate building is thus assured, and it will be erected as soon as possible. The University Library has thus far been without an official head, and its collections have grown in a rather haphazard way. The departments have done about as they pleased with their special appropriations, and there has been little coördination of effort. In fact, the most difficult problem that will confront the librarian, when he shall have been appointed, will be that of reconciling the departmental demands with the general interests of the institution. He will have to be both diplomatic and masterful to bring order out of the long-existing chaos. This problem confronts the administration of every large university library, but we imagine that it will prove unusually serious in the present instance.

The Chicago Public Library has been in the lime-light of local interest since the disturbance of last spring, marked by the abrupt dismissal of its faithful and efficient librarian, and all the miserable chicanery which attended that indefensible act. The fact that a highly capable successor, in the person of Mr. Henry E. Legler, has been provided, places that deplorable affair in the class of *res judicatæ*, but by no means wipes away the reproach. The activities of the new librarian are taking the form of a reorganization of the service upon a more professional basis than formerly obtained, a movement to establish branch libraries in outlying sections of the city, and an extension of circulation through the agency of the public schools. The last of these activities is particularly important, and is capable of surprising results. The latest report upon this subject from New York exhibits nearly half a million volumes in class-room libraries and a home circulation for the year of six millions. It costs a great deal of money to carry out such plans, as well as to establish branch libraries; and Chicago has not yet got the money in sight. As a matter of fact, these good things would have been done years ago had the money been available, and had the library trustees made them the object of serious effort.

The Newberry Library, under the direction

of Mr. W. N. C. Carleton, the recently-appointed head, is entering upon a promising period of development. This is the institution which of all the Big Four most distinctly stands for the humanities, and is therefore peculiarly interesting to the friends of liberal culture. It was unfortunately handicapped many years ago by an over-expensive building, the construction of which impaired very seriously the endowment, and the upkeep of which has kept the annual appropriation for books far below what it might have been under a more sagacious management. It has been still further handicapped by a preposterous cataloguing device and by a classification which unduly sacrificed practical to theoretical considerations. Mr. Carleton has no slight task before him in bringing order out of this comparative chaos, and his energies will have to expend themselves upon these matters alone for a long time to come.

The John Crerar Library, restricted to the sciences—although this term is taken in a very catholic sense—has been exceptionally well managed from the beginning, both in a business and a professional way. It has had but one librarian, Mr. Clement W. Andrews, who has built up both the collections and the administrative organization to admirable effect. The trustees, moreover, did not make the initial mistake of putting a large part of the endowment fund into a costly plant, but determined instead to occupy rented quarters until a building fund should have been created out of the accumulations of surplus income. The wisdom of this policy is now patent, for the fund is ready to be used, the interest-bearing capital has not been reduced, and the collection of books is even larger than could have been expected from so severely economical a plan. The problem now before this institution is that of securing a site. The municipality has offered public land in the heart of the city, fronting on Lake Michigan, and the library has accepted the offer. Unfortunately, there is in Chicago one obstructionist individual who claims a legal right to keep the lake front clear of buildings, and he has thus far been successful in thwarting the evident wishes of the community. The litigation is slowly drawing toward its end, and with that end the chief problem of the John Crerar Library will be settled one way or another.

Taking a concluding general glance at the four great libraries of Chicago, we see that they have had many difficulties to overcome, and that they have sometimes suffered from acts of mistaken judgment. Looking at them merely as

collections of books, the one outstanding fact about them is that, with a single exception, they are the result of accretion rather than of organic growth. What they now need is a closer delimitation of their spheres of activity, a systematic filling-up of their gaps, and an extension of the principle of coöperation in serving the community toward which they have a common obligation. They are now under such direction that we may anticipate for them henceforth just the sort of organic development that has hitherto been but imperfectly realized.

*GLEANINGS FROM THE LIBRARY
PRESS OF 1909.*

The library profession has during the past year made its contribution to the gayety of the nations. An editorial contributor in the London "Library World" wrote two articles comparing American and European (especially English) libraries, poking fun at what he called "American tomfoolery,"—the efforts to attract children through picture bulletins and Hallowe'en parties, which he compared with "the freaky sideshows which are to be found in the *cabarets* at Montmartre." He also tried his hand at the dismal science of library statistics, the study of which led him to the belief that American libraries are shining examples of "extravagant management and comparatively poor results," a belief which evidently comforted his heart, as it was intended by the author "to bring comfort to the heart of the British rate-payer by showing that, in comparison with his American fellow-victim, he is getting a valuable public service for a mere trifle," that is, in plain language, that British libraries have inadequate funds, and that British librarians are woefully underpaid—as they certainly must be if their salaries are smaller than those prevailing in America. The English writer adds a personal touch when he says that he has found American librarians to be "a somewhat narrow-minded, self-sufficient and wilfully-ignorant class of public officials," with emoluments large enough to enable them to feast on "pumpkin pie, clams, baked beans and canvas-back duck all the year round." These two articles, naturally, provoked several replies in American journals, but of most of these it can be said that, if the Englishman used a club where the sword of a French duelist would have been more appropriate, the Americans largely missed the humor of the situation and made the mistake of taking a donkey for a bull.

Criticism is good for the soul, but it must, to be effective, combine frankness with fairness and good nature. It was just here that the critic in the "Library World" failed. Of the replies which his article evoked, Dr. E. C. Richardson's address on

"Book Matters at Home and Abroad," read at the bi-state meeting in Atlantic City in March, and printed in the May "Library Journal," has its value, both in the even-tempered and dignified refutation of some of the statistical vagaries of our English critic, and in the author's own passing judgment on where American librarians lead, where European. The progress of coöperative cataloguing, the development of library schools, "the intelligent application of libraries to social life," are pointed out as among the distinctive American contributions to library progress; while the leadership of Europe is acknowledged in inter-library loans and "in almost all the higher branches of library science: Bibliography, Palaeography, all the historical aspects, the choice and use of books for scholarly use, the Seminar method, etc. We have also," Dr. Richardson adds, "been glad to find European libraries pressing hard by in the development of the stack system, showing us ingenious practical devices and teaching us all sorts of excellent points in technique."

The widespread interest in historical matters among English librarians is testified to by several articles in the English library press. Mr. W. R. B. Prideaux has an interesting paper in the April "Library Association Record" on "Library Economy in the Sixteenth Century," his material being drawn chiefly from Conrad Gesner's "Pandecta" (1548), Florianus Trefferus' "Methodus" (1560), and Angelo Roccha's "Bibliotheca Apostolica Vaticana" (1591). The author shows how books then were accessioned, catalogued, classified, shelf-listed, much as they are now, and says truly: "It ought to be a very real help in our present problems if we are able occasionally to place ourselves in the position of our predecessors and enter into their difficulties. We can trace what means they adopted to cope with them and what success attended their efforts, and before long we will find that their difficulties were not so very different from our own. I contend that historical study is one of the most practical forms of study and one of the richest in results."

The Milton centenary gave Mr. A. W. Pollard the text for the introductory article in the January issue of "The Library,"—"The Bibliography of John Milton." This article is a model of bibliographical biography, in which the very title-pages, as it were, are put in their proper place in the story of the author's life.

Mr. Pollard has also contributed, during the past two years, several articles, of interest to bibliographer and bookman, to "The Printing Art." In one of these papers, on "The Ending of Books," he makes a plea for a return to the habit of the early printers to reserve a rather conspicuous place at the end of a book for their name and place of printing. "A printer," Mr. Pollard says, "has right to an adequate recognition of the good work which he puts into a book, and this recognition naturally takes a form which gives a decorative finish to the end of

a volume, instead of allowing it, as is the case with so many modern books, to stumble along at hazard to an humble conclusion."

In three articles in the April, June, and October numbers of "The Library," entitled "The So-called Gutenberg Documents," Mr. J. H. Hessels retraces the paths of his earlier writing, adding little or nothing that is new. His new investigations leave the question of the invention of printing exactly where it was before. It is reasonably well proved, though Mr. Hessels does not admit it, that in the year 1439 Gutenberg was engaged, among other undertakings in metal work, on something that looks suspiciously like printing; we have documentary evidence that he was engaged in printing a very large book for some years between 1450 and 1455 (or 1453), and we have typological evidence that before 1450 — how long we do not know — someone in Mainz (and there was no other printer in Mainz at that time than Gutenberg) had been printing a number of broadsides and pamphlets. Of printing with movable type as practiced by Gutenberg, "Dutch Donatuses," according to the Cologne Chronicle of 1499, were a "prefiguration," whatever that may mean. Of Gutenberg we know enough to satisfy us beyond doubt, that he lived and practiced printing in Mainz about the middle of the fifteenth century. About Coster, or whoever else printed the "Dutch Donatuses," we know nothing, not even when he lived, or when the books ascribed to him were printed. But to enter fully into this controversy would carry us too far.

Mr. Louis N. Wilson, the librarian of Clark University, published in the May number of "Public Libraries," under the title "Common Sense in Libraries," the result of an *enquête* among two thousand university men, journalists, school teachers, and other users of libraries in various parts of the country, by which he tried to find out what those who use libraries think of them, and what improvements have suggested themselves to library users. Not less than 1743 answers were returned, a remarkable evidence of the interest with which libraries are regarded among those for whom they exist. The criticisms centred round four points: Too much art at the cost of adaptability in the buildings, too little light and ventilation in the public rooms, too many restrictions, and too much patronizing. The restrictions against admission to the shelves are those that are most often and most earnestly complained of. And the two-card system, by which only one work of fiction may be taken out at a time, is also disparaged, and seems to be looked upon as an item of patronizing, though there are sufficient administrative reasons to justify that rule. The fiction problem itself is taken by the horns by one of Mr. Wilson's correspondents in the following fashion: "If people want novels, let them have them — the good ones — and do not worry about it. Is there any earthly objection to the reading of standard novels? As to the unwholesome ones, do not buy them."

"The Librarian's Future" is discussed by Mr. C. K. Bolton in the January "Library Journal." He compares the profession of librarianship with those of the law and medicine, and finds that, in matters of a broad outlook upon life, a wide-awake interest in the world that surrounds them, librarians lag behind. But there is comfort in sight: "Leaders in all work are men who do more than earn a livelihood. Are we," Mr. Bolton asks, "to reach this standard? If so, two courses seem just now open to us, the old way of scholarship, the new way of sociological interest. The old way has a few adherents among our American librarians. The new way — the civic spirit — claims a greater number of earnest followers."

AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A POISON-LABEL FOR TREACHEROUS LITERATURE, proposed by Librarian Lummis of the Los Angeles Public Library, and already commented on by us, has now been before the library world (as a suggestion, that is) for some months. In his current Annual Report, Mr. Lummis devotes ten pages to this question of warning the reader not to repose confidence in untrustworthy books, giving a summary of answers received from other librarians to a *questionnaire* extensively circulated by him. As an illustration of Mr. Lummis's striking and original way of putting things, let us quote his remarks on the value of critical comments printed in a catalogue rather than conspicuously displayed on the books themselves. "But the vital thing is," he says, "that these druggists do not put their poison label in the right place. It is like placing it, not on the bottle, but in the druggist's prescription-book at the drug-store. There are, doubtless, Methodic Citizens, who, if seized with an internal disturbance at 2 o'clock, a. m., would prefer to run down town to the drug-store and waken the druggist to consult his book as to whether the bottle labelled 'R. 932: 361' is paregoric, glycerine, Mother Winslow's, Lydia Pinkham, carbolic acid, strychnine, or what. The average mere human prefers the skull-and-crossbones on the bottle itself, along with the name of the dose." The one objection to this labelling scheme, as brought out by the canvass of librarians, is its insufficient practicability, especially for libraries of less than the amplest resources. Few libraries can maintain a corps of experts, in all departments of literature, to see that each book, as it is placed on the shelf, is labelled with nice regard to its excellences and defects. But Mr. Lummis is pushing ahead, and has obtained his directors' approval of five simple forms of label for the guidance of his readers. His purpose he declares to be "not censorship, nor any other partisan procedure, but rather a sort of 'Glorified Cross-Reference,' to be employed with the same tact which is necessary in all other functions of a public library." Within

ten years, he predicts, this suggestion of his will be bearing fruit in every respectable library in America. Let it be understood, finally, that the plan seems not to include fiction. "Bad novels do no great harm—particularly if you don't have them. The people who abuse their mind with trash are predestined, anyhow."

REMINISCENCES EVOKED BY THE LEW WALLACE MEMORIAL, the statue of the late General placed a few weeks ago in Statuary Hall at Washington by the State of Indiana, are now current, and form a valuable appendix to the Autobiography which the author of "Ben-Hur" gave to the world about three years ago. From a letter written by him at Constantinople in 1885 the following passage is of interest: "We may as well regard the curtain rung down on this act of life. I have tried many things in the course of the drama—the law, soldiering, politics, authorship, and, lastly, diplomacy—and if I may pass judgment on the success achieved in each, it seems now that when I sit down finally in the old man's gown and slippers, helping the cat to keep the fireplace warm, I shall look back upon 'Ben-Hur' as my best performance, and this mission near the Sultan as the next best." Mr. Meredith Nicholson's eloquent tribute to his friend contained many noteworthy passages; for example: "His gift of concentration was very unusual. He could write on his knee on a railway train, or in an office beset by callers, and never be disturbed. During the years between his return from Turkey and his death, I had many opportunities for observing him in various circumstances, and I never saw any lapse from that grave and beautiful courtesy which marked him." There was something oriental, probably in part acquired in the East, in his unruffled calm and perfect self-control. Concerning the genesis of "Ben-Hur," Mr. Nicholson says it was a chance conversation with Colonel Ingersoll on a railway train that sent Wallace home to pursue those studies which finally bore fruit in the romance whose success, after two years of only moderate sales, became enormous. No other novel, protected by copyright, has equalled the commercial success of "Ben-Hur."

THE INDIGNITY OF THE IMPERFECT PERIOD is one to be protested against by all readers, and especially by those who pursue the pleasant practice of reading aloud and rather pride themselves on their skill in that now decadent art. Eccentric punctuation is one of the cheap devices easily within the reach of the striver after novelty, and not a few there are in the world of letters who avail themselves of it. Even so gifted a writer as Mr. William De Morgan repeatedly grieves his admirers by erratic syntax and an improper use of the full stop. Opening "Alice-for-Short" at random, one finds the following: "In days when a Gretna Green elopement from London meant four days' posting, day and night, through pastoral silences that are now resonant with pumping-engines; under skies then clear that now

are tainted with a Cimmerian gloom, or blacked outright like Hell—through villages that have become railway-stations and village-inns that have become Hotels, with lifts." In the mould and form of a well-rounded period the author has palmed off on us a mere fragment of a period. Reading it aloud, one comes plump upon the full stop with somewhat the same kind of shock as is given to the unwary person descending a flight of stairs in the dark and reaching the bottom when he thinks there is still one stair left. Mrs. St. Leger Harrison's "Sir Richard Calmady" is another book that indulges in this sort of eccentricity. Her clauses calling only for commas between them are often separated by periods, making them verbless sentences—things abhorred by all right-minded persons. For reading aloud, such authors are a vexation and a torment. Let them go to school awhile to Macaulay and Johnson and Addison, and learn a proper respect for the laws and conventions governing the construction of sentences.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE FIRST EDITOR OF "PUNCH" have recently been going the rounds of the press, in connection with the famous humorist's centenary; for Mark Lemon followed the example of Tennyson, Lincoln, FitzGerald, and other celebrities, in choosing 1809 for his birth-year. It was Lemon's rather peculiar and suggestive name that finally determined the choice of a title for the projected paper. "The Funny Dog" had been all but decided upon, when one of the group of artists and authors interested in the new journal spoke of it as resembling a good brew of punch, in that it was nothing without a Lemon. Thereupon Henry Mayhew, the proprietor of the paper, caught at the suggestion and exclaimed: "A capital idea! We'll call it 'Punch'!" So humble were its first beginnings that Lemon's salary was no more than thirty shillings a week. Yet so truly did he discern the possibilities of the new weekly, and so effectively did he bend all his energies toward realizing those possibilities, that eventually he enjoyed an editorial income of fifteen hundred pounds a year. The story of Lemon's brilliant achievements and of the remarkable success he made of "Punch"—a success that is wont to seem somewhat incredible to readers on this side of the Atlantic—is an interesting one. And all this carries one back sixty-nine years to the birth-year of "Punch" in 1841, while its genial and tactful first editor has been dead nearly forty years.

A SISYPHUS TASK FOR LIBRARY TRUSTEES is that which has for seven weary years been unsuccessfully attempted in Washington. The District of Columbia Public Library is in urgent need of branches. Mr. Carnegie has offered \$350,000, under the conditions usual in such cases, for the building of these branch libraries. For seven years attempts have been made to secure Congressional action favorable to the acceptance of at least enough

to erect a branch at Tacoma Park, where the residents have offered to provide a suitable site; but again and again the hope of success has been disappointed on the very eve of its expected realization, and the stone pushed almost to the top of the hill has gone rolling back again to the bottom. What interest has a billion-dollar Congress in a petty thirty-thousand-dollar library bill? There are no plums in that pudding for any constituency, no voters on the watch to punish a representative for lack of zeal. If one could any longer feel surprise at anything done or left undone by our national law-makers, it would be amazing to witness this indifferent attitude toward a most handsome offer to provide our capital city with needed library buildings.

THE COURTEOUS AND TACTFUL LIBRARIAN is he (or more often she) who can so sweetly and convincingly recommend a book possessed by the library, in place of one asked for but not at hand, that the applicant shall go away blessing the librarian for the happy substitution. "For instance," says a facetious speaker at a recent meeting of Massachusetts librarians, "don't say you haven't Mrs. Mary J. Holmes's books, but rather say you haven't them to-day; and add, 'But we have Mr. Holmes's books, and who wouldn't be interested in "Elsie Venner"?"' In similar manner, if Mill "On Liberty" is asked for at a small library not owning a copy, let the polite answer be: "We regret that the book is not available just at present, but wouldn't 'Mill on the Floss' serve your purpose equally well?" Or if "Miss Toosey's Mission" is desired when the book happens to be out, rather than give a blunt refusal one might (though the age and calling of the applicant should first be considered) recommend Bliss's "Encyclopædia of Missions." This plan of procedure, however, needs more careful elaboration than it can here receive.

PUBLIC LIBRARY EVENTS IN ST. LOUIS are just now unusually indicative of growth and progress. Mr. Crunden's retirement because of illness last summer was cause for more than local regret. He had acted as librarian for nearly thirty-two years, and to him the present flourishing condition of the library is largely due. Under the new administration—that of Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick, who assumed charge last October—the onward progress appears to continue unchecked. The latest official report of the library contains a view of the handsome new central building now under construction, with pictures of various branch buildings. A seventh branch is about to be built, if building has not already begun. Encouraging is the librarian's report that though the branches multiply the circulation from the central building remains nearly constant, showing that each branch calls into being a fresh patronage—the supply creates the demand, contrary to the usual rule in business. The "Annual Report" now before us is unusually full, covering in fact the

two years 1907–8 and 1908–9, the issue for the earlier year having been omitted on account of Mr. Crunden's illness.

THE WINTER ENCOURAGEMENT OF SUMMER READING is systematically undertaken by the public library (or Library Association, as it is officially styled) of Portland, Oregon. In the months of short days and long evenings the seeds are sown that germinate and bear fruit in the summer season. The courses in English language and literature at the high schools of that city partly govern the librarian in issuing lists of selected books that may profitably be read in connection with the prescribed work; and so ready has been the response on the part of students that the reading has in many instances been continued into the vacation. Five hundred and eighty-two vacation cards, the librarian informs us in her current Annual Report, were issued last year, and nearly forty-five hundred books were drawn for summer reading. A good record; but one may, without offense, query how much the Oregonian summer, so different from the depressing season known in more eastern longitudes, has contributed to a result that would put to shame the record of many a community possessing equally good schools and cherishing equally high standards of culture.

THE CHILD'S CONSERVATIVE TASTE IN LITERATURE has often been noted. Whereas his elders are fretfully eager for the latest sensation in fiction, the tried and true old authors are good enough for him. Miss Clara Herbert, of the children's department of the District of Columbia Public Library, reports for the past year a continued steady demand for the books of Scott, Dickens, Cooper, Stevenson, and Pyle. Furthermore, not only is it these standard novels that the young people demand for their light reading, but they show a disposition, in the community named, to avail themselves increasingly of the library's stores of more instructive literature. The demand for fiction declined in the last twelve months two per cent, despite the granting of unusual privileges in the drawing of books from that class. The ready response of children everywhere to intelligent and tactful encouragement in the choice of the best books is a source of satisfaction to the library worker.

COMMUNICATIONS.

AN EARLIER AMERICAN ACADEMY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It is interesting to notice how history repeats itself in small things as in great. The American Academy, which has been given considerable prominence of late, invites comparison with a similar institution that ran its brief career some ninety years ago.

"The American Academy of Language and Belles Lettres" apparently owed its inception to the efforts of William S. Cardell, a now forgotten New York linguist and grammarian. The object and plan of the proposed organization were announced in a circular issued in 1820,

and later in the same year a constitution was adopted and officers were elected. The Academy was located in New York, and consisted of resident, corresponding, and honorary members. Resident and corresponding members were in every respect on an equality, except that the latter had the privilege of submitting their votes on any subject in writing. The number of members was at first fifty, and this might be increased to a maximum of one hundred and twenty. The fees were twenty-five dollars on admission, and two dollars a year thereafter. It was expected that public-spirited citizens who were not members would furnish funds to carry on the work of the Academy. Meetings were to be held quarterly, and the annual meeting was to be distinguished by a learned address. The officers, — all of whom, it was announced, consented to serve, — were: President, John Quincy Adams, LL.D.; vice-presidents, Hon. Brookholst Livingston, Hon. Joseph Story, Hon. William Lowndes; corresponding secretary, William S. Cardell; recording secretary, Alexander McLeod, D.D.; treasurer, John Stearns, M.D.; counsellors, Hon. Daniel Webster, Thomas C. Brownell, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Connecticut, John M. Mason, D.D., Joseph Hopkinson, LL.D., Peter S. DuPonceau, LL.D., John Augustin Smith, M.D., president of William and Mary College, Hon. John Lewis Taylor, chief justice of North Carolina, Hon. Henry Clay, Washington Irving, James Kent, LL.D.

The prospectus, which to a modern reader seems almost blantly patriotic, says of the Academy that "Its prime object is to harmonize and determine the English language; but it will also, according to its discretion and means, embrace every branch of useful and elegant literature, and especially whatever relates to our own country." It was particularly charged with the duty of regulating the introduction of Americanisms, and of controlling innovations in spelling. Recent correspondence and comment in *THE DIAL* render especially interesting a sentence which the authors themselves italicize: "*The Professors of RHETORIC and LOGICK, in our best universities, should at least agree in spelling the names of the important sciences they teach.*" A resolution adopted at a meeting held in the City Hall, New York, October 20, 1820, shows something of the aims of the society, and in its wording — unless it suffered violence from a contemporary printer — it furnishes a surprising example of Academic English.

"Resolved, that a premium of not less than four hundred dollars, and a gold medal worth fifty dollars, be given to the author, being an American citizen, who within two years shall produce the best written history of the United States, and which, with such history shall contain a suitable exposition of the situation, character and interests, absolute and relative, of the American Republic: calculated for a class-book in academies and schools. This work is to be examined and approved by a committee of the institution, in reference to the interest of its matter, the justness of its facts and principles, the purity, perspicuity and elegance of its style, and its adaptation to its intended purpose.

"Though it is wished to interfere as little as possible with the freedom of judgment, in authors; yet it will be expected that the examining committee, in accepting a work which is to receive the premium and sanction of the society, will suggest the alteration of any word, phrase or figure, which is not strictly pure and correct, according to the best usage of the English Language."

At later meetings, in 1821 or 1822, prizes were offered for other text-books, a gold medal was awarded to Charles Botta for his *History of the American Revolu-*

tion, and a committee was appointed to compile a list of Americanisms from all parts of the country.

There is no record of the manner in which this ambitious institution came to its end, and, notwithstanding the illustrious list of officers, its whole career is somewhat clouded in obscurity. There was an evident attempt to make it really national. In its latest published list of members, less than one-third were residents of New York, and most of the officers were from other sections of the country. With the facilities for communication that existed in 1820, such an organization was not workable. In an article in the "*North American Review*," Edward Everett, with some show of sectional jealousy, implies that the affairs of the Academy were wholly controlled by the New York members, if not by the corresponding secretary alone. Indeed, the affair may be an illustration of the way in which one enthusiastic and persistent man can organize and keep alive a movement that might conceivably have great significance. The institution, however, won letters of commendation, and acceptance of membership and office, from men quite as distinguished as later Academicians, and it called forth in the periodical press comment not very unlike that which is now being bestowed on its successor.

WILLIAM B. CAIRNS.

University of Wisconsin, Jan. 20, 1910.

A "LIBRARY OF THE MASTERS" AT MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.

(To the Editor of *THE DIAL*.)

The Standard Authors Room, or "Browsing" Room, in the new Smith College Library, to which you lately called attention, is worthy of wide-spread notice. The need of special invitation to the company of choice spirits, wise and witty, in literature, is keenly felt in the colleges, and in society at large, in these days of fierce competition of invitations and engagements.

This is not the first room and collection dedicated to the delights of the companionship with books. Mr. William E. Foster, librarian of the Providence (R. I.) Public Library, mused over the idea for several years while the plans were taking shape for a magnificent new building, which, when complete, embodied his thought in an inviting room with the mural motto, "The books invite you not to study but to taste and read."

Among other libraries which have followed a similar plan is that of Mount Holyoke College, which devotes a wing, separated by arches from the current periodical room, to its "Library of the Masters." It is a favorite corner, partly because of easy chairs and window seats, but also we believe because of the appeal, mute but potent, from the great authors who are there given favorable environment. The classes of 1904, 1896, and 1897, at graduation or reunion, have provided funds for English, Greek and Latin, and German literatures, respectively; and a few individual donors have given something from other literatures especially desired. Further additions are expected. If there are worthy English translations of foreign works, they are welcomed along with the originals. Readings by those who know and love the poets and seers have led their hearers into some new pathways.

BERTHA E. BLAKELY (*Librarian*).

*Mount Holyoke College,
South Hadley, Mass., Jan. 25, 1910.*

The New Books.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A FAMOUS GEOLOGIST.*

The Dwights and the Whitneys have acquitted themselves well in the settling and subduing of the New England wilderness, both families having established themselves in Massachusetts in the first half of the seventeenth century, and multiplied with the rapidity natural and desirable in immigrants of sturdy stock. No descendants of those early settlers have reflected more credit on their ancestry than the large family sprung from the union of Abel Whitney and Clarissa Dwight. Josiah Dwight Whitney, eldest son of these two, business man and banker of Northampton, became the father of Josiah Dwight Whitney (born in 1819), the eminent geologist and man of science. Sarah Williston, representative of another good New England family, and a woman of unusual loveliness of character and of good mental endowment, was the mother of the young Josiah and of seven younger children besides. To these eight were afterward added five more children by a second marriage of the father. But it is the fortunes of the first of the thirteen that here concern us, and that have been ably and interestingly traced by the pen of Mr. Edwin Tenney Brewster in his "Life and Letters of Josiah Dwight Whitney."

The education of parents, as the author remarks, is gained largely at the expense of the first child; and so Josiah was made to pay rather heavily for the parental inexperience of his father and mother. Unwise and harsh restrictions and unduly severe punishments induced, it may reasonably be supposed, what is described as "a certain cloudiness of temper which he never completely outgrew." Yet he loved his parents none the less warmly, though he showed in more ways than one an edifying determination not to be puritanized out of all capacity to enjoy life to the full and in his own way. A favorite sister's repeated endeavors to bring him to a conviction of sin always found him affectionately and imperturbably unresponsive. From one of his father's letters to him when he was attending Stiles French's private school in New Haven, after three years at Cogswell's and Bancroft's Round Hill School in Northampton, we quote a passage characteristic of the writer and of the period.

"I do not wish you to be mean in anything, but care-

*LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOSIAH DWIGHT WHITNEY. By Edwin Tenney Brewster. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

ful and to waste nothing. Nor do I wish you to practice so much self-denial as I was obliged to the first 40 years of my life. But you must avoid contracting wasteful or extravagant habits of any kind, of which self-indulgence is one of the most dangerous. Only look forward to the time not far distant when you must provide for your own wants, and you will see the important bearing of the subject. You cannot then feel an honorable independence, unless you are able to provide for yourself, without asking favors of friends. . . . Avoid all places of vice or doubtful amusements. Never let me hear of your being once seen in an oyster shop, or eating or drinking house, or even Confectioners' Shops, unless it be for the purpose of getting sugar plums for the children. Such places are in the certain road to ruin."

Preparation for college was completed by young Whitney at Phillips Academy, Andover, and he was graduated from Yale in his twentieth year, well-grounded in the rudiments and accomplished in fencing, riding, dancing, and in playing the violin, flute, and guitar. He also drew and painted with a dexterity that served him well when he came to illustrate his own voluminous geological reports in later years. Postgraduate study and laboratory work in chemistry followed the college course, and we find him now in Boston with Dr. Jackson (of renown in connection with the first use of ether as an anæsthetic), now in Philadelphia with Dr. Robert Hare, and later in Paris, Berlin, and other European seats of learning. But Dr. Jackson's interest in geology, as head of the New Hampshire geological survey, had helped to turn his pupil's attention to that and kindred branches of science, and this bent became more and more confirmed with the passing of time and with the increasingly important and responsible positions offered to him in mining engineering and in more general survey work throughout our then undeveloped West. The California survey, which came to him in 1860 and occupied his time until 1874 when he accepted the Sturgis-Hooper professorship at Harvard, may be called the parent of the great national geological survey which is still in progress.

The author has favored his readers with many of Whitney's family and friendly letters. They are written with a dash and spirit and a sense of humor that make them the best of reading. In a brief season of special study at Harvard he is found writing to his brother at Williams — William Dwight Whitney, the Sanskritist in embryo — in the following cheerful vein :

"What on earth they wanted to locate a college up among those hills for, I can't conceive; the most astonishing part of it is that they find students to stay in

such an out-of-the-way corner of the earth, when they might come down to Cambridge and become members of the greatest University in all creation. You must know that I have advanced a step in life; I have acquired new honors and shed immortal lustre on old Harvard by becoming a Resident Graduate. That is to say, I signed a piece of paper binding myself, my heirs and executors forever, to pay One Hundred Dollars in case I should run off with any of the books which I expect to obtain from the College Library, say an old Indian Grammar or two and a musty history of New Hampshire. . . . Having been here more than a fortnight, I may consider myself at home, especially at the table, where I do prodigious execution among the muffins and baked apples, no doubt much to the dismay of those who feel a deep interest in the motions of my knife and fork. . . . It is forbidden to talk Greek or quote Patagonian, so that, although we are very learned, no one would suspect it to hear us talk."

The men of eminence, in science or otherwise, whom the wandering scholar became acquainted with, and who showed a liking and appreciation for him, were many. Liebig and Berzelius, Agassiz and Dana and Gibbs, Theodore Parker and Starr King and Eliphalet Nott, all seem to have been considerably more than passing acquaintances. "Agassiz is a very fascinating man," he writes to his brother William, "and it is impossible not to like him, even in acknowledging that he, like all the rest of mankind, has his faults (except you and me). Dana is a 'brick and no mistake.'" His admiration for Theodore Parker and hearty enjoyment of the arch heretic's Music Hall discourses form a significant commentary on his strict upbringing in the town of Jonathan Edwards, and in fact in a house standing on the very site of the Edwards dwelling. The Rev. Eliphalet Nott, for sixty years president of Union College, was past eighty when Whitney first met him, but had still ten years of work before him. He seems to have regarded the young geologist with affection as well as esteem. Mrs. Whitney — Louisa Howe, to whom Whitney was married in 1854 — writes in a letter to her brother-in-law, William, some words in praise of this remarkable man that are worth quoting here.

"I would have come barefoot with scrip and shell and staff to this place [Schenectady] to do reverence to Dr. Nott. He is even more benevolent and unselfish than your grandfather, with far, far more talent, breadth of range, and depth of thought. He is an improved St. John — as much love and more brains. You may imagine how my veneration, which I am generally obliged to feed with a Barmecide dinner of abstracts and ideals, flaps her wings and exults. I am perpetually on my knees before this shining reality of worth."

The writer of this enthusiastic letter is not the least interesting character in the book. After fifteen years of an unhappy first marriage, she had at last found a worthy object for her affec-

tions and her admiration, and though it was a hard and unsettled life she led at first with the wandering geologist, she played her part with cheerfulness and spirit, and was an efficient aid to her husband in various ways.

With the settlement at Cambridge and the occupancy of a professor's chair in many respects the most desirable of any in America, the less eventful portion of Whitney's life begins, and may be here rather briefly dismissed. The drudgery of teaching was not imposed upon him, though it was to some extent voluntarily assumed. Study and research were pursued with what zeal the Sturgis-Hooper professor chose, and in whatever direction. Occupation rather philological than geological was found in assisting his brother William on the Century Dictionary, of which Dr. Benjamin E. Smith was the "managing editor." The humors of lexicography under this editor's supervision are more than once touched upon by Whitney. "I am continually trying to impress it on the Smithian mind," he writes to his brother, "that dictionaries are no authorities. You have already got some 'gimcracks' in the C. D., and very seedy they look!"

Professor Whitney died in the summer of 1896. The impulse he gave to the study of geology in America, and the number of competent geologists he sent forth from his classroom, are matters regarding which those who know speak with great respect. Certain it is that he was the first American geologist of both European training and wide practical experience. The story of his life-work, as faithfully and attractively told by Mr. Brewster, is stimulating, and also more universal in its appeal than might have been expected. A bibliography of fourteen pages, and a long list of "titles, appointments, and memberships in learned societies of Josiah Dwight Whitney," with careful index and many good illustrations, are welcome additions to the narrative.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

AN Emerson revival in England, where our Concord sage has never enjoyed anything like the favor that America early accorded to his friend Carlyle, is reported in connection with the London issue of the first two volumes of the "Journals." At about the same time appears, there as here, an attractive edition of Emerson's essay on Friendship, bound in the same volume with Cicero's treatment of the same theme. Surely the people who like M. Maeterlinck's mysticism may well take pleasure in Emerson's transcendentalism. If Carlyle's louder tones are now sufficiently hushed to permit his gentle friend from over the sea to be heard, in spite of the little relished "English Traits," there is cause for congratulation.

THE MUSIC OF PRIMITIVE MAN.*

Mr. Frederick R. Burton, in his book on "American Primitive Music," gives the results of studies made amongst the Indians, chiefly the Ojibways, resident in the regions north of Lake Huron and Lake Superior. Mr. Burton was connected as an expert with the ethnological departments of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago. He lived for some time with the Ojibways, and was by them adopted into the tribe. He shows genuine sympathy with the customs and habits of the people with whom he deals, and, being himself a musician of learning and experience, seems just the man to make the most of his subject. He states that he has taken up this special work on its musical side, and considers its scientific aspects as merely by-products, so far as he is concerned. Nevertheless, he has made a real contribution to a discussion of the matter, and is in every sense a witness of unusual discrimination and significance.

Mr. Burton divides the music of the tribes living north of Mexico into three sections: that of the Indians of the pueblos, that of the dwellers on the northern Pacific coast, that of the inhabitants of the forests and the plains. The music of these last is evidently a higher development than that of the others, and the Ojibways appear to have been noteworthy in the character and completeness of their songs. The difficulties of observation were clearly many and the musical records obtained require frequent emendation and interpretation. The influence of civilization upon the Indian has subjected the native song to a process of modification which makes it frequently very hard, or even impossible, to recover the originals. Moreover, civilized music has driven the native material into the background, and unless genuine and well-directed efforts are made to collect what is yet to be had, the whole will vanish into the limbo of the outlived and lost, there to mingle with many ghosts whose shrivelled lips give forth no utterance, much as we interrogate and eager as we are to hear.

The questions which arise in the discussion of primitive music are many. A great deal of the latter, of course, can hardly be called music at all, except in the sense that it is the promise of better things to come. There is the usual chaos of elements, the vagrant gleams of appre-

hension here and there, the sudden appearance of results, sporadic and followed by a relapse into the precedent confusions. According to Mr. Burton, the song accompanies every activity of the Indian. The planting of the corn, the chopping of the fuel, the skimming of the river in the canoe, the setting out on the journey, the courtship and the wedding, the passing of the spirit into immortality, are all sung in a rude and tentative fashion. The civilized man does the same; but the primitive custom is communal and tribal, the hymn or the secular melody has its composer in the whole clan, the famous singer is only one who has signalized himself as a leader of the choir, the music is handed down by tradition subject to the vicissitudes which are part of such a method of transmission.

The author discusses at length the subjects of Indian Scales, Rhythms, Melodies; the character of the poetry conjoined to the song; the possible use of the Indian music as thematic material for the American composer. He is not wholly in agreement with other investigators in the same field,—Dr. Franz Boas of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, who has made a study of Esquimo songs, and Mr. Benjamin Ives Gilman, who has done his work among the Zunis and Hopis and other dwellers in the pueblos of the Southwest. The questions that are raised relate to the intervals employed, the scale lying at the basis of the songs, the comparative completeness of the melody. Mr. Burton, using his observations amongst the Ojibways, gives to the Indian music a considerably higher value than do the others. He admits that the Ojibways are exceptional in this direction. He seems, however, not to emphasize sufficiently the tribal characteristics of the Indian music. This is not the creation of any single composer, but is the work of the tribe in its various activities. Like early poetry, it has not been made by any single man, but has come forth at various gatherings of the people, at the war conclaves, or the secular festivals, or the religious ceremonies in which the entire community joins.

There is, throughout, the constant struggle to attain what is, after all, attained but partially. There is the struggle for the correct interval, the struggle for something approaching the scale, the struggle for a consistent melody. The rude dweller in the forests and mountains makes his first efforts at musical art; his sense of rhythm is merely elementary, and he can develop it with only relative consistency; his power of appreciating intervals is even less satisfactory,

* AMERICAN PRIMITIVE MUSIC. By Frederick R. Burton. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

for the effort here required is of a higher type, and finds the usual successes and failures; the adiatonic interval will make its appearance, and in process of time will be eliminated. The construction of a melody is an achievement which he will struggle towards, but with limited success; and beyond that the American forest dweller has apparently no incentive to go. Mr. Burton probably presents in his songs the last reach of Indian effort in the way of music, and one need not be surprised if he makes all he can out of these melodies, which have in their very incompleteness an alluring quality that gives them a special charm.

According to statements made in Mr. Burton's work, the Indian music is based upon a pentatonic scale, which has both a major and a minor mode. It is rare to find the fourth and the seventh in the same song. The melody only seldom terminates on the tonic. In the matter of rhythm also there are great peculiarities. There is often one rhythm in the accompanying drum, another in the vocal score, and a third in the dance in which everybody indulges. The only musical instruments which the Indian possesses are the drum and the rattle. He makes a rudimentary flageolet; but the sole use which he knows for it is in his declarations of affection for his inamorata. Mr. Burton gives a large number of melodies in the form in which the Indian uses them. He also translates the words, and has a chapter on Indian poetry. The meaning of the songs is often not on the surface. It sometimes requires an intimate acquaintance with Indian life and habits to get the drift of the words. In many cases the text is archaic, and the Indian himself gets small meaning from it. Where the text and the melody do not easily flow together, he helps himself over the difficulty by the introduction of meaningless syllables, like our *hey, ho, nonino*. Twenty-eight of these songs are here presented in a civilized version with piano accompaniments. They are done with skill, and retain most of their aboriginal flavor in spite of the sophistication. It is an open question, no doubt, to what extent such liberties are to be taken with primitive art. The practice, however, may perhaps be defended on the ground that the melody is glorified in the process, and the Indian version in its simplicity is found as well as the ennobled substitute in this book. The matter appeals diversely to the musician and the scientist.

Mr. Burton suggests the use of the Indian melodies as thematic material for American composers. He deplores the dearth of folk-music

among us, and thinks that our poverty in this respect may change into something approaching the European opulence by turning to the unexpected sources of wealth furnished by our mountains and prairies. He also alludes to the abundance of tunes, mostly religious, thrust into our lap by the negro. It must, however, occur to everyone that this is after all alien material. The musician, no doubt, like every artist, has the whole world before him, — he has Teutonic folk-songs at his disposition, and Norwegian, and Romaic, and others. Yet the composer has shown small inclination to overleap national barriers. Perhaps here is the achievement in music now to be made, and the innovator will understand how to find use for material furnished by all parts of the earth; or has, indeed, the *leit-motif* run its course already, and will a still freer application of musical methods be the purpose of the masters to come?

Mr. Burton has made a satisfactory presentation of his subject. He is not to be grudged his right to idealize his man and give the Indian a claim to achievement higher than others have done. Probably it is time to do justice in this regard. Also, the ethnologist is more in accord with the writer than the latter seems to think he is. Moreover, Mr. Burton has a fluent and entertaining style, and without sacrificing accuracy or completeness has made a book which was well worth his while. The publishers, on their part, have sent out a handsome volume.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

A GREAT ENGLISH HISTORIAN.*

History, comprehensively understood and wisely interpreted, gives us the fundamental principles of human life. With all its misapprehensions and perversions, it has been, and must continue to be, the practical exhibition and summation of human wisdom. No English historian has better understood this fact, or given himself more unreservedly to its lessons, than Lecky. His original endowments and their uninterrupted development adapted him to this historical work. Gifted with ready speech and interested in practical questions, in early life he coveted a position in Parliament. He shortly came to see — and all the more, perhaps, because such a hope was not among his possibilities — that his most useful labors lay in another

*A MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY, M.P., A.M., LL.D., D.C.L., Litt.D. By his Wife. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

direction. When, nearly at the close of life, he was chosen to represent Trinity College, Dublin, in Parliament, though he performed the labors of the position faithfully, he found them to involve much drudgery, and to use up the strength he would prefer to devote to literary tasks. "The work is physically very tiring," he said, "and I often feel that a good deal of it might be done equally well, with a little training, by a fairly intelligent poodle-dog."

Few historians have so justly estimated their true function, and even fewer have pursued it with equal diligence. He aimed to have the facts of the period under consideration fully before him, and to apprehend them with the understanding of those who were prominent in them. He cultivated that breadth of sympathy which enables us to comprehend the actions of our fellow men, and at the same time to recognize their bearings on the general welfare. "History is never more valuable than when it enables us, standing as on a height, to look beyond the smoke and turmoil of our petty quarrels, and to detect in the slow development of the past the great permanent forces that are steadily bearing nations onward to improvement or decay."

He did not limit his attention to the military or civic events in the national story, but strove fully to enter into the forces which were at work at any time to help forward the development of a people. History, as a complex of individuals, may be worked out biographically, and so have the zest of personal narrative. This is its more fascinating presentation. It may also be written in a less personal form, as a combination of forces and motives, often obscure, which are working profoundly or superficially in the minds of men, and, half consciously, controlling their actions. While the first form is more entertaining and dramatic, it is liable to carry the entertainment beyond the sober commonplace facts which actually shape events. We are more occupied with the fortunes of the boat and the boatmen than we are with the open way and the obstructions of the river itself. What we need to know are the conditions and possibilities the time offered to those who are the agents of the public welfare.

There are two allied but somewhat diverse lines of inquiry in Lecky's works. The one which first occupied him resulted in the volumes on "The Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism" and "The History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne." These both bear on the fundamental terms under which the religious convictions and the ethical character of men are developed. No discussion is

embarrassed by more prejudice, or calls for more breadth of observation and sympathetic insight. These discussions prepared the way for the second forms of inquiry, "The History of England in the Eighteenth Century" and "Democracy and Liberty." Both lines were united in the "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" and in "The Map of Life." The first and higher line of consideration was needful as a preparation for the lower but more comprehensive one, embraced in his "History of England." The candor of Lecky was established in his earlier work, and went manifestly with him where its exercise was even more difficult—in the narrative of the eighteenth century which covered a passionate period in English life. Other Englishmen have written influential histories and presented the current of events seething under living forces; but none have surpassed Lecky in a wide, quiet, conservative estimate of the influences and motives at work in the English people. Carlyle ruffled his narrative with overpowering personal conviction; events were not given in their integrity, but under the livid light the author cast upon them. Buckle read the history of nations as if it had been a palimpsest whose significance had just been discovered and whose usual interpretation was merely a disguise; he thereby exercised much influence on active minds, but an influence a large part of which was lost again as the natural force of events was restored.

This detachment of Lecky was the more remarkable as he was an Irishman, and took a leading part in the discussions of a period which called out much passion. He went through the vicissitudes of opinion incident to Home Rule, and in them all he showed the same quiet composure of thought. No one better deserves personal recollection, or, in the confusion of events, more strongly calls us back to a sober estimate of the forces with which we have to do.

The memoir of Lecky, by his wife, is to be commended for the fulness of the material offered and for its natural arrangement. It is not fulsome, as the abundant praise is given by third persons. Under the circumstances, it may be pronounced to be a work well done. Yet it lacks something of the charm of the very best biography, which we are learning more than hitherto to fashion. We have come to desire the weakness and the strength, the successes and the deficiencies, of the life before us, its human as well as its superhuman side. We desire a delineation in which we can deeply sympathize, as well in its struggles as in its triumphs. Lecky

seems to have had few frailties. He demanded little for himself, and readily gave full appreciative praise to others. At times, under the exhaustion of hard work, he lost mental courage and took a disparaging view of his productions. But he was fond of physical beauty, and was able to restore the tone of his mind by a few weeks of uninterrupted enjoyment of nature. Nothing really detracts from the merit of Lecky, and we need perhaps even the more to know the few obstructions that lay in his path. For this work of chastened delineation, a wife is not very well fitted. Her best impulses are all on the side of her husband, and recognition of the abatement of his powers or observation of the burdens that oppressed him are liable to bear to her something of the appearance of unfaithfulness to his memory.

JOHN BASCOM.

HEALTH, CHARACTER, AND EYESIGHT.*

The sixth volume of Dr. Gould's "Biographic Clinics" is made up of twenty-two essays which were originally published in the leading medical journals of this country, and completes a series the first volume of which was published in 1903. Eye-strain and its effects on the human organism have always been the main theme of Dr. Gould's writings; and a glance at the table of contents of the present volume might lead the reader to judge of it as a collection of technical writings of interest only to the professional world. This is, however, not the case; for the author's idea has been that the public should be most keenly interested in any medical discovery, or in the new light which study and discovery throw upon any already accepted medical doctrine. He has therefore adopted the plan of presenting his theories and the results of his researches in such a way as to appeal to the lay-world as well as to the profession.

"Test cases" may be of clinical value, and are necessary in a volume dealing with a specialized branch of medicine; but their interest is limited largely to the physician or the medical student. To make their interest more general, and yet illustrate his theory by means of clinical material, Dr. Gould selected twenty-one of the most prominent characters in literature (De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, Browning, George Eliot, George Henry Lewes, Wagner,

Parkman, etc.), and by carefully gathering from biographies, letters from friends and relatives, and other trustworthy sources, any mention which has been made of their health, he has proved beyond all doubt that all of these characters suffered during a part of their lives from some obscure and unexplained disease, and the cause of all their suffering he believes was eye-strain. To the general reader it is certainly more interesting to be reminded of Mrs. Carlyle's aches and pains, or of Wagner's repeated complaints, than to read "case reports," no matter how careful and accurate they may be. Dean Swift and "Some added testimony in the case of Wagner" are the only illustrious biographic clinics in the volume; and it is to be regretted that Dr. Gould feels that his work in this field has been completed.

Mr. William Ashton Ellis, who has contributed the chapter on Wagner, "The Pessimist," has enthusiastically accepted Dr. Gould's theory of eye-strain in the case of Wagner; and in his monumental "Life of Richard Wagner" he has devoted a whole chapter to this question, concluding that eye-strain and its pathologic and physiologic effects had played an important part in the development of the great musician's character. In his latest book, the "Letters of Richard to Minna Wagner," we find Wagner giving fresh proof of his sufferings and of his increasing visual defect.

A medical theory, however, cannot be established by means of interesting speculation, and it is not enough merely to collect evidence in its favor from the past. It must be demonstrated, both as to its theory and application, by its practical results. Dr. Gould's sixth volume, which is the closing one of the series, is a comprehensive review of the entire field of the author's work in his particular branch of medicine, and is a complete *résumé* of his theory of eye-strain and of its far-reaching results. The reader of medical literature will find it useful to examine the chapters on the subject of "Eye-strain and Epilepsy" or a "Mysterious Case of Suicide." The author clears up the myth of Ménière's disease, and defines the phenomena of a new discovery in ophthalmology under the name of ophthalmovascular choke; while migraine, common sick-headache, and many minor ills, come in for their share in the discussion of cases selected for his "Brief Biographic Clinics upon living patients."

All of these articles are written with remarkable clearness and directness, and the unhesitating emphasis used throughout the book

* BIOGRAPHIC CLINICS. Essays Concerning the Influence of Visual Function, Pathologic and Physiologic, upon the Health of Patients. Volume VI. By George M. Gould, M.D. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

compels and holds the interest of the reader. Dr. Gould is fully in possession of his facts, and crowds into a few pages the result of his wide reading and matured thought. The articles which best illustrate his skill in the vivid and concise exposition of new ideas are the chapters entitled "Vision and Senility" and the "Role of Visual Function in Animal and Human Evolution." The cause of senility has been the subject of much discussion by eminent pathologists during the past few years. It has been attributed either to the hardening of the arteries, the weakening of the heart, to changes in the cells, or to germs in the blood and body. Dr. Gould, however, claims that these are the results of senility, not its cause. The real cause, he tells us, is in the eyes. At the age of forty-five or fifty most men and women begin to have impaired vision; their ability to work fails; their usefulness is diminished; and they are forced into inactivity which speedily affects their interest and purpose. They are practically "laid aside" or "put on the shelf," according to their own words, and slip quickly into the helpless senility of old age. If, on the contrary, they have passed the critical or presbyopic period without losing any of their visual acumen, they are still capable of continuing a life of achievement. Knowledge, experience, and judgment, added to the results gained by a long life of study and reading, are the acquisitions and activities which should accompany increasing years. Dr. Gould's philosophy on this subject should be an inspiration to all those who find themselves growing old.

"The Role of the Visual Function in Animal and Human Evolution" does not refute Darwin's principles of evolution, but enlarges them by showing that one of the chief causes for the development of the fit, and for the elimination of the unfit, has been the fitness or unfitness of the eyes for the struggle attendant upon existence. The biologic origin of the eye and the stages of development through which it has passed are explained. Only a scientist who has carefully studied this subject could have presented so clearly the complex factors in this development, and we are indebted to Dr. Gould for giving us the results of his labors in this most interesting field of original research.

THE Old South Society of Boston celebrated last April the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ministry of Dr. George A. Gordon; and a record of the event appears in the shape of a beautifully-printed volume which reports the sermons and addresses delivered upon that occasion.

TWO GREAT FOES OF SLAVERY.*

Two statesmen could hardly be more different the one from the other than were the two great leaders of the Republican party whose newly-written Lives appear before us for review. In almost every personal characteristic they were opposites, as they were in training, experience, and environment. One was a New England Brahmin, cold, domineering, exclusive, ultra-refined, a devotee of art and literature, absolutely without the sense of humor and with little knowledge of human nature. The other was a Kentucky poor-white, genial, approachable, self-trained and without formal culture, bubbling over with humor, knowing the hearts of men. Even their leading motives were not the same: Lincoln, much as he hated slavery, thought first of the Union and its preservation; while the wrongs of the Negro, the wickedness of the men who wronged him, and the righting of those wrongs, were first in Sumner's mind. Sumner had not the balance, the sense of proportion, the saving salt of humor, that Lincoln had; and his fame is already growing dim, while that of Lincoln increases steadily. Sumner could never have foreseen this; for he failed to understand Lincoln, he patronized him, and lectured him mercilessly, while he felt perfectly sure of his own fame. Professor Haynes, in his new Life of Sumner, illustrates the eclipse of that statesman's reputation by the answers submitted to college entrance examinations in Massachusetts. He says:

"Not one in ten of those boys in the commonwealth which Sumner had so long and so honorably represented showed any intelligent knowledge of the man. One replied: 'Charles Sumner was always held in respect, even by the people of the South.' Fort Sumner, Charleston, was named in his honor—an honor which several of the other papers also accorded him!"

The comparative fame of Lincoln and Sumner at this time is curiously shown by the fact that while one can get a fair idea of Lincoln's whole career from Haynes's Life of Sumner, the name of Sumner is not found at all in Putnam's Life of Lincoln.

With all Sumner's limitations, he did most efficient service at a crisis when he was the man for the hour, and his position is sure in the rank of our leading statesmen if not of our popular

* CHARLES SUMNER. By George H. Haynes, Ph.D. "American Crisis Biographies." Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the People's Leader in the Struggle for National Existence. By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

heroes. Professor Haynes's book is a clear and well-balanced formal biography of moderate size, its size and scope dictated by the requirements of the well-known series of American biographies to which it is added. The author shows himself a thorough student of the period, and his literary style is pleasing and effective. As the life of Sumner cannot be written apart from the leading political events of the exciting quarter-century between 1850 and 1875, the book is a readable and in the main trustworthy sketch of our national history during the Civil War era, as well as a good political biography of a forceful and interesting man. We cannot here undertake to follow through the outline of the book, which in the main takes the usual course familiar to students of the period. It will be a good reference-book for younger students of American history, and will interest readers who desire to become acquainted with the great men of the past century and lack time or energy for the mastery of the more extended biographies. The book naturally challenges comparison with the *Life of Sumner* by Mr. Moorfield Storey, issued in the "American Statesmen Series" ten years ago. Inevitably they are much alike, being written from the same point of view, each for a series of political biographies. The book of Professor Haynes is rather fuller on the personal side, and shows us more of the man. It is also more interestingly written; the author has not been overwhelmed by the mass of his material, but has organized and given life to the story he had to tell.

Major Putnam's book is quite different, being a brief sketch of Lincoln and his work, enlarged from a centennial address given a year ago. Its origin indicates its character. Few details are given as the basis for characterization and appreciation, only the larger aspects of Lincoln's life being included in the treatment. There is little to mark the sketch as noteworthy until the Civil War is reached; here the writer's own experiences in the army, and his personal relations to men and events, add life to the sketch and give it value. But it is chiefly what it purports to be, an enlarged memorial address. Included in the volume is the text of Lincoln's Cooper Institute speech, one of the greatest of American speeches, and one that had an important influence in the shaping of history. Recognizing its greatness and anticipating its influence, two young lawyers, Charles C. Nott and Cephas Brainerd, later leaders of the New York bar, had the address corrected by Mr. Lincoln, and published with introduction and elaborate his-

torical notes. This pamphlet, and the accompanying correspondence with Mr. Lincoln never before published, gives the book unique interest for the historical student.

CHARLES H. COOPER.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Addresses and essays, personal and historical. Collected in one volume, the miscellaneous contributions to historical writing made by Mr. James Ford Rhodes during the past ten years are published under the title "Historical Essays" (Macmillan Co.) If more exact definition were needed, the title might be enlarged to "Essays on Historical Writers and Writings." In one group would fall the addresses delivered to historical societies on the historians Gibbon, Gardiner, Lecky, Green, and Sir Spencer Walpole, of the English school, and on Edward L. Pierce, John D. Cox, Edward Gaylord Bourne, and E. L. Godkin, American writers. To another group belong four occasional addresses on "History," "Concerning the Writing of History," "The Profession of Historian," and "Newspapers as Historical Sources." The four remaining productions comprise a critical discussion of the presidential office, a review of the administration of President Hayes, a new estimate of Cromwell based on Gardiner's lectures, and an effort to prove that Columbia, S. C., was burned by looters of the city during the Civil War, and not by executive order. In these essays Mr. Rhodes preserves the painstaking accuracy characteristic of his former writings, but displays a slightly different style, since he is freed from the trammels of condensed narrative and has leisure to introduce a wealth of apt quotation. There is also the attractive personal note of a composition intended to be read to an audience. Especially does this become manifest in the personal tribute to the late E. G. Bourne, who was sometime an amanuensis to Mr. Rhodes. The essay on the presidential office is the most distinct contribution to historical writing, being descriptive of the contributions of each president to the prerogatives of the office. Hayes is praised for his "steadiness and equanimity" in office, and for his "serene amiability and hopefulness." Several of the essays are reprinted from magazines. The volume as a whole will be read with pleasure by the many admirers of the writings of this scholarly author.

Psychology of the autobiography. If the lover of autobiographies — a kind of literature which is very abundant in these days — has never yet fathomed the secret of their fascination, now is the time for him to do so by reading Mrs. Anna Robeson Burr's excellent book, "The Autobiography: A Critical and Comparative Study" (Houghton). Two hundred and sixty-five "capital autobiographies," in various languages, have been scrutinized by Mrs.

Burr from sundry points of view, with reference to their motive, their greater or less subjectivity, the occupation and character of the writer, the strength or weakness of memory displayed, and so on. Five appended tabulations group and re-group the works according to divers schemes, and a full index furnishes still another survey of the authors discussed. In any such attempt as this to bring scientific method to bear on subject-matter that refuses to be bounded by the strict demarcations of science, there is necessarily much of personal bias and individual opinion. For example, in speaking of the greater objectivity manifest in "the intellectual life of elder civilizations," Mrs. Burr declares that "this difference separates the ancient world from the modern as tangibly as a wall or a ditch" — which reminds one of the now discredited catastrophic theory of geologic change. She makes subjectivity, in a pronounced form, to begin with the Christian era, at least as far as the literary manifestation is concerned; as if, centuries before, the Hindu and the Chinese mind had not attained to self-consciousness and left written evidence of the fact; and as if the subjective element were not discernible even in certain of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Cicero, for instance, in his letters, his orations, and his philosophical writings, was very far from being dispassionately objective. On a later page she speaks of Cæsar in the same breath with "our basis for the general and particular study of sincerity," linking his name with Augustine's and Cardano's. But if any chronicler of his own achievements ever understood the art of throwing dust in his reader's eyes, the self-styled conqueror of Gaul must be accounted an adept. An illuminating word on this has recently come from Signor Ferrero's pen. However, these points must not be pressed unfairly. It is a new and far from easy task that Mrs. Burr has undertaken. With the exception of Professor Georg Misch's "*Geschichte der Autobiographien*," of which the first volume has just appeared, and is noted by her after sending her own book to the press, her work is the only one of its kind in the field; and its marks of painstaking industry, of careful thought, and of genuine enthusiasm, are too many to admit of aught, on the reviewer's part, but hearty commendation of the book.

*Maxims of
an old-school
librarian.*

"The Old Librarian's Almanack," published at New Haven in 1773, and attributed to Master Jared Bean, Curator of the Connecticut Society of Antiquarians, is now re-issued as the first number of "The Librarian's Series" edited by Messrs. John Cotton Dana and Henry W. Kent, and published by the Elm Tree Press, of Woodstock, Vermont. The editor of this rare pamphlet is Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson, ("Librarian" of the Boston "Transcript"), who has already printed in that journal some choice extracts from the Almanack. After a brief preface setting forth all that is known about Master Bean and his Almanack (of which latter only two copies are now believed to be extant), Mr. Pearson leaves the reader

to revel at will in the unannotated pages of the unconscious humorist who has chosen to sign himself "Philobiblos" (in Greek characters). "Book-lover" he emphatically is, resenting the intrusion of book-borrowers, or even book-readers, into the literary treasure-house whose guardian he is, and where his happiest hours are in the six weeks of summer when doors are closed and all books have been called in and restored to their places on the shelves. With Sir Thomas Bodley, he scouts the notion that domestic cares can be made compatible with a librarian's duties. Speaking of women and their blandishments, he admonishes us to "Shun them as you would the Devil." And again, as to admitting women to a library: "Be suspicious of Women. They are given to the Reading of frivolous Romances, and at all events, their presence in a Library adds little to (if it does not, indeed, detract from) that aspect of Gravity, Seriousness and Learning which is its greatest Glory." A "warder of the accumulated record of the world's wisdom," he elsewhere says, should be "a person of sober and Godly life, learn'd, virtuous, chaste, moral, frugal and temperate." Entering into the details of librarianship, he gives rules and advice that will move the modern librarian to mirth. Rhymed maxims, too, are scattered down the calendar pages, as, "Let no intruders put your ease in doubt, Lock fast the door & keep the rascals out." The right-hand pages are devoted to more detailed and serious discussion of matters interesting to "bibliothecaries." In one instance this discussion takes metrical form, beginning, "First of all matters, 'tis your greatest need To read unceasing & unceasing read." A rare treat is in store for all readers of "The Old Librarian's Almanack."

Mr. Homer Lea, reinforced by General Chaffee and Story, who contribute introductory words of cordial agreement with the author, has made a conscientious and not ineffective attempt, in his book entitled "The Valor of Ignorance" (Harper), to frighten the peaceful civilian into a consciousness of his unpreparedness to repel a Japanese invasion. The book is divided into two parts, — the first dealing with general principles, such as the (supposed) inevitability of continual warfare as long as human nature remains human nature, and the unquestioned superiority of trained soldiers to raw recruits; and the second expounding, in a manner terrifying to the dweller on the Pacific coast, the ease with which the Mikado could seize upon that fair portion of our domain, under circumstances that exist at present. Our sole salvation, thinks Mr. Lea, lies in a formidable standing army and a mighty navy. He would have our navy made double the strength of any European navy. But why stop there? Suppose, while we are about it, a coalition of European and Asiatic powers against the United States. To meet it, let us have a navy twice the size of all the other navies combined; and as they increase in

strength, let our navy increase twice as fast. Why haggle over a few additional billions in our annual budget? One could take the author more seriously if he did not indulge in so many questionable generalizations and assumptions. Granted his premises, the conclusions might follow. But when, for example, he asserts as an "invariable law" that "the boundaries of political units are never, other than for a moment of time, stationary — they must either expand or shrink," he is formulating a plausible enough theory, but one refuted by actual experience. Switzerland, — to take but one instance, — has been acknowledged as an independent nation since 1648, and for three centuries before that she existed as a confederation of liberty-loving cantons. Yet how much has she expanded meanwhile, and how much has she shrunk? And what signs does she show to-day of declining vigor? It is not by such books as Mr. Lea's that universal peace is to be promoted, unless it be a peace armed to the teeth and more intolerable than an occasional war.

*Good advice
about using
a library.*

Mr. J. D. Stewart's "How to Use a Library" (London: Elliot Stock) is intended to give practical advice on the use of libraries in England, and its contents are therefore largely of British interest. There is much in the book, however, that is of universal application, and it will doubtless appeal to some of our own librarians. There are a few books in the American book-market on "How to Read," or "Books Worth Reading," and so on, most of them having chapters on the use of libraries; but there has not been collected in any one place sufficient practical information on the best use of libraries, and of their tools and accessories — catalogues and bibliographies. Mr. Stewart's book is not one to be followed too explicitly; for example, it makes no mention of inter-library loans, nor of the machinery of the library itself, a knowledge of which would certainly be of value to the users of libraries. The chapter on "Guides to Books" seems too closely confined to English bibliography; this results in some cases in undue meagreness, even for so short a list as is here intended. There is one queer misprint, on p. 27, where J. Power's "Handy Book about Books" (1870) and J. Sabin's "Bibliography of Bibliographies" (1877) have been combined into "J. Sabin's Handy Book about Books, 1877."

*Graceful essays
by Mrs. Meynell.*

A slender book of graceful essays on little questions of art and literature, of nature and life, comes from the skilful pen of Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell (Alice Meynell) under the title, "Ceres' Runaway, and Other Essays" (Lane). The "runaway" that gives its name to the opening essay is the grass or other verdure which grows in the streets and squares of Rome, in defiance of paving-stones and street-cleaners, and for which the author confesses a lurking fondness. As was to be expected from Mrs. Meynell, most of her pages betray more or less openly a predilection

for things Italian; nor is this touch of enthusiasm a blemish on her work. The mere language of the country, and its *patois*, stir her to eloquence. So slight a phrase as *piuttosto bruttini* has a wonderful charm for her, though why she chooses the plural rather than the singular of the diminutive adjective for her praise does not appear. She contrasts our unmusical English with the liquid speech of Italy, but nevertheless finds a redeeming virtue in that convenient negative prefix, *un*, common to German and to English. But in denying that the French enjoy the use of a similar prefix with the participle, after the analogy of our "unloved" and "unforgiven," she forgets the occurrence of a few such words as *inouï*, *inconnu*, *inhabité*. She has an untrite chapter on the trite subject of laughter, and three excellent ones on certain characteristics of children, evidently based on first-hand knowledge. Her style throughout possesses distinction, now and then verging on preciosity, and occasionally somewhat marred by little affectations — as her repeated spelling of "judgment" with a superfluous *e*. Far better, however, these small blemishes of over-carefulness than the looseness and wantonness common to so many prose writers of our day.

*An echo of the
Browning cult
in America.*

In the days when Browning Societies were abroad in the land, and essays about Browning much in evidence, one of the most brilliant of these societies was the one in Boston, and one of its best writers was Francis B. Hornbrooke, D.D. At his death, six years ago, he left among his papers the manuscript of a book called "The Ring and the Book, an Interpretation," which is now published with a "Foreword" by Mrs. Hornbrooke (Little, Brown, & Co.). For those who like a book of this kind (and there are many who do) — who like to be told about a poem rather than to read the poem itself, who enjoy a prose paraphrase more than the original text — this is an excellent work. It concerns itself with analysis, description, and explanation, rather than with criticism; it contains the comment and conclusions of one who was an appreciative reader and a good writer. If it shall serve to help readers of lesser insight, and to tempt them to turn to the original text of Browning's masterpiece, it will do good service.

*Steamboat days
upon the great
Western rivers.*

Mr. Joseph Mills Hanson's "The Conquest of Missouri" (McClurg) gives the story of the exploits of Captain Grant Marsh, for many years one of the foremost pilots on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. The narrative is based largely upon the reminiscences of Captain Marsh himself, verified by correspondence with others. It recalls glimpses of steamboat life of the period when the Mississippi and Missouri were great channels of Western trade. A great part of the volume is taken up with a description of the services of Captain Marsh during the Civil War, when he was a pilot on one of the Mississippi trans-

ports. The remaining part is a chronicle of steamboating on the Missouri, and takes us into the midst of the scenes of Western trade and Indian struggles. The volume is written ostensibly for the popular reader, and not for the scientific historian. As such, it is very well done, and holds the attention with somewhat the same qualities as a novel. It is undoubtedly one of the best stories of steamboat life that has appeared from the press in recent years.

NOTES.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is engaged upon a work which he proposes to call "What Is Wrong." The title is suggestive, and will arouse keen interest in his large circle of admirers.

"The Interdict: Its History and Its Operation," by Dr. Edward B. Krehbiel, is an Adams Prize Essay, and is now published in book form by the American Historical Association.

The last of the three books by Marion Crawford, which were left unpublished at the time of their author's death, is "The Undesirable Governess," which will appear this spring.

"Life in the Greenwood," by Miss Marion Florence Lansing, is a volume of short stories for children retold from the Robin Hood ballads in simple prose. It is published by Messrs. Ginn & Co. in their "Open Road Library of Juvenile Literature," and is prettily illustrated.

"The History of Political Parties in the Province of New York, 1760-1776" is the title of a bulky monograph by Professor Carl Lotus Becker, now published in the "History Series" of the University of Wisconsin Bulletin. The work is a doctoral dissertation of three years ago.

Herr Sudermann's "Rosen," a group of four one-act plays, is translated from the German by Miss Grace Frank, and published by the Messrs. Scribner. The titles of the plays (in translation) are "Streaks of Light," "Margot," "The Last Visit," and "The Far-away Princess."

A new edition of that practical and valuable work, "Punishment and Reformation," by Dr. Frederick Howard Wines, is published by the Messrs. Crowell in their "Library of Economics and Politics." The book is provided with much new material, and is brought thoroughly up to date.

Mrs. Demetra Vaka Brown, whose book on the life of Turkish women, "Haremlik," was one of the important books of last year, has written in collaboration with her husband, Kenneth Brown, a novel which will appear this month. It deals in an unusual way with the subject of international marriages.

A handsome edition of "Pope's Rape of the Lock," with three portraits in photogravure, is published by Mr. Henry Frowde. The editor is Mr. George Holden, who contributes an elaborate historical and critical introduction, and supplies the other apparatus that properly goes with such an annotated edition.

A capital book for children is provided by the "Stories from Old Chronicles," which Miss Kate Stephens has put into simple narrative form in a volume published by the Sturgis & Walton Co. The selection

begins with King Lear and ends with the Princes in the Tower. The editor has drawn from many sources, such as Asser, Holinshed, Froissart, and Malory, and made a collection that should prove very seductive to any child of unperverted taste.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new novel, "Rest Harrow," now running in Scribner's Magazine, tells more about the life history of Senhouse, the painter and vagabond, who is Mr. Hewlett's most successful character, and the hero of "Halfway House" and "Open Country." Later in the year, "Rest Harrow" will be published in book form.

Messrs. Hinds, Noble, & Eldridge publish a volume entitled "Intercollegiate Debates," which is made up of briefs and reports of actual disputations held during the past twelvemonth. There are twenty-five subjects in all, each provided with a list of references. A long list of other subjects fitted for academic use is given in an appendix.

An interesting literary announcement is that of a collection of "Letters of John Stuart Mill," edited with an introduction by Mr. Hugh Elliott. The letters cover the period from 1829, when Mill began his "Logic," to his death in 1873, and are written to a number of the most interesting personalities of the day, both in France and England.

"The Kulturkampf" is a historical monograph by the late Gordon Boyce Thompson of the University of Toronto, and is published by the Macmillan Co. (of Canada). The author died before his researches were completed, and the work is not all that he intended it to be, but his former associates have thought it deserving of publication, although far from complete.

The new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "New History of Painting in Italy from the II. to the XVI. Century," as revised by Mr. Edward Hutton, is now completed by the publication of the third volume, devoted to the Florentine, Umbrian, and Sienese schools of the fifteenth century. This volume, like its fellows, is beautifully printed and richly illustrated. Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers.

Mr. Clinton Scollard, the well-known poet, and Mr. Thomas S. Jones Jr., one of our younger writers whose verse we have had occasion to commend, are about to issue together a volume of lyrics and sonnets with the title "From the Heart of the Hills" — a title referring to the New York hill country in which the authors live. The edition will be elegantly printed and bound, and will bear the imprint of Geo. W. Browning, Clinton, N. Y.

In good season for Lincoln's birthday, Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish a small volume from the pen of Hon. Isaac N. Phillips, reporter for the Supreme Court of Illinois, which embodies an analysis of Lincoln's character in a distinctly original manner. The same firm also announces a volume entitled "Abraham Lincoln: The Tribute of a Century," comprising the best of the many addresses on Lincoln delivered throughout the country on the occasion of last year's celebration of the centenary of Lincoln's birth.

The February "Century" contains many appreciations of its late editor, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, with consideration of various phases of Mr. Gilder's public activities, by George E. Woodberry, Henry van Dyke, Jacob A. Riis, Cecilia Beaux, and Robert Underwood Johnson; and tributes by President Taft, Ambassador Bryce, John Burroughs, Andrew Carnegie,

Helen Keller, and many others, who knew and loved the man. There is also a reproduction of the portrait painting by Cecilia Beaux, and of Mr. Gilder's last serious poem, "Love in a City." The announcement is definitely made that Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, who has long shared with Mr. Gilder the editorial responsibility of "The Century," now becomes the chief editor. Mr. Johnson is a capable and experienced man, and the interests of the magazine are not likely to suffer in his hands.

The "Librarian's Series," of which the first number is noticed in another column of this issue, will include, besides "The Old Librarian's Almanack," "The Rev. John Sharpe and his Proposal for a Public Library at New York, 1713," by Mr. Austin Baxter Keep; "The Librarian," being selections from the department thus named of the Boston "Evening Transcript," and written by Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson; "Some of the Best Books on the History and Administration of Libraries Published Prior to 1800," being an annotated list compiled by Miss Beatrice Winser; "The Hoax Concerning the Burning of the Alexandrian Library," by Joseph Octave Delepierre, 1860-61, and translated and annotated by Mr. George Parker Winship; and "The Early History of Libraries," by the late Karl Dziatzko, librarian of Göttingen University, and translated by Mr. Edward Harmon Virgin. The subscription price for the six numbers is five dollars. Mr. John Cotton Dana and Mr. Henry W. Kent edit the series, which is published by the Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vermont.

Among Matthew Arnold's odd comments on this country, after his memorable visit here a few years before his death, is a remark (referring to the New York "Evening Post") about a paper "written by Godkin, an expatriated Anglo-Irishman." This queer conception of a journal "written" by its editor is carried out quite literally in "The Forerunner" of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, the third monthly issue of which is before us. It is written from beginning to end by its editor, who is also publisher and business manager,—not improbably compositor and bookkeeper as well. Editorials, notes, comments, even stories and poems, are all from her ready and versatile pen. For the first time in her life, says Mrs. Gilman, she is able to print such of her writings as she wishes to, and not such as editors will let her print. To one of her ardent and vital temperaments, this must be a joy indeed, and we hope it will be one forever. Mrs. Gilman is a forceful and stimulating writer, with plenty of convictions and no lack of courage for them. No one is likely to fail of getting a full dollar's worth, who sends that amount for a year's subscription to "The Forerunner," 67 Wall Street, New York.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

February, 1910.

Acting, Great, and the Modern Drama. W. P. Eaton. *Scribner*.
Architecture, Modern, Growth of. T. Hastings. *No. Amer. Rev.*
African Game Trails—V. Theodore Roosevelt. *Scribner*.
Alphonso XIII. Xavier Paoli. *McClure*.
American Novel in England. Gertrude Atherton. *Bookman*.
American Woman, The. Ida M. Tarbell. *American*.
Animal Behavior, New Science of. J. B. Watson. *Harper*.
Arctic, An Ethnologist in the. V. Stefansson. *Harper*.
Art in America, The Story of. Arthur Hoeber. *Bookman*.
Automobiles this Year—180,000. E. M. West. *Review of Reviews*.
Boy Criminals—V. Ben B. Lindsey. *Everybody's*.
Brennan Mono-rail Car, The. Percival Gibbon. *McClure*.
Buffalo-Hunt, The Last Great. C. F. Carter. *Munsey*.

Business Success and Failure. Frank Greene. *Century*.
Canada's Work for her Farmers. L. S. Brownell. *McClure*.
Chambers, Robert W. Frederick Taber Cooper. *Bookman*.
Coal Supply of To-day, Our. G. B. Mitchell. *Review of Reviews*.
Connecticut River, Utilization of. L. Bullard. *World To-day*.
Cost of Living—Need it Increase? W. E. Clark. *Rev. of Revs.*
Courts, Our. William A. White. *American*.
Damascus, The Spell of. Robert Hichens. *Century*.
Dante and Beatrice. J. B. Fletcher. *Atlantic*.
Dead Sea, Beyond the. Ellsworth Huntington. *Harper*.
Drinker, Moderate, Confessions of a. *McClure*.
Dutch Literature, Modern. A. S. Van Westrum. *Bookman*.
Earle, George H., Jr. John Kimberly Mumford. *Munsey*.
Editor, Reminiscences of an. W. H. Rideing. *McClure*.
Education outside of Books. J. M. Rogers. *Lippincott*.
Election, The, in Great Britain. W. T. Stead. *Rev. of Revs.*
Empress Katherine and Prince Potemkin. L. Orr. *Munsey*.
England and Germany—Will They Fight? *World's Work*.
English Liberalism, Four Years of. *North American Review*.
Finance, High, The Future of. A. D. Noyes. *Atlantic*.
Flagler, Henry M., and Florida. Edwin Lefevre. *Everybody's*.
Flaubert, The Spirit of. Ellen FitzGerald. *Putnam*.
Football Team, An All-Time All-America. W. Camp. *Century*.
France, Decadence in. Mrs. Bellamy Storer. *No. Amer. Rev.*
Gilder, Richard Watson, Public Activities of. *Century*.
Gold in Relation to Cost of Living. J. Fisher. *Rev. of Revs.*
Grand Opera in Comic Art. Gardner Teall. *Bookman*.
Great Britain, The Political Crisis in. T. P. O'Connor. *Munsey*.
Half-Century, The Past. C. M. Harvey. *Putnam*.
Hearn, Lafcadio, Japanese Letters of—III. *Atlantic*.
Housekeeper, The, and Rising Prices. A. C. Laut. *Rev. of Revs.*
Howe, Julia Ward, and her Family. N. H. Dole. *Munsey*.
Hueffer, Ford Madox, Reminiscences of. *Harper*.
Humanity, Happy—I. F. Van Eden. *World's Work*.
India, Intellectual Leadership in. P. S. Reinsch. *Atlantic*.
Ireland, The New—XII. Sydney Brooks. *No. Amer. Review*.
Italy, In, with an Unromantic Pair. Louise C. Hale. *Harper*.
Jusserand, M., on English Literature. B. Matthews. *Putnam*.
Jägerlöf, Selma. Edwin Björkman. *Review of Reviews*.
Landscape in Music. Laurence Gilman. *Harper*.
Lewis, Ida—A Half-Forgotten Heroine. J. E. Clauson. *Putnam*.
Life-Work, Finding a. Hugo Münsterberg. *McClure*.
Lincoln, The Beauty of. Gutzon Borglum. *Everybody's*.
Lodge, George Cabot. Edith Wharton. *Scribner*.
Martin, Homer, The Art of. Charles de Kay. *Century*.
Merriam, C. E., in Politics. Shaller Mathews. *World To-day*.
Mexico, Barbarous. Herman Whitaker. *American*.
Ministry, The Decrease in. C. T. Brady. *Review of Reviews*.
Modjeska, Helena, Memoirs of—III. *Century*.
Money Trust, Building a. C. M. Keys. *World's Work*.
Mount Vernon, The Preservation of. A. G. Baker. *Century*.
Mountaineer's English. Henderson D. Norman. *Atlantic*.
Mukden, The Color of. Elizabeth W. Wright. *Atlantic*.
Nervousness—A National Menace. S. McComb. *Everybody's*.
New Zealand—Its Problems and Policy. *North Amer. Review*.
Nitrogen Starvation. C. E. Woodruff. *North Amer. Review*.
Pacific Coast, The Progressive. H. T. Finck. *Scribner*.
Pensions for Women Teachers. Lillian C. Flint. *Century*.
Photography, A New Departure in. B. W. Wood. *Century*.
Poetic Justice, The Decline of. B. M. Alden. *Atlantic*.
Police, The Menace of—II. Hugh C. Weir. *World To-day*.
Portraiture, Some Masters of. Elizabeth L. Cary. *Putnam*.
Press, Waning Power of the. F. E. Leupp. *Atlantic*.
Prohibition in Alabama. Robert Hiden. *World To-day*.
Public Works, Confessions of an Inspector of. *World's Work*.
Railroading, Intensive. C. F. Spears. *Review of Reviews*.
Railroads, Fair Regulation of. S. O. Dunn. *No. Amer. Review*.
Reconstruction Period, Diary of. Gideon Wells. *Atlantic*.
Remington, Frederick, Painter. E. Cortisano. *Scribner*.
Republican Party—Is It Breaking Up? R. S. Baker. *American*.
Rome, a City of Foundations. J. N. Mollwraith. *World To-day*.
Roosevelt in Uganda. E. M. Newman. *World To-day*.
Samaritan, A Modern. Walter P. Eaton. *Munsey*.
Schools and School-Children. Eleanor Atkinson. *World To-day*.
Sex Emphasis, A False. A. C. Etc. *North American Review*.
Sherman, In the Path of. W. W. Lord, Jr. *Harper*.
Sterns, Lawrence, and the Demoniacs. L. Melville. *Bookman*.
Superannuation in the Civil Service. A. Stockwell. *Putnam*.
Taxpayers, Ignorance of. Roby Danenbaum. *World To-day*.
Teachers, The Trouble with. W. McAndrew. *World's Work*.
Tennyson, Talks with. Elizabeth R. Chapman. *Putnam*.
Vedder, Elihu, Reminiscences of—II. *World's Work*.
Waller's Couplets, Origin of. W. W. Gay. *North Amer. Rev.*
Wealth, Our, in Swamp and Desert. J. J. Hill. *World's Work*.
Wilderness, Battle of the—IX. Morris Schaff. *Atlantic*.
Wireless Railroading. Robert F. Gilder. *Putnam*.
Worry, The Unwisdom of. Woods Hutchinson. *Munsey*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 56 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- Saint Teresa of Spain.** By Helen Hester Colvill. Illustrated, large 8vo, 348 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.
Recollections of Léonard, Hairdresser to Queen Marie-Antoinette. Translated by E. Jules Méras. Illustrated, 12mo, 321 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50 net.

HISTORY.

- Fifty Years of New Japan.** Compiled by Count Shigenobu Okuma; translated by Marcus B. Hulsh. In 2 volumes, large 8vo. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$7.50 net.
Quantrell and the Border Wars. By William Elsey Connelley. Illustrated, large 8vo, 589 pages. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. \$3.50 net.
The Works of James Buchanan. Comprising his Speeches, State Papers, and Private Correspondence. Edited by John Bassett Moore. Volume X., 1855-1860. Large 8vo, 467 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. (Sold only in sets.)
The History of Norwegian Immigration to the United States, from the Earliest Beginning to the Year 1848. By George T. Flom. 8vo, 407 pages. Iowa City, Ia.: Privately printed.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Legends of the City of Mexico.** By Thomas A. Janvier. Illustrated, 8vo, 165 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.30 net.
Boccaccio and his Imitators in German, English, French, Spanish, and Italian Literature. By Florence Nightingale Jones. 8vo, 46 pages. University of Chicago Press. 50 cts. net.
The Path of Light: The Bodhicaryavatara of Santi-Deva. Translated by L. D. Barnett. 16mo, 107 pages. "Wisdom of the East Series." E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

- The Works of George Meredith, Memorial Edition.** First volumes: *The Shaving of Shagpat*; *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. Each illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets by subscription.)

VERSE AND DRAMA.

- Poems Written in Early Youth, 1851.** By George Meredith. 12mo, 269 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.
Flower and Thorn: Later Poems. By Lloyd Mifflin. Large 8vo, 50 pages. Henry Frowde.
Tales from Tasso, and Other Poems and Translations. By G. Grinnell-Milne. Large 8vo, 815 pages. London: David Nutt.
The Rose-Jar. By Thomas S. Jones, Jr. 16mo, 61 pages. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Browning.
The English Parnassus: An Anthology of Longer Poems. With introduction and notes by W. Macnells Dixon and H. J. C. Grierson. 8vo, 787 pages. Oxford University Press.
The End of the Game, and Other Plays and Stories. By Otto S. Mayer. 8vo, 125 pages. New York: Moods Publishing Co. \$1. net.
Oaten Reeds: Poems. By Rufus Childress. With portrait, 12mo, 119 pages. Chicago: Clinic Publishing Co.
Home Once More, and Other First Poems. By H. V. Storey. 8vo, 68 pages. Oxford: Shelley Book Agency. Paper.

FICTION.

- On the Branch.** By Pierre de Coulevain; translated by Alys Hallard. 12mo, 306 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.
The Kingdom of Slender Swords. By Hallie Erminie Rives. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 436 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.
Lord Loveland Discovers America. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 392 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.
The Biography of a Boy. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. Illustrated, 12mo, 321 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
John Arrowsmith—Planter. By Belle Bushnell. Illustrated, 12mo, 466 pages. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. \$1.50.
The Sins of Society. By Cecil Raleigh. 12mo, 292 pages. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.

RELIGION.

- Orders and Unity.** By Charles Gore. 12mo, 238 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.
The Christian Pastor in the New Age. By Albert Josiah Lyman. 12mo, 184 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1. net.
Looking Upward Day by Day. Edited by Emily V. Hammond. 12mo. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.
A New Heaven and a New Earth; or, The Way to Life Eternal. By Charles Brodie Patterson. 8vo, 285 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25 net.
The Supreme Problem: An Examination of Historical Christianity. By J. Godfrey Raupert. 12mo, 339 pages. Buffalo: Peter Paul & Son.
Two Beautiful Prayers from the Lips of Jesus. By Willard Nathan Tobie. Decorated, 16mo, 99 pages. Jennings & Graham. 50 cts. net.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

- Trees and Shrubs of the British Isles, Native and Acclimatised.** By C. S. Cooper and W. Percival Westell. In two volumes, illustrated in color, etc., 4to. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$7. net.
Darwin and the Humanities. By James Mark Baldwin. Vol. II., 8vo, 118 pages. Baltimore: Review Publishing Co.
Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, 1908. Illustrated, large 8vo, 801 pages. Washington: Government Printing Office.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

- Children's Catalog: A Guide to the Best Reading for Young People.** Compiled by Marion E. Potter. Large 8vo, 450 pages. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co. \$3. net.
How to Use a Library: Practical Advice to Students and General Readers. By James Douglas Stewart. 16mo, 83 pages. London: Elliot Stock.
A List of Geographical Atlases in the Library of Congress. Compiled under the direction of Phillip Lee Phillips. In 2 volumes, large 8vo, 1659 pages. Washington: Government Printing Office. \$2.35 net.
The American Annual of Photography, 1910: Volume XXIV. Edited by John A. Tennant. Illustrated, 8vo, 336 pages. New York: Tennant & Ward. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25 net.

EDUCATION.

- A Manual of Common School Law.** By C. W. Bardeen. 12mo, 470 pages. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. \$1.50 net.
Michelet's Histoire de France. Edited by Douglas Labaree Buffum. 16mo, 511 pages. Henry Holt & Co.
Crowell's Shorter French Texts. New volumes: *De Musset's Croisilles*; *Scribe's Mon Etolle*; *St. Hilaire's Anecdotes sur Napoléon*; *Hugo's Le Bataille de Waterloo*; *Fisher's La Belle au Bois Dormant*; *Reichenbach's Deux Comédies Enfantines*; *Laboulaye's Le Château de la Vie*; *Rozan's Les Petites Ignorances de la Conversation*; *Lallavoir's La Brance de Paquin Fis*; *Maod's Contes du Petit Château*; *Quatre Contes des Mille et une Nuits*. Each 16mo. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Per vol., 25 cts. net.
Part Songs for Mixed Voices. By John B. Shirley. Large 8vo, 272 pages. American Book Co. 75 cts.
Nature Study by Grades: A Text-Book for Lower Grammar Grades. By Horace H. Cummings. Illustrated, 12mo, 208 pages. American Book Co. 60 cts. net.
Select Essays of Elia. By Charles Lamb; edited by John F. Genung. With portrait, 16mo, 264 pages. American Book Co. 40 cts. net.
Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson; edited by Franklin T. Baker. With portrait, 16mo, 299 pages. Charles E. Merrill Co. 40 cts. net.
Merrill's English Texts. New volume, containing: *Poe's The Raven*; *Longfellow's The Courtship of Miles Standish*; *Whittier's Snow-Bound*. Illustrated, 16mo, 191 pages. Charles E. Merrill Co. 25 cts. net.
Tres Comedias Modernas, en un Acto y en Prosa. By Fred-eric William Morrison. 16mo, 196 pages. Henry Holt & Co.
Lyell's Travels in North America in the Years 1841-2. Edited by John P. Cushing. 16mo, 172 pages. New York: Charles E. Merrill Co. 30 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Anti-Pragmatism: An Examination into the Prospective Rights of Intellectual Aristocracy and Social Democracy.** By Albert Schinz. 12mo, 317 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50 net.

Harper's Library of Living Thought. New volumes: *Crete, the Forerunner of Greece*, by Charles Henry Hawes and Harriet B. Hawes; *Roman Law in Medieval Europe*, by Paul Vinogradoff; *Diamonds*, by Sir William Crookes. Each 16mo. Harper & Brothers. Pervol., 75 cts. net.

Punishment and Reformation. By Frederick H. Wines. New edition; 12mo, 387 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.75 net.

A New History of Painting in Italy, from the II. to the XVI. Century. By Crowe and Cavalcaselle; edited by Edward Hutton. Volume III., illustrated, large 8vo, 554 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$6. net.

The Seminoles of Florida. By Minnie Moore-Willson; with introduction by Edward S. Martin. Illustrated, 12mo, 218 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.25 net.

The Encyclopedia of the Stable: A Complete Manual of the Horse. By Vero Shaw. Illustrated, large 8vo, 363 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2. net.

The Sensitive Child, as Revealed in Some Talks with a Little Boy. By Kate Whiting Patch. 16mo, 98 pages. Moffat, Yard, & Co. 75 cts. net.

Individual Responsibility. By Frank W. Patch. 16mo, 37 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. 50 cts. net.

Do It to a Finish. By Orison Swett Marden. 16mo, 54 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 30 cts. net.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON	107
THE CENTENARY OF AMERICA'S FIRST NOVELIST. <i>Annie Russell Marble</i>	109
CASUAL COMMENT	110
The late Edouard Rod. — Mr. Sanborn's estimate of the Emerson Journals. — The charm of myths and superstitions. — Minnesota's contributions to literature. — Aggressive library methods. — A maker of future librarians. — The crowded book-season. — The persistence of Gladstone's influence in England. — The limit of Baconian madness. — Emerson in France.	
COMMUNICATIONS	112
The Charm of Individual Spelling. <i>E. O. Van Clyve</i> .	
The Publications of the Malone Society. <i>John M. Manly</i> .	
A Note on Shelley's "Adonais." <i>Edwin A. Greenlaw</i> .	
THE AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD MANSFIELD. <i>Percy F. Bicknell</i>	114
ON THE WRONG TRACKS OF LIFE. <i>Raymond Pearl</i>	116
SHAKESPEARE AS NEUROPATH AND LOVER. <i>James W. Tupper</i>	117
THE AGE OF WATERWAYS. <i>Lawrence J. Burpee</i> 119	
THE BORDERLAND OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. <i>T. D. A. Cockerell</i>	121
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	123
The weakness and the power of Shelley. — A collection of 'footnote studies.' — Recent books about music. — Some ounces of prevention. — Botany up to date. — For the culture of the race. — A champion of human freedom. — A study of ants as communists.	
BRIEFER MENTION	126
NOTES	126
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	127

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

The time is fast approaching when the twentieth century will have to produce its own great writers. The ranks of the surviving nineteenth-century veterans are rapidly thinning, and of their intellectual leaders few remain. To consider the giants only, the men of immensely resonant voice, we have recently had to mourn the loss of Carducci and of Ibsen, still more recently of Swinburne and Meredith; and now the vigorous personality of Björnson is likely to exist henceforth only in the books that are the transcript of his life. When he and his great compeer Tolstoy shall pass, the slate will be wiped clean. It seems more than likely that we shall then realize the reverse of Emerson's aphorism, "When half-gods go, the gods arrive," and look in vain for the lineaments of authentic divinity in the faces of those among the living who seek to fill the places of the great departed.

The capricious distribution of genius among men has never been more strikingly illustrated than by the fact that one of the smallest of nationalities has given to the modern world two of its most dominant literary personalities. Which of the two was the greater, may not now be determined. Against the supremacy of Ibsen's dramatic technique, and the trenchancy of his social surgery, we must put the far wider range of Björnson, his more comprehensive sympathies, and his more vital and impressive individuality. The balance has seemed of late years to incline in the favor of the former; but we are disposed to believe that in the eventual adjustment the latter will tip the scale. Björnson has not yet been adequately presented to the English-speaking public. We know him as a novelist only, imperfectly as a dramatist, and hardly at all as a lyricist. As the singer pure and simple, his native idiom (as with all lyric poets) opposes an impassable barrier to foreign understanding; as a dramatist, he has not yet come to his own in other countries than his own; his international fame rests at present upon his tales — the naïve idylls of his earlier years, and the later work freighted with the deepest soul-concerns of the modern man — and, in a lesser

measure, upon his identification with many of the political and social movements of his time.

Björnstjerne Björnson was born at Kvikne, December 8, 1832, — four years after Ibsen. He was sprung from hardy peasant stock, and his childhood was passed in one of the wildest and most picturesque parts of Norway, the legend-haunted region of the Romsdal and the Dovrefjeld. He was educated at the University of Christiania, and his first book was published in 1857, when he was completing his twenty-fifth year. That book was "Synnöve Solbakken," and it was truly epoch-making, for it was the beginning of a new literature, fresh from the soil and untrammelled by academic or alien influences, for his native country. The following fifteen years were richly fruitful, and made him the foremost figure in the national life. They were the years that produced "Arne," "En Glad Gut," and "Fiskerjenten," which form with "Synnöve" the famous group of peasant idylls; the years in which the great saga-dramas were written, including "Sigurd Slembe," "Sigurd Jorsalfar," and "Kong Sverre," and the years in which his songs found their way to the hearts of the Norwegian people as no songs had ever reached them before. During this period he also produced his one long poem, "Arnljot Gelline," an epic cycle of the clash between heathendom and the Christian faith, his "Mary Stuart i Skotland," and the first of the social plays that were to represent so large a part of the activity of his later years.

Björnson had all these things to his credit before he had reached the age of forty. He had become the voice of his people, the incarnation of all that was best and deepest in the national life of Norway. It seemed hardly possible for a man to achieve greater fame, yet in the early seventies a new Björnson took the field, with a vastly broadened outlook, and a new power to compel attention. He had been reading widely and to effective purpose; he had plunged into the mid-current of advancing thought; he had acquired the full spiritual franchise of the modern European. No longer bound by the fetters of a narrow orthodoxy in religion, or of the provincial spirit in politics, he had raised himself to a more commanding plane, not indeed of creative art but of intellectual power. His work from this time on was to be the vehicle of a message, the result of an imperious mandate to enlist in the world-wide struggle for the emancipation of the body and the soul of man.

Like his most famous fellow-worker in this struggle, he found in dramatic composition his

most effective weapon. During the last thirty-five years of his life he produced upwards of a dozen social dramas, providing a series of object-lessons no less impressive than those which Ibsen was providing during the same period and by the same agency. The first of these plays were "Redaktören" (The Editor) and "En Fallit" (A Bankruptcy), preceding by two years the first of Ibsen's modern series. The former of the two is a fierce satire upon modern journalism; the latter, a trenchant discussion of the ethics of business life. "En Hanake" (A Glove) is perhaps the most contentious of these modern plays; it has for its theme the double standard of sexual morality. The two plays linked by the common title of "Over Ævne" (Beyond the Strength) are singularly powerful and appealing. One is religious in theme, and the other social; but the teaching of both is to the effect that much of the best human energy goes to waste because it attempts to realize impossible ideals. The greatest of all these modern plays is "Kongen" (The King), a study of the institution of monarchy, and an implicit demonstration of its anachronistic character. Why this work, to say nothing of others, has failed to find its way to our English stage, is a matter that passes comprehension.

During these years of dramatic fecundity, the pen of the novelist was by no means idle. Half a dozen works of fiction, including two of major importance, have appeared from time to time, offering as striking a contrast to the peasant idylls as the modern plays offer to the saga-dramas. We do not know which is the more marvellous: that "Arne" and "Det Flager" should have been written by the same hand, or that "Sigurd Slembe" and "Kongen" should have been brought forth by the same mind. "Det Flager i Byen og paa Havnen" (Flags are Flying in City and Harbor) is a work of fiction in a qualified sense only. It is of the lineage of "Emile" and "Wilhelm Meister," and is at once a study in heredity and an exposition of educational ideals. "Paa Guds Veje" (In God's Ways) is a work so noble and rich and beautiful that it beggars critical appraisal. With its delicate and vital delineations of character, its rich sympathy and depth of tragic pathos, its plea for the sacredness of human life and its protest against the religious and social prejudice by which life is so often misshapen, this book is an epitome of all the ideas and feelings that have gone to the making of the author's personality and have received such manifold expression in his works.

This is the book that illustrates Björnson's genius in its ripe fruitage, as its rich early flowering was illustrated by "Arne" and "Sigurd Slembe" and the lyrics.

When we remember that besides his triple distinction as novelist, dramatist, and poet, Björnson has served the public in many other capacities, we begin to realize how great a figure is fading into the past. He has been the director of three theatres, the editor of three newspapers, the promoter of schools and patriotic organizations, the participant in many political campaigns, the lay preacher of private and public morals, and the chosen orator of his nation for all great occasions. When one compares him with Ibsen in such respects as these, the contrast is as great, let us say, as that between Henri Quatre at Ivry and Phillip II. in the Escorial. In private life also he was as ebullient and genial as his famous compeer was self-centred and reserved. When so magnificent a personality as his disappears from among men, the most skeptical may wonder if there be not some kernel of transcendental truth in Arnold's verses:

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm."

Sometime in the seventies, when the first of his two periods was ended, Björnson became a country farmer at Aulestad in the Gausdal, where he purchased an estate and led a patriarchal life, bestowing hospitable welcome upon the guests that thronged to him from many lands. Most of his winters, however, were spent abroad, in Munich, Rome, or Paris; and one of them (1880-81) was spent in those parts of the United States where Norwegians most abound. We have precious memories of his brief sojourn in Chicago — of the eloquence with which he addressed an afternoon audience in McVicker's Theatre, and of the rare evening of informal converse when a few of his friends in this far-off country were taken into the privilege of his intimate companionship.

It is good news that Mr. Sidney Colvin is preparing a new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's Letters. The whole correspondence will be incorporated in one work, and there will be additions. Many of Stevenson's best letters are still in manuscript; but the reasons which have postponed their publication are disappearing.

THE CENTENARY OF AMERICA'S FIRST NOVELIST.

A hundred years ago, on the 22d of this month of February, there died in Philadelphia the first American novelist, who was also a pioneer American journalist, Charles Brockden Brown. He had won neither fame nor worldly success, and his passing attracted scarcely any attention among his contemporaries. His name has gradually become familiar to students of literature, but his personality is still veiled in shadow. Until a recent date his unmarked grave in Friends' Burial Ground could not be accurately known. Two surveys of his writings appeared in Blackwood's journals, in 1820 and 1824, in which the English reviewers expressed just, if somewhat exaggerated, reproach toward Americans for their indifference to the work and memory of this man who blazed the way for later American romancers, and encouraged and practised, at great self-sacrifice, the cultivation of literature as a life-work.

The main incidents of Brown's life, as given in disjointed form by his friend and counsellor, William Dunlap, merely suggest his temperamental traits and the yearnings of his soul for sympathy and vital expression. With blended ancestry of Quakers and Normans, he had an alert mind and an unfettered fancy, with a physique that was ever frail. As a boy, he was precocious, over-sensitive, and restless; as a man, he was introspective to a degree of morbidity, impelled by high ideals, and self-depreciatory because he failed to attain to his aspirations. He deferred to his father's wishes, and studied law; but he decided that he must defy his family and venture all his hopes on literature, else he would prove traitor to his own mind and soul. From his Philadelphia home he went to New York, in 1797, to the home of Dr. Elihu Smith, where he passed through the tragic experiences of an attack of yellow fever and the loss of his host and best friend from the same disease. After a few months in the home of William Dunlap at Perth Amboy, Brown returned to Philadelphia to pass the rest of his life. In a manuscript letter to Dunlap (now in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania), written a year after his return, we find allusions to his first efforts at novel-writing, under the stimulus of Dr. Smith, and also strong evidence of the morose moods which sometimes overwhelmed him.

"I think upon the life of last winter with self-loathing almost unsupportable. Alas, my friend, few consolations of a self-approving mind have fallen to my lot. . . . I am sometimes apt to think that few human beings have drunk so deeply of the cup of self-abhorrence as I have. . . . Whether it will end but with my life, I know not."

Below this letter is a significant note, signed "W. Dunlap," saying, "So at certain moments could think & write one of the purest, best-beloved of men."

Brown's first book, "Alcuin," was a dialogue-essay on the then novel subject of Equal Suffrage, which appeared as "Rights of Women" in a journal with the cumbersome title, "Weekly Magazine

of Original Essays, Fugitive Pieces, and Interesting Intelligence," Vol. I. (Philadelphia, 1798). This argument on a subject of current discussion is interesting to-day, in spite of its diffuse and extravagant phrasing; it reveals the progressive ideas and broad mental outlook which characterized Brown's later editorials and political pamphlets. The four novels by which he is classified in literature — "Wieland," "Ormond," "Arthur Mervyn," and "Edgar Huntley" — appeared from the press within two years, although earlier versions of portions of two stories had appeared in New York journals. If the reader has patience to pass by their florid emotionalism and fantastic melodrama, he will discover a few realistic descriptions of American scenery and character. The two later efforts at fiction, "Jane Talbot" and "Clara Howard," are amatory letters of a vapid type. Within the four representative novels are reflected certain fancies, superstitions, and mental hallucinations, which were rife among the masses of the American people at the close of the eighteenth century. Brown chose a few of these agitating and haunting suggestions as motives in his novels, — namely, ventriloquism, elixir of life, somnambulism, and the fearful memories of yellow fever and Indian forays.

Brown's work as novelist ended when he was thirty; it was the immature and disjointed product of a fertile fancy and zealous brain, eager to express original conceptions, yet hampered by the influence of English models by Godwin, Mrs. Radcliffe, and their kind. During the remaining nine years of his life, Brown was a hard-working, aspiring journalist, undaunted in spirit and in a determination to increase the knowledge and widen the tastes of the American public. Relatively, his journalistic experiments had titles longer than their subscription lists; yet they won a moderate patronage, and exerted, indirectly, a far-reaching influence for the appreciation of world-literature of all forms among a people who were sadly provincial.

A lack of humor was a great drawback to Brown's happiness in life, and a defect in his literary work. His seriousness and melancholy were doubtless reactionary symptoms from his physical weakness. He longed, in verbose phrase, for "that lightness and vivacity of mind which the divine flow of health, even in calamity, produces in some men." While the last years of his life were weakened by anemia and tuberculosis, yet his mental and emotional faculties were stimulated by a happy marriage to Miss Elizabeth Linn, and the mingled joys and anxieties of parenthood. A manuscript letter to his wife, June 17, 1806, written from Albany (Library of Historical Society of Pennsylvania), shows a cheerful mood and a deep love for his family. A single sentence is a good example of his typical labored form, which might have been simplified by a sense of humor: "You confirm my prognostics that the lovely babes will scamper about house, by the time of my return." To the closing day of his life, he maintained a marvellous activity of mind and

pen, and tried to soften the approaching sorrow for his family by an unfailing courage and a tender consideration for them.

A deep and pervasive loyalty to his country, and faith in her political supremacy and intellectual awakening, were cherished in the heart of America's first novelist and expressed in varied forms in his writings. Washington Irving acknowledged his debt to Brown for inspiration to persist in literary endeavors to widen the tastes and mental horizon of America. Brown could not combine his fantasies and realistic scenes into an artistic product; his construction was weak, and his portrayals, with few exceptions, were ineffective. He was, however, constantly aspiring to combine the visionary with the realistic, and his life was noble and productive in spite of many blighting influences. He wrote occasional verse, generally a bit of rhapsodic musing, like this stanza from a manuscript poem, "L'Amoreoso," presented by his son to Frank M. Etting, and now in the Boston Public Library.

"From pleasure's walks and market-places;
Stilly Groves and lonely Hills;
From gay carousals, thronging faces,
Moonlight Glades and warbling rills;
From fighting fields and stormy Seas;
From courtly pomp and war's array;
From State turmoils and letter'd Ease;
Come, my enamoured Soul, away!
From haunts that moonstruck Fancy woos,
Where Nymphs resort, and Muses roam,
From all that vulgar dreams abuse,
Come home, Ecstatic Thought, come home!"

ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE LATE EDOUARD ROD, whose novels have a considerable circulation outside his own country, and whose lectures in America about ten years ago cannot yet have been forgotten, is the subject of a recent appreciative essay from the pen of M. Henri Chantoine, which, though written before Rod's death, serves well as an obituary tribute. The moral earnestness of his work is commended, while his skill and his charm as a story-teller are not lost sight of. Rod, concludes the essay, "never tarries too long over psychological subtleties, never wearies us with lengthy descriptions, never loses sight of essentials in his care for detail. His aim is to depict character in its battle with realities; individual life in its most sorrowful, most hidden, inner experience; social existence as it envelopes and excites and crushes the individual. The framework of his novels is always solid, without being heavy; the movement of the action is dramatic, without being breathless or capricious; the form is severe and condensed, dispensing with false ornament. He writes calmly and deliberately, as one convinced of the truth of what he is saying. You feel that Rod has lived long with his subject and his characters before putting them on paper." His principal works since the

appearance of "Le Sens de la Vie" in 1888 are "Le Sacrifice" (1892), "La Vie Privée de Michel Teissier" (1893), "La Seconde Vie de Michel Teissier" (1894), "Les Roches Blanches" (1895), "L'Inutile Effort" (1903), and (in course of serial publication at the time of his death) "Le Glaive et le Bandeau."

MR. SANBORN'S ESTIMATE OF THE EMERSON JOURNALS was delivered in no uncertain tones at a recent meeting of the Emerson Society in the Boston Public Library, where he read a paper on his illustrious fellow-townsmen, paying especial attention to the opening volumes of Journals and Letters that have recently appeared. "The most important publication in America during the year just closed" was his opinion of the work, because it displayed the youth and development of the greatest of American men of letters, and because for the first time it enabled his readers and critics to speak intelligently of his early readings and meditations and all the influences promoting the growth of his genius. Going still further, Mr. Sanborn affirmed that "the nearest approach that any American has made to the universality of Shakespeare's mind is found in the wide reach and easy elevation of Emerson." The early maturity of Emerson's thought and the wide range of his youthful studies were noted, as also his quick sense of affinity for Plato, his skill, at eighteen, in turning the Spenserian stanza, and his facility in writing Latin. A significant utterance of Emerson's was quoted in closing. When asked by Elizabeth Peabody what effect it would have had on his education if his father had remained in the small rural parish of Harvard, where he first settled, he answered: "Very little; nature was there, and books." "But how if your Aunt Mary had not lived in your mother's Boston family after your father's death, and concerned herself with your education?" "Ah, that would have been a loss; I could have better spared Greece and Rome."

THE CHARM OF MYTHS AND SUPERSTITIONS, those graceful fabrications founded on poetry and romance and wonder, is so great that no amount of scientific and historic demonstration of their untenability will ever succeed in suppressing them. In vain does the ruthless myth-demolisher assure us that Dick Whittington's cat is a fabulous animal, that William Tell did not pierce the core of an apple with his arrow as the said fruit rested on the head of his little son, and that Lady Godiva never made that noonday passage on horseback through the streets of Coventry, with only her golden tresses to veil her loveliness. Someone has tried to shiver to fragments Cinderella's dainty little glass slippers, by alleging that in the original Eastern version of the tale the footgear in question is of fur, and that our rendering of the French translation (*pantoufles en vair*) has stupidly given us glass slippers (*pantoufles en verre*) by a confusion of two French words pronounced nearly alike. To be sure, fur slippers would be more

comfortable for dancing, unless we can imagine the spinning of glass to have attained perfection in Cinderella's time. But that is of small moment, and glass the slippers will remain for English-speaking children. Another baseless myth, if we are to believe the unsympathetic and unimaginative meteorologist, lies behind the confident assertion of every adult inhabitant of New England, and perhaps of all our Northern States, that the winters of our boyhood were of a severity now unknown, and that Whittier's "Snow-Bound" pictures December rigors and delights not vouchsafed to this degenerate age. Mythoclasts, like iconoclasts, are an odious tribe; and their destructive endeavors will little avail them. There may have been brave men before Agamemnon, but he will maintain his superiority to those that have come after him.

MINNESOTA'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE are more considerable than one might expect from a State still so young, and of so small a population compared with her older sisters. In "Library Notes and News," issued by the Minnesota Public Library Commission, there was published a year ago a list of Minnesota authors and their works, followed a few months later by large additions. A writer in the December number of the above-named publication calls attention to the handsome showing of these combined lists, which give "an enrollment of about four hundred Minnesota authors, with nearly one thousand titles of books." About a hundred magazine writers are to be added to these, with some five hundred important articles to their credit. Counting also the many society publications and official documents from Minnesota pens — all of which are being collected and preserved by the State Historical Society — we have probably not fewer than a thousand names of writers and several thousand titles of books and pamphlets and articles and reports. Which proves that something besides flour is produced in the State that gave us, indirectly and by inspiration, the picture of Minnehaha and "The Song of Hiawatha."

AGGRESSIVE LIBRARY METHODS — aggressive in the sense of progressive — are manifest in some sections of the country, and in some libraries, and not so manifest in others. The never somnolent Los Angeles Public Library makes active warfare on the non-reading and non-library-using members of its community. Thousands of copies of a rousing letter have been sent out by the librarian to persons in all walks of business life — twenty-five hundred to railway employees alone. One of its paragraphs reads thus: "This library has things which would be useful to you in your business. Anything it has n't now, and that may be of use to you, it will be glad to get and put at your service." That should prove irresistible. Supposing a recipient of this letter discovers that it would be useful to him in his business to have a copy of the "Periegesis" of Pausanias, or the "De Re Rustica" of Varro, or a new cash register of Dayton manufacture; all he has to do is

to apply at the public library and the desired "thing" will be furnished at once, or, if already lent or not yet acquired, it will be procured as soon as possible. Truly, the public library's range of usefulness is widened with the process of the suns.

A MAKER OF FUTURE LIBRARIANS has been found in the new director of the Drexel Institute Library School at Philadelphia, — Miss June Richardson Donnelly, apparently a not unworthy successor to the late Alice B. Kroeger, whose bright, alert, and always cordially sympathetic personality will be remembered by all who knew her. A love of fun, too, was hers in full measure; and her successor, Miss Donnelly, is said to be nowise deficient in humor. From "Public Libraries" we copy the following personal paragraph, written by the director of Simmons College Library School, where Miss Donnelly is at present engaged: "She is liked and respected by both the students and her fellow-instructors, for she has dignity, tact, and an interest in a variety of things, with the saving grace of a keen sense of humor. In the class-room Miss Donnelly has been very successful. She presents her subjects logically, with a due sense of proportion, and in a clear, interesting manner." One is glad to read of the new Director, that with all her good qualities she has both humor and a sense of proportion — which may save her pupils from the not unknown fate of taking themselves too seriously.

THE CROWDED BOOK-SEASON, lately passed, but soon to begin again with the spring freshets, presents so strong a contrast to the slack summer months, when the stream of literature trickles with the diminished volume of a mountain brook in August, that the thought must have occurred to many readers, Why not equalize the issue of books and make every season alike significant in the production of important works? This alternation of dearth and superabundance has its obvious disadvantages. A recent number of the London "Athenæum" (which, by the way, has at last, in its eighty-third year, added to the book reviews that have hitherto comprised its principal contents the desirable feature of a leading article of general literary interest) advocates this more equal distribution of book-production throughout the four seasons. Book-publishers and book-reviewers certainly, and book-buyers and book-readers probably, would cast a majority vote for the reform.

THE PERSISTENCE OF GLADSTONE'S INFLUENCE IN ENGLAND is attested, more convincingly than by any centennial eulogies, by the large sales of Morley's life of the great statesman. From London comes the report that a hundred and thirty thousand copies of the book, in its three successive editions, ranging from two guineas to five shillings each, have been sold; and the end is not yet. The length of the work (800,000 words) and the nature of its contents

make it no light undertaking to read it through, so that the record of its circulation becomes impressive indeed. Of course distinguished authorship counts for considerable, though probably for far less than in certain other departments of literature, as in fiction or poetry. But when all is said, Gladstone made on his countrymen, of whatever rank or station, an impression so deep and lasting that his biography will not soon cease to find willing purchasers and eager readers.

THE LIMIT OF BACONIAN MADNESS has now been reached in the foolish enterprise of two Americans in exploring the caves at the foot of the cliffs on which stand the eleventh-century ruins of Chepstow Castle, in Monmouthshire. Imagining they have found in Bacon's writings a clue to the hiding-place where his library was deposited, together with much documentary evidence to establish his authorship of Shakespeare's plays, and to upset Elizabethan history generally, these enthusiastic Baconians have obtained exclusive rights (so it is reported) to the thorough searching of this mare's nest; and, though forced to suspend their fruitless labors for a time and return to this country, they declare their intention to return and resume the undertaking. As a piece of friendly counsel we would advise them to save their travelling expenses by digging and delving in their own cellars; they would get the exercise and arrive at equally satisfying results.

EMERSON IN FRANCE is still winning new admirers. The latest proof of this takes the form of a French translation of his choicest passages for a volume of "Pages Choieses" compiled by Mlle. Marie Dugard, the mistress of a young ladies' "Lycée" at Passy. Mr. Frank B. Sanborn is said to have signified his cordial approval of these gallicized extracts from his fellow-townsmen's writings, and also of the new French version of "The Conduct of Life" which the same appreciative translator has issued, prefixed with a part of Carlyle's cordial letter to his Concord friend, in which he hails the "philosophy that hardly three men have dreamed of." Thus there are not wanting signs, both at home (where the "Journals" are now conspicuous in the book market) and abroad, that the Emersonian revival of seven years ago (the centennial year) did not exhaust the world's enthusiasm for our great transcendentalist.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CHARM OF INDIVIDUAL SPELLING.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A system of individual spelling — "every man for himself" — would seem to be the logical outcome of the "spelling-reform" movement; but it is a little startling to find such a system openly advocated by a distinguished professor, who, if he is correctly reported, recently told

the students of Columbia University that "Much would be achieved if scholars of renown, philologists, students of literature, and writers of books in general, would indulge in some individual spellings. These need not be necessarily consistent, and the author need not give any other reason for his special heterodoxies than that they just suit his fancy." That men are to be found who are ready to live up to these counsels of literary anarchy, appears from some charming sentences culled from an address by one who is described as "a professor in one of our technical schools":

"Liv for the realization of hy ideals.

"He shoud hav abstained from reviling the farieees.

"A man brings out . . . quaint litl pearls in her soul that she herself never dremt of.

"So are man's courage and generosity dubld and tripld thru a woman's presence."

As a writer in "The Nation" lately pointed out, "one natural result of the agitation in favor of so-called 'simplified spelling' would be a tendency, on the part of the careless, inaccurate, and anarchical, to be more lawless, inaccurate, and indifferent still as to spelling in general. Such a tendency would be shown in many places, one of them obviously being the classroom." A timely illustration of the way the tendency is shown in classrooms comes from Iowa, where a college professor has compiled from examination papers of his students a list of 160 misspelled words. Presumably, these counted against the students in their markings. But why should they? Why should not students, as well as professors, exercise the right — the duty, even — of "individual spelling"? This is a free country, and a student has as much right as anyone else to use spellings that "just suit his fancy."

E. O. VAN CLYVE.

St. Paul, Minn., February 8, 1910.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE MALONE SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It will be of interest, I think, to many of your readers to know that the Malone Society, of England, intends to close its subscription list on March 20, and that all who wish to become members of the Society and secure the valuable publications which it is issuing must apply before that date to the Honorary Secretary of the Society, Arundel Esdaile, Esq., The British Museum, London.

The Society was founded for the purpose of printing texts of early English plays, and documents and notes illustrative of the history of the English stage and drama. During the first two years of its existence it issued twelve volumes, ten plays, and two volumes of collections consisting of fragments of plays and valuable documents and notes; and a further set of six volumes is in preparation for the current year. As the Society was not organized for profit, but for the benefit of the members, the number of volumes issued will depend upon the funds available from membership fees. It has now 215 members, and should have many more, as the annual subscription is only one guinea.

The plays are not facsimiles, but exact reprints of the originals, executed under the supervision of Mr. W. W. Greg as general editor, whose name, with those of E. K. Chambers, the President of the Society, and A. W. Pollard, the Honorary Treasurer, will assure those who have not seen the volumes of the scholarly accuracy with which the reprints are made. The com-

position and press-work has been done by the Chiswick Press and the Clarendon Press, and the volumes are notably fine examples of bookmaking. All persons who are interested in the history of the drama in England should avail themselves of the opportunity to become members of the Society before the subscription list is closed.

As the time is short, I shall be glad to answer any questions which intending subscribers may wish to ask in regard to the Society.

JOHN M. MANLY.

The University of Chicago,
February 12, 1910.

A NOTE ON SHELLEY'S "ADONAI'S."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I believe that it has not been pointed out that the famous lines in the last stanza of "Adonais,"—

"My spirit's bark is driven

Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng

Whose sails were never to the tempest given;

The massy earth and spheroid skies are riven!

I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar,"—

find an interesting parallel in the dying words of Vittoria in Webster's "White Devil,"—

"My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,

Is driven I know not whither."

It is probable that the parallelism is accidental, though Shelley at the time (1821) was still revising "The Cenci" (1820; second edition, 1821). In this drama, as is well known, he drew largely on the Elizabethan plays for models.

Both the passages cited, from "Adonais" and "The White Devil," are also interesting because they are modifications of one of the most frequently used conceits of the sonneteers. Petrarch ("Vita," cxxxvii.) wrote:

"Passa la nave mia colma d' obbligo

Per aspro mare a mezza notte il verno. . . .

Tal ch' incomincio a disperar del porto."

Of the many imitations of this figure in the Elizabethan sonnet cycles, Spenser's ("Amoretti," xxxiv.) fits most nearly the present case:

"Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde,

By conduct of some star, doth make her way;

Whenas a storme hath dim'd her trusty guyde,

Out of her course doth wander far astray!

So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray

Me to direct, with cloudes is overcast,

Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,

Through hidden perils round about me plast;

Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,

My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,

Will shine again, and looke on me at last."

The complaint of Britomart (F. Q. III., iv., 8 and 9) is a free adaptation of the same idea, and the parallel in "Adonais" is made the more striking by the concluding thought that

"The soul of Adonais, like a star,

Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

In one of Shelley's letters to Mrs. Gisborne, dated from Florence, November, 1819, there is still another echo of the familiar Elizabethan conceit:

"Madonna—I have been lately voyaging in a sea without my pilot, and although my sail has often been torn, my boat become leaky, and the log lost, I have yet sailed in a kind of way from island to island. . . . I have been reading Calderon without you."

EDWIN A. GREENLAW.

Adelphi College, Brooklyn, Feb. 8, 1910.

The New Books.

THE AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD MANSFIELD.*

"I am your dramatic godson," said Richard Mansfield to his friend of twenty-five years' standing, Mr. William Winter. "I wonder if you would care to undertake a biography? It might interest some persons, and much in my early life was strange. It should prove interesting. I think a book on the Life of R. M., from your pen, might sell well." And later, after being told that the book was planned and would be written: "I am tremendously excited about your writing the Life of R. M. It is better than being knighted."

Now at last, after the lapse of two years and a half since the brilliant actor's untimely death, appears Mr. Winter's "Life and Art of Richard Mansfield," in two handsome and profusely-illustrated volumes. The long intimacy between the two men, the younger one's constant practice of seeking the advice and encouragement of his "dramatic godfather," their mutual sympathy in many of their ideals and enthusiasms, and the records, largely in the form of personal letters, in the biographer's possession, qualify him to write informingly and authoritatively of his actor-friend, and to correct many false notions about him that have been circulated by other pens — notably by that of Mr. Paul Wiltach, whose highly readable book, "Richard Mansfield, the Man and the Actor," has now been before the public for more than a year. Especially unaccountable, in the light of Mr. Winter's volumes, is the other's assertion (at the end of the preface to his book) that "his [*i. e.*, Mansfield's] letters, which would add to an acquaintance with him, were not many, except to his wife and son. To others he wrote in the main only brief notes of courtesy, for he had an aversion to telling anyone what he was going to do, or to referring to what he had done." On the contrary, as shown by the many letters now reproduced, he was, if anything, too ready to enlarge, in grandiloquent fashion, on his own unparalleled achievements, past and prospective. For example, in an exultant outpouring to Mr. Winter, he writes, in the spring of 1890:

"I think *everything* is possible to me, if I am helped, and I feel, more and more, that the future — the immediate future — of the American stage lies very much in my hands. At all events, I intend laying violent hands

on it — *coûte que coûte!* I have a most tempting offer to go to Berlin; and I think I shall accept — because I can go there and do great things 'right off,' without question — and when I've *done* them there it will appear natural to people here that I *should* do them."

Mr. Winter is so much interested in the art of Richard Mansfield that he dwells very slightly on his life, apart from his movements in the pursuit of that fame which he so confidently expected to win. The early years in England and on the Continent are barely referred to; but one question of some importance is decisively settled, and that is the birth-year of the precocious young man who startled theatrical circles in New York with his impersonation of Baron Chevalier in 1883. The commonly accepted date of his birth — the date, too, that is given in Mr. Wiltach's book — would make him but twenty-five years old at that time; whereas, from his own written words, cited by Mr. Winter, it appears that he was in his twenty-ninth year, having been born in 1854. The first volume of the "Life and Art" follows Mansfield through the rapidly alternating vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, down to his death in the late summer of 1907; and, though much incidental comment and criticism are interspersed, the greater part of this sort of disquisition is reserved for the second volume, where each important rôle of the versatile actor is taken up in proper order and treated in the well-known manner of the veteran dramatic critic, and certainly without undue prejudice in the performer's favor. The writer earnestly disclaims ever having allowed any favor of persons to influence his judgment or modify its candid expression.

Son of an English father and a Russian mother (the Madame Erminia Rudersdorff of operatic fame), Richard Mansfield was so richly endowed with the artistic and bohemian temperament that anything like a peaceable, well-ordered, commonplace boyhood and youth was from the very outset an impossibility. His peculiar gift for misfitting his environment is reflected in some notes of his early life, written for Mr. Winter's use. He says, probably with considerable artistic intensifying of lights and shadows, especially of shadows:

"Mine was a hard life when I was a child. Sometimes I was scolded, sometimes beaten, and sometimes starved. Whatever I was meant to be, God knows it is not strange if I am what they call 'singular.' I sometimes think that the early wrench given to my mind by such treatment was the beginning of the sympathy I feel with such persons as *Gl'ister* and *Chevalier*. They are wicked, but they are courageous; they have seen the selfishness of the world, — and they go on. What they get they *compel*; the recognition they receive is for what they do for themselves; they are always

* *LIFE AND ART OF RICHARD MANSFIELD.* With selections from his letters. By William Winter. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

lonely; they look through the motives of all around them, and no wonder they are cynical and cruel. There are times when I feel so barred out of the world, so hated, that if I could push down the pillars of the universe and smash everything and everybody, I'd gladly do it!"

That one of so rebellious and stormy a disposition, prone to regard the world as his enemy until friendship had been extorted by violence, should not have been loved by the public, even though the tribute of admiration could not be withheld, is not strange. It was a part of his character, and one of his methods of making his way in his difficult profession, to be aggressive and dictatorial, intolerant of stupidity and impatient of restraint. Macready, Forrest, Kean, and scores of prominent actors and actresses besides, could be adduced as examples of this high-strung, uncompromising artistic temperament. From the outset he seems to have been unable to work in harmony with associates, or on an equal footing with them. Whatever his part, he tended to fill the stage; and there was no peace for him or anyone else until he had put himself at the head of a company and won the right to "boss the show." Wherever he sat was the head of the table — literally as well as figuratively, his uneasiness as a guest at another's board being notorious. Even with a professional rival so friendly and appreciative as Henry Irving he could not manage to remain on thoroughly good terms for any length of time. When he went to England, in 1888, at Irving's invitation and with the Lyceum placed at his disposal, it was not long before he imagined himself ill-treated by all and sundry with whom he came in contact. Mr. Winter writes:

"The meeting was a delightful one. The relations between Mansfield and Irving were then friendly. They did not always remain so. They fluctuated considerably; and although, at the last, the two men remained on ostensibly amicable terms of social intercourse, the feeling existent between them was that of disapprobation on the part of Irving and antipathy on the part of Mansfield. It is necessary to allude to this subject, because those actors, eventually, became professionally opposed, and because circumstances in the stage career of Mansfield would otherwise remain unexplained. The subject, furthermore, is an essential part of theatrical history, — a record which should tell the truth, and not be encumbered with sentimental eulogium and obscuration of facts. Mansfield had no reason to blame any one but himself for the loss of Henry Irving's active friendship. It was an infirmity of his mind that he ascribed every mishap, every untoward circumstance, every reverse of fortune, to some external, malign influence, — never to any accident, or any error of his judgment, or any ill-considered act or word, or any fault of his own."

It should be remembered, in connection with Mansfield's professional struggles and rivalries, that he appeared on the stage at a time when

many actors of rare ability were vying for public favor, both in America and in England. The names of Booth, Barrett, Irving, Ellen Terry, Modjeska, Jefferson, Florence, Mary Anderson, Ada Rehan, James Lewis, John Gilbert, Charles Coghlan, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Langtry, Wilson Barrett, Charles Wyndham, and others that the reader will recall, need but to be run over to make impressive enough the formidable character of the competition which Mansfield had to encounter on the English-speaking stage. He always regarded it as the mistake of his life that he began his dramatic course in this country rather than in Europe.

Among the carefully studied criticisms (in volume two) of Mansfield's various impersonations, that of Richard the Third, his most notable achievement, is especially worth reading. "The value of Mansfield's performance of *Richard*," says the author in one place, "did not consist in theories or innovations, but in a tremendous concentration of intellectual force and passionate feeling, expressed with many fine touches of dramatic art, resultant in a life-like image, terrific and piteous, of grisly wickedness and retributive misery." In a more general and comprehensive estimate of Mansfield's gifts, the author well says:

"In faculty of impersonation he was extraordinary, and in that respect he has seldom been equalled, in our time; but, because of the inevitable appearance of peculiarities in all his embodiments, the merit of versatility has often been denied to him: yet he displayed the ability, and had the fortune, to distinguish himself in almost every branch of the dramatic art, — in comic opera, farce, and burlesque, light comedy, romantic drama, melodrama, and tragedy. The student, remembering Mansfield, and musing upon the many vagaries of opinion that are or have been current about his acting, might advantageously consider the astonishing grasp of diversified character and the wide and easy command of expressive art that he exhibited, during the twenty-four years of his industrious, laborious, and remarkable career."

A forty-three-page "Chronology," valuable to the historian of the drama, is appended; also an interesting twelve-page "Note on 'Beau Brummell'"; and a "Note on the Gentle Art of Plagiarism," for the benefit of Mansfield's earlier biographer. An index of twenty-six pages concludes the work. The many portraits, chiefly of Mansfield in his various characters as actor, are of unusual interest as a striking evidence of his versatility. The whole work is one of irresistible appeal to the lover of the stage, and with its marks of painstaking workmanship (it was begun in 1905) it forms one of the ripest and best of its author's many books on kindred themes.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

ON THE WRONG TRACKS OF LIFE.*

Only occasionally is a piece of contemporary Italian literature translated into English and published in an English-speaking country. When so large and serious a work as Sera's "On the Tracks of Life" is accorded this extension of its sphere of influence, the event arouses more than ordinary curiosity as to the character and content of the book. This curiosity is not abated, to say the least, when it finds such a phrase as "The Immorality of Morality" used as a sub-title. Examination of the book develops the fact that this sub-title really strikes the keynote of the whole work, though perhaps not in just the manner intended by the author. "The Immorality of Morality" implies a paradox. The whole book is as paradoxical as this phrase. Think for a moment of some proposition that the common every-day experience of mankind has demonstrated to be not true. Then open Sera's book at random, read a page or so, and it is rather better than an even chance that you will find that identical proposition set forth as a great and fundamental truth. Thus, to take but a single instance: normal right-minded people as a result of their knowledge of history and observation of contemporary society are inclined to regard such things as idleness and sexual dissipation, for example, as undesirable modes of human activity, — to put the case as mildly as may be. But Sera devotes pages to the discussion of the "degrading influence of work" and to statements like the following: "The types of activity which our morality more or less explicitly condemns (aristocratic tendencies, sexual and economic dissipation) — [query: does he mean "high finance" ?] — have, in my opinion, a very high function for the race, and render possible the propagation and continuation of human society which would otherwise, from many deteriorating causes, die out."

The sentence just quoted states essentially the thesis of the whole book. Whatever is aristocratic is good, or rather is best — the *summum bonum* of human endeavor. The more vicious and anti-social the aristocratic tendency, the more valuable and beautiful is it considered by Sera to be. The first chapter of the book deals with "Love." It puts forward as the highest ideal not even "free love" as advocated by some social philosophers, but rather in-

discriminate sexual dissipation and debauchery; "the exaltation, the raving, the delirium of the agony of the love of a former time: a strong, undefined, promiscuous, free, and serene love."

The utter perversity of the author's conclusions is nowhere more clearly illustrated than in the following summary of his views: "The aristocratic ideal, in its triple aspiration towards leisure, power, and love, is manifested as a perpetual struggle towards natural conditions of life; a healthy, strong and vigorous nature; pure animalness. The existence of this ideal is seen to be antagonistic to sociality and morality, which both make for the impoverishment, the organic degradation of the species man. . . . The ultimate aim of every form of social activity is animal leisure."

The reasoning that leads to these conclusions, which from the standpoint of plain common-sense can only be characterized as silly, involves a kind of error from which the lucubrations of more profound biologists than Sera are not always free. This is the error of attempting to "explain" that which is objectively clear and known, in terms of that which is mysterious, obscure, and unknown or unknowable. The plain facts of social evolution are that mankind for a very long time has been, and still is, moving steadily away from such aristocratic ideals as are enumerated by Sera, toward those of democracy and socialism. Only by the attempting to "explain" these obvious facts in terms of unknown motives and feelings can they become so perverted and obscured as they are in the work under review.

The book is fortified, as it were, at both its points of entrance and exit, by a militant Introduction on the one hand, and a positively annihilating Appendix on the other hand. In both of these places any who might be inclined to criticize are warned off the premises in no uncertain terms. In the Introduction (by Dr. Oscar Levy) we are told that "there is gradually but surely forming itself in all countries a superior class of men, who, observing the gulf between them and their fellow-men, very soon give up the idea of enlightening the unenlightables, and over the frontiers of their countries heartily shake hands with each other." Signor Sera, we are specifically told, is one of those "superior" gentlemen: those who do not agree with him are of the "unenlightables." The calm and temperate spirit in which the author himself meets criticism is indicated in the following remarks in the Appendix: "However, as criticisms become poorer and poorer, and at last, as

*ON THE TRACKS OF LIFE. THE IMMORALITY OF MORALITY. Translated from the Italian of Leo G. Sera by J. M. Kennedy, with an Introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy. New York: The John Lane Co.

often happens, even the minor reviewers began to think that my silence was due to lack of grounds for objecting to their criticisms, and raised their perky little heads like young cocks with crests not yet full-grown, which nevertheless imagine themselves to be kings of their coops, I decided that the moment had come when matters should be put right."

Altogether, it is to be expected that this great effort of Sera's will, as is predicted by implication in the Introduction, fail to enlighten the "unenlightables." One ventures to think, however, that the primary difficulty is, on the whole, with the source of illumination rather than with the photo-receptivity of the average reader.

RAYMOND PEARL.

SHAKESPEARE AS NEUROPATH AND LOVER.*

At last Shakespeare stands revealed to us! It is nearly three hundred years since he died, yet it is only now that we have "his tragic life-story." It is almost as if a new play, a greater than "Hamlet," had been discovered. And the amazing thing is that one had only to read Shakespeare to see the man, the lover, the ruined life, all as plain as words can make them. This is what amazes Mr. Frank Harris, too, who in his modesty is forced to assume superiority to the hordes of Shakespearian critics who saw not the light. Only Goethe and Coleridge got glimpses, which, however, led nowhither; all the rest, and their "tons of talk," are far astray.

This book of Mr. Harris's would show that Shakespeare painted himself not once but twenty times. The character that is preëminently Shakespeare is Hamlet; and whenever Shakespeare, in delineating other characters, grew careless, as he very frequently did, he dropped into Hamlet,—that is, he depicted himself. Some characters are merely Hamlet in other circumstances. Romeo is Hamlet in love, as Hazlitt had already remarked; Jaques is Hamlet in melancholy discontent. Thus, "if we combine the character of Romeo, the poet-lover, and Jaques, the pensive-eyed philosopher, we have almost the complete Hamlet." As Mr. Harris frequently remarks, "Think of it!"

These three characters we may therefore regard as Shakespeare prepense. The real task is to find the unconscious Shakespeares. And from the wealth of choice let us take—oh, anyone will do—say Macbeth. Like Hamlet,

Macbeth weighs the *pro* and *con* of action to fulfil the witches' prophesies; he is courteous in his address—calling Banquo and the others "kind gentlemen"; he is "too full of the milk of human kindness"; he is irresolute when it comes to murdering Duncan; he has Hamlet's "peculiar and exquisite intellectual fairness," and remarks that "this Duncan hath borne his faculties so meek," etc.; he is the mouthpiece of Shakespeare's "marvellous lyrical faculty"; he has a religious tinge in his nature—"But wherefore," he says, "could not I pronounce 'Amen,'" and Hamlet exclaims, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us," and later, "I'll go pray." "This new trait," remarks Mr. Harris, "most intimate and distinctive, is therefore the most conclusive proof of the identity of the two characters." Could the most skeptical dryasdust professor—Mr. Harris's *bête noir*—demand more? But in case he should, here it is: After the strain of the murder, Macbeth loses his nerve. "All this is exquisitely characteristic of the nervous student who has been screwed up to a feat beyond his strength, 'a terrible feat,' and who has broken down over it; but his words are altogether absurd in the mouth of an ambitious half-barbarous chieftain." Yet, strange as it may seem, Hamlet managed to bear up after he had murdered Polonius and sent Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to the final surprise of their lives. But after the second act, Macbeth seems to be able to do things more or less bloody. How account for the change? In the first part, Macbeth is Shakespeare—"gentle, bookish, and irresolute"; in the latter part, where the dramatist has to follow Holinshed and set Macbeth to murdering, he yet "did not think of lending Macbeth any tinge of cruelty, harshness, or ambition. His Macbeth commits murder for the same reason that the timorous deer fights—out of fear." This shows how kind Shakespeare was! The same quality is further shown in Macbeth's unwillingness to fight Macduff in their final meeting, in his confession of "pity and remorse, which must be compared to the gentle-kindness with which Hamlet treats Laertes and Romeo treats Paris." Anyone must now be convinced of the identity of these characters!

In somewhat similar fashion we are taught that Duke Vincentio in "Measure for Measure" and Posthumus in "Cymbeline" are Hamlet-Shakespeare. So Arthur in "King John," and Richard II., are after the same model. In the case of the latter there is a difference between his character in the early part of the play

*THE MAN SHAKESPEARE AND HIS TRAGIC LIFE-STORY. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

and that in the later. In the former case he is selfish, greedy, cruel; in the second he is all that is lovable. Why? Because in the first part Shakespeare is following history; in the second, he is drawing himself. Would the same reasoning apply to Edward II. in Marlowe's play?

From these delineations of character Mr. Harris shows that "Shakespeare's nature, even in hot, reckless youth, was most feminine and affectionate, and that . . . he preferred to picture irresolution and weakness rather than strength." If you don't believe it, look at Hotspur. When he is brusque, blame Holinshed; when he talks about "gentle Severn's sedgy bank," he is Shakespeare, — such language is too poetical for Hotspur. Again, it is beyond Shakespeare to present courage in Hotspur or in anyone. And yet we seem to have heard these lines:

"Send Danger from the east unto the west,
So Honour cross it from the north or south,
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!"

So, too, he cannot present Prince Hal as possessing manly virtues. He is not much more than a weak imitation of Hotspur. Moreover, we learn from Poins that he is lewd, — and, as a remarkable coincidence, so are Jaques (or so the Duke says), and Vincentio (for does not Lucio say so?); therefore Shakespeare was lewd, he was a sensualist. The character of the Prince as here expounded explains the vexed question of the rejection of Falstaff. Shakespeare too had spent time in bad company, and "like other weak men was filled with a desire to throw the blame on his 'misleaders.' He certainly exulted in their punishment." How Professor Bradley's attempt at a solution hides its diminished head before the convincing simplicity of this brilliant discovery! But Professor Bradley is a Dryasdust, and not a revealer. This Shakespeare cuts a pretty poor figure! He has no virile virtues or vices, no desperate courage, only "a love of honour working on quick generous blood"; no "cruelty, hatred, ambition, revenge," the ancillary qualities of courage. And yet it seems to us that there is some cruelty depicted in "Lear," some hatred and revenge in "The Merchant of Venice," and some ambition in "Richard III." But no, "manliness was not his [Shakespeare's] forte; he was by nature a neuropath and a lover."

A few more aspects remain. Orsino, in "Twelfth Night," the lover of music and flowers and passion, is Shakespeare. "Shakespeare lends

no music to his villains" — Iago and his song, "And let me the canakin clink, clink," to the contrary notwithstanding. Shakespeare had a sense of humor, we are pleased to learn, for we would see in this a masculine trait. So we take much comfort out of Falstaff. But this staff is a broken reed. Not even Shakespeare was great enough to create Falstaff; he must have had a model, and that model was probably Chettle! Why? Because Falstaff surpasses all of Shakespeare's other comic characters; because he depicted Falstaff so poorly in the "Merry Wives" that he must have depended on his model whom he had already exhausted in "Henry IV."; and because Chettle was a jovial soul!

But now we come to the actual events of Shakespeare's life, which we glean from the Sonnets and some of the plays. "W. H.," we are to accept without question, is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; and the "dark lady" is Mary Fitton. There is no doubt about it. "The story is very simple: Shakespeare loved Mistress Fitton, and sent his friend, the young Lord Herbert, to her on some pretext, but with the design that he should commend Shakespeare to the lady. Mistress Fitton fell in love with William Herbert, wooed and won him, and Shakespeare had to mourn the loss of both friend and mistress." Moreover, this story has been treated three times in the plays — in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Much Ado," and "Twelfth Night"; yet no one has noticed it. "If after these three recitals," Mr. Harris says, "anyone can still believe the sonnet-story is imaginary, he is beyond persuasion by argument."

Now this Mary Fitton has already appeared in the plays, for we can recognize her by Shakespeare's very careful descriptions. She is Rosaline in "Romeo and Juliet," as well as the girl of the same name in "Love's Labour's Lost." In all cases we have dark hair, dark eyes, pale complexion. All would fit in so nicely with Mary Fitton, were it not that Mistress Mary, we know from authentic portraits, was a blonde beauty! But let that go. This Mary Fitton he loved with an intense passion; but towards the traitor Herbert he expresses no anger, since Shakespeare dearly loved a lord. He was an arrant snob, like all your English. And thus Shakespeare, for twelve mortal years from 1597 to 1608, suffered such agonies as only a genius and a disappointed sensualist can endure. The fruit of this agony we have in the plays, — so let us be thankful that poor gentle Shakespeare had a sad and weary lot. It is

accordingly not Brutus, but Shakespeare, who, "racked by love and jealousy, tortured by betrayal, was at war with himself." Like Hamlet, he was prompted to his revenge by heaven and hell, but he was too gentle and kind to act it out. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern did not report their opinion of Hamlet's farewell kindness. All Hamlet's unreasoning rage at his mother's lechery is Shakespeare telling Mary Fitton what he thinks of her. "If anyone can imagine that this is the way a son thinks of a mother's slip," sadly comments our author, "he is past my persuading." Past, long past! How simple the complex problem of "Hamlet" becomes in the light of these revelations! Othello's jealous fury against Desdemona merges into Shakespeare's wrath towards Mary Fitton. Desdemona never showed "high and plenteous wit and invention," but Mary did, alas, too much! A still closer portrait of Mistress Fitton we get in Cressida; and, what is equally interesting, we learn that Shakespeare wrote this "wretched invertebrate play," this libel on Greece, to mock Chapman, the rival poet of the Sonnets. Ignorant of Greek, he poured contempt on it and on Chapman. "This establishes the opinion that Chapman was indeed the rival poet." Reasoning can no farther go! As we might guess (provided we are not professors, like Dowden and Gollancz), Cleopatra is Mary Fitton, and Antony is Shakespeare. The interview between Thyreus and Cleopatra was written "out of wounded personal feeling," to show up the fickle Mary. She doesn't mind it, now that the discovery has just been made, — but she wrecked Shakespeare's life. "Hamlet in love with Cleopatra, the poet lost in desire of the wanton, — that is the tragedy of Shakespeare's life." His passion led him to "shame and madness and despair; his strength broke down under the strain, and he never won back again to health." Lear expresses his own disillusion and naked misery; it is the first attempt in all literature to paint madness, Mr. Harris informs us. We receive the news with fitting modesty. "Timon" is merely "a scream of pain" closing the agony.

After all this, Shakespeare went to Stratford to recuperate under the care of his daughter: Mr. Harris tells us so. Then came the Romances, "all copies"; Shakespeare was "too tired to invent or even to annex." Prospero is Shakespeare; and so is Ariel, who was imprisoned painfully for a dozen years to a foul witch, — to whom, indeed, but Mary Fitton?

The close of this veracious history is occupied

with Shakespeare's "Life," which incorporates, as credible, stories ranging from Audrey's account of Shakespeare's killing a calf in high style and making a speech, to his parentage of D'Avenant. A fitting close to the romance.

It is interesting to note that the book, which contains such violent diatribes on the English aristocracy as would have made good Radical campaign literature in the recent elections, is dedicated to an English peer. A fitting beginning to the romance. JAMES W. TUPPER.

THE AGE OF WATERWAYS.*

"It will require the best thought and best effort of this generation," wrote Mr. Hill to the late Governor Johnson of Minnesota, "to avert the evil that now casts its shadow upon the farmer, manufacturer, and merchant, to arrest the progress of the paralysis that is laying its grip upon the heart of commerce, and to restore the wholesome circulation without which there cannot be life and growth in either individual or the commonwealth." Mr. Herbert Quick, author of a recent work on "American Inland Waterways," sees but one way out of this difficulty, and that is in the development of our great continental waterways so as to enable them to perform their proper economic share of the work of transportation. "It is a great task," he says, "but it is quite within our power; and the waterways can do the work completely, which the railways never can. The natural expense of land carriage is high, and the capacity of railways is strictly limited. The capacity of a waterway like the new Erie Canal is equal to a dozen railways. The capacity of a deep waterway down the Mississippi is almost incalculable; but it is entirely safe to say that no conceivable tonnage derived from the Mississippi Valley and Lake Basin could tax its carrying power. . . . In efficiency, the waterways leave nothing to be desired as a remedy for our transportation ills."

Mr. Quick proceeds to discuss the advantages of waterways on the score of economy, and makes out an exceedingly strong case for them. His book is, in fact, an admirably clear and full presentation of a subject that is already looming large on the national horizon, and bids fair to be of paramount importance to the peo-

* AMERICAN INLAND WATERWAYS. Their Relation to Railway Transportation and the National Welfare; their Creation, Restoration, and Maintenance. By Herbert Quick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ple of America. He has brought together, in clear and readable shape, a mass of material bearing not only on the question of inland waterways, but also on the closely related subjects of the conservation of forests and streams, and the generation of water-powers, with their relation to the great problems of power, heat, light, coal resources, and the conservation of mechanical efficiency arising therefrom. Mr. Quick has succeeded well in his attempt to convey, in terms capable of comprehension by the average citizen, the scientific knowledge of the subject as embodied in such recent documents as the Preliminary Report of the Inland Waterways Commission and the Report of the Chicago Harbor Commission. He goes somewhat fully into a discussion of the efforts that have already been made by the government to improve the rivers and harbors of the United States,—efforts which aggregate a cost of \$500,000,000, and yet mark but the beginning of what may be accomplished in the direction of the development of the inland waterways of the country.

The trouble has been, as in so many other public undertakings here and elsewhere, that the work of improvement has been haphazard and lacking in system. One of the principal objects of the Newlands bill in Congress was to bring together all these scattered efforts and mould and enlarge them into a comprehensive scheme of waterways which would ultimately embrace every important river and lake in the United States, the rivers to be connected by canals, following in most cases the old portage paths of Indian and fur-trader, and by coastal canals connecting tidal lakes, bays, sounds, and river mouths, like the one proposed for navigation from Boston to Florida and from Florida to the Texan ports. This remarkable bill, on which Mr. Quick bases many of his arguments, is not the project of a dreamer, but rather the measure of a practical statesman, and represents to a large extent the ideas of such men as Mr. Pinchot, late head of the Forest Service, of Marshall O. Leighton of the Water Resources Branch of the Geological Survey, of Director Newell of the Reclamation Service, of Dr. McGee the erosion expert, of Secretary Wilson, and of Ex-President Roosevelt. It is designed not merely to promote transportation on inland waterways, by vessels of a standard draught, but also "to consider and coördinate the questions of irrigation, swamp-land reformation, clarification of streams, utilization of water-power, prevention of soil waste, protection of forests, regulation of flow, control of floods,"

and the innumerable other questions arising from or connected with the great subject of the conservation of our natural resources.

The waterway to which Mr. Quick devotes most attention is the Lakes-to-the-Gulf project, as to the vital importance of which he brings together a convincing array of facts and figures; nor does he neglect the important projects undertaken or contemplated by Canada to improve her inland waterways. It is not to be wondered at that in discussing the larger aspects of the question Mr. Quick rises to a degree of enthusiasm. With the facts in his mind and a map of North America spread before him, any man may quickly convince himself of the tremendous potentialities of our inland waterways, and incidentally of the unique strategic positions held by Chicago—and by that Canadian Chicago, the city of Winnipeg. With the Mississippi route completed on the one hand, and the Georgian Bay Canal on the other, Chicago would stand at the angle of two immense water-systems,—one leading south to the Gulf of Mexico, and ultimately through the Panama Canal to the Pacific and Asia; the other leading east to the Atlantic and to Europe. Similarly, Winnipeg bids fair to become the central point in a waterway system of almost equally stupendous proportions. When the works now under way, or promised, are completed, Winnipeg will have water communication with Edmonton, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; a series of short canals, presenting no serious engineering difficulties, would connect with Lake Superior, and ultimately with Montreal and the Atlantic. Scientific experts and hard-headed business men are already discussing the project of connecting Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay, by a series of short canals on the Nelson River; and it is quite within the realms of the possible that Winnipeg may some day be connected with the Mississippi by way of the Red River, Lake Traverse, and the Minnesota. Given the development of these great waterways,—and with the present trend of public opinion throughout the continent, such a development is quite probable,—and the next half-century may witness the curious spectacle of Chicago controlling the trade of America with Asia and Australasia; and Winnipeg controlling the trade of the continent, or at any rate its western half, with Europe. Those who are inclined to scoff at this latter possibility need only be reminded that York Factory, Winnipeg's future port on Hudson Bay, is eighty-six miles nearer Liverpool than is New York.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

THE BORDERLAND OF PSYCHICAL
RESEARCH.*

The belief that human individuality survives the crisis known as death has been held from time immemorial, and is embodied in nearly all religious creeds. Inasmuch as all phenomena, in a literal sense, are psychological, and what we call the physical world is a picture painted with the pigments of the mind, it seems incredible that anything can be less real or less permanent than human consciousness. On the other hand, the temporary interruption of this consciousness is a commonplace experience; while phenomena present themselves to us in such a way as to lead to the inference that those perceived are connected by many others, some ascertainable by inference, others wholly beyond our power to imagine. Modern science is like a cloth in which are utilized many scraps containing fragments of a pattern, on the basis of which the original design is attempted to be reproduced. It is universally admitted that the scraps—our experiences—do not represent the whole cloth; the most stupid can see that they are parts of a larger scheme, but the wisest cannot make sure of all the original details. Orthodox religion supposes that there exists a mind in which the pattern originated, and which, therefore, is well aware of the whole arrangement; a philosophy which has the merit of finding a psychological counterpart for every phase of reality.

It is one thing, however, to postulate consciousness as eternal and universal, and quite another to demonstrate an ultramundane career for such particular foci of it as we find in individual human beings. The reviewer, for his own part, has always believed in the continuity of personal identity, because it seems to him that any coherent philosophical scheme demands it, and that in the midst of very much that is certainly mutable there exists a nucleus of something permanent. This, however, is a metaphysical conception; whereas Sir Oliver Lodge and the Society for Psychical Research seek to bring the subject within the range of scientific enquiry.

It might be supposed that patient endeavors to throw light on matters so abstruse, and yet of such manifest importance to mankind, would be applauded on every hand. Constituted as man is, the fear and sorrow due to death seem

at times almost too great a price to pay for our highly developed psychical powers, and at the least seriously reduce the pleasure of living. If they have been necessary for the preservation of the race, it seems evident that they have now exceeded somewhat the bounds of utility, and their mitigation might be welcomed for social as well as for individual reasons. This has been continually attempted in the past, by religious creeds; and even to-day is accomplished to a large extent on more or less intangible grounds. Many still deem this sufficient, but it ought to be self-evident that definite scientific proof of survival would be a substantial gain.

Unfortunately, the work of the Society for Psychical Research has met with no such favor as it seems to us to deserve. According to Sir Oliver Lodge, it is continually subjected to adverse criticism from the Spiritualists, who, long ago convinced of the survival of human personality after death, consider the methods employed ridiculously slow and cautious. On the other hand, the outside world and orthodox science generally regard it with contempt, as overcredulous and uncritical. The author concludes:

"Well, we have had to stand this buffeting, as well as the more ponderous blows inflicted by the other side; and it was hardly necessary to turn the cheek to the smiter, since in an attitude of face-forward progress the buffets were sure to come with fair impartiality; greater frequency on the one side making up for greater strength on the other."

Sir Oliver's book begins by a discussion of experiments which are held to demonstrate telepathy. This phenomenon is accepted as genuine by many who do not believe at all in disembodied spirits. It is, in fact, one of the obstacles to the demonstration of the existence of the latter; since if any of the facts communicated are known to any living being they may conceivably have been received telepathically, while if they are not known they may be incapable of proof. An endeavor to overcome this difficulty is described on page 122. The late F. W. H. Myers, in 1891, prepared a sealed letter, the contents of which were known to no one but himself. About ten years later Myers died, and in 1904 it seemed to several members of the Society that messages had been received which must contain the substance of the hidden letter. Sir Oliver Lodge issued a circular inviting attendance at the Society's rooms, and the envelope was opened. It was found that there was no resemblance between its actual contents and the messages received. Those hostile to the whole movement will of course receive this result with jeers; but

*THE SURVIVAL OF MAN. A Study in Unrecognized Human Faculty. By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

the author justly points out that failure was not unlikely after so long an interval, and that even success would not have been absolute proof. In the event of success it would have been conceivable that the letter was read by the medium through some process of clairvoyance; or, I suppose, that its contents had been received telepathically by someone from Myers during the latter's lifetime, and were waiting in some subconscious region of the mind to be revealed in response to the proper stimulus. Absurd as these suppositions may seem, many would no doubt resort to them in preference to admitting the communication to be from someone now dead.

An example given in the book, which is thought to represent a successful experiment, is quoted from Kant as follows:

"Madame Herteville (Marteville), the widow of the Dutch ambassador in Stockholm, some time after the death of her husband, was called upon by Croon, a goldsmith, to pay for a silver service which her husband had purchased from him. The widow was convinced that her late husband had been much too precise and orderly not to have paid this debt, yet she was unable to find this receipt. In her sorrow, and because the amount was considerable, she requested Mr. Swedenborg to call at her house. After apologising to him for troubling him, she said that if, as all people say, he possessed the extraordinary gift of conversing with the souls of the departed, he would perhaps have the kindness to ask her husband how it was about the silver service. Swedenborg did not at all object to comply with her request. Three days afterwards the said lady had company at her house for coffee. Swedenborg called, and in his cool way informed her that he had conversed with her husband. The debt had been paid several months before his decease, and the receipt was in a bureau in the room upstairs. The lady replied that the bureau had been quite cleared out and that the receipt was not found among all the papers. Swedenborg said that her husband had described to him how after pulling out the lefthand drawer a board would appear, which required to be drawn out, when a secret compartment would be disclosed, containing his private Dutch correspondence, as well as the receipt. Upon hearing this description the whole company arose and accompanied the lady into the room upstairs. The bureau was opened; they did as they were directed; the compartment was found, of which no one had ever known before; and to the great astonishment of all, the papers were discovered there, in accordance with his description."

A rather obvious objection to this piece of evidence is that Swedenborg might have known of the existence of such a bureau in the house, and been aware that those of this make contained such a receptacle. It is not necessary to assume that he was acting a frivolous or insincere part; impressed with the opinion that the receipt existed somewhere, his natural guess might have come into his mind with the force of a message, as is often the case in more commonplace circumstances. Of course two different theories are

possible, according to one's convictions. It is possible to suppose that in the numerous cases in which strong conviction arises without any apparently sufficient evidence, there are supernatural agencies at work.

A long account was given, on the authority of Mr. H. W. Wack, of St. Paul, Minnesota, of a dream in which the killing of a tramp was made known, though this occurred some distance away and the unknown man was of no particular interest to the dreamer. It is suggested that this shows how the influence of such an event may be conveyed not merely to those who would naturally be concerned, but to complete outsiders. The special thing noted by the dreamer was that, the tramp having been killed by the train in which he imagined himself to be travelling, the body could not be found. The next day he read in the paper of such an occurrence, the account stating that the body had been cut to small pieces, and no identification was possible. Several objections to the value of this evidence occur readily to the reader who is familiar with American railroads. The dreamer had been accustomed to travel on this particular road, and must often have read of and pondered over the killing of tramps, which is a much more frequent occurrence than Sir Oliver Lodge probably imagines. If at all sensitive he must have dreaded the possibility of being present when one of these accidents occurred. Moreover, the dream explicitly shows the train as stopping immediately after the man had given his death-shriek, whereas the newspaper stated that it did not stop at all, but proceeded in ignorance of the accident, which explained the condition of the remains. The inability to find the body in the dream is in accordance with a common experience in dreams, when the expected fails to happen.

In the above account I have laid emphasis on the evidence which seems to me to be faulty; that which has a better claim is much more complicated, and will not admit of abstraction. Sir Oliver Lodge states that he is thoroughly convinced by it, but recognizes that much more work needs to be done to put the matter on a proper basis.

"It rather feels as if we were at the beginning of what is practically a fresh branch of science; and that to pretend to frame explanations, except in the most tentative and elastic fashion for the purpose of threading the facts together and suggesting fresh fields for experiments, is as premature as it would have been for Galvani to have expounded the nature of electricity, or Copernicus the laws of Comets and Meteors" (p. 239).

Whatever we may believe, common decency

and honesty alike oblige us to recognize that the Society for Psychical Research consists neither of fools nor knaves. The attitude of mind which attributes mental if not moral deficiency to all workers in these unpopular fields, no matter how eminent in other respects they may be, is nowise different from that which led to the persecution of the pioneers in the now orthodox sciences. T. D. A. COCKERELL.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The weakness and the power of Shelley. "A Power girl round with weakness" — these are the words Shelley used of himself in the "Adonais"; and it would be hard for any biographer to improve upon the brevity and truth of his own characterization. Most biographers, in fact, have either tried to hide the weakness — as if to acknowledge it were to belittle the Power, — or else have thrown the limelight upon the weakness until the Power almost lost itself in the shadows. It is twenty-four years since Dowden collected his great body of materials and wrote what will probably always remain the standard biography of Shelley; the form of the man there presented has not been changed materially by any documents or facts that have since been brought to light. That Shelley as a poet belongs among the world's great ones, few would now have the hardihood to deny; but considered as a man, the question is still open. Were certain of his contemporaries right who regarded him as a fiend incarnate, or are his modern admirers right who pronounce him unfit for this world only because he was fit for a better? Among the numerous attempts at appraisal of Shelley in his human aspect, perhaps none is saner and fairer, and certainly none more spirited and entertaining, than the book of nearly three hundred pages offered by Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, "Shelley the Man and the Poet" (Putnam). The author's attitude toward his subject seems to be not unlike that often felt toward those we love best, — their worst faults amuse rather than irritate us. Thus, speaking of Shelley's early opinions of religion, he says: "Having got his own idea of what the world ought to be almost as easily as a baby gets its appetite, he found that the Christian religion did not fall in with that idea and determined to destroy it with a light heart." Again, quoting from one of the innumerable manifestos of Shelley's youth, the author adds: "As we read these pompous and complacent sentences we must remember he was only nineteen; and it is well at that age to have the ambition to reform the world." Much of Shelley's most questionable writing and conduct came from the fact that he had no historical sense, and "never understood that all the institutions which he hated had been made by men of the same nature as those whom he wished to deliver from such institutions";

all his arguments were based on the assumption that "men would be all good if laws did not make them bad," and that "the conflict of life is entirely a struggle between the good that is within men and the evil that is outside them." Some men, therefore, were all bad, being willing slaves of the tyrant evil; others were all good, being heroic rebels or helpless victims. In his treatment of the "Harriet question," our author is uncommonly fair, saying truly, "Because he was a great poet and she a poor woman who came to a miserable end, there is no reason why her memory should be sacrificed to his." Shelley had many infirmities of heart and mind, and was never cured of them; to the end they appeared in his poetry, and troubled Mary as they had brought disaster to Harriet. But his character was essentially noble, his genius great. He always desired to love men and to be loved by them; but from lack of communion with them, he became the intimate friend of nature. Often, in his poetry, he seems to sing to an audience of mountains and winds and clouds, as if they would understand him better than the human beings who received his music with anger or laughter. The reader who would understand or enjoy Shelley's best poetry must not ask what is the use of it all; he must have faith in it as a prophecy of a nobler state of being, and as the expression of emotions and ideas to which men in that nobler state may some day attain. As a whole, Mr. Clutton-Brock has given us a delightful book; for even when we least agree with him we cannot help delighting in the easy but sure touch with which he re-tells the always fascinating story of Shelley's life, and interprets his singular character and his splendid genius.

A "footnote person" is the phrase *A collection of 'footnote studies.'* borrowed by Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and applied by him to Bronson Alcott in one of the brief essays contained in a volume of collected studies entitled "Carlyle's Laugh, and Other Surprises" (Houghton). We trust that it will seem no reflection upon their interest or value to characterize these studies by this same useful phrase. Slight and sketchy as they are, these papers are pleasantly indicative of personal and often intimate association with many a distinguished man and woman of letters. Their value lies in this, not in completeness of portraiture or depth of interpretative comment. The collection includes a score of articles previously published in periodical or book, on Cooper, Brockden Brown, Thoreau, Alcott, Bancroft, Norton, Stedman, Edward Everett Hale, Horace E. Scudder, Emily Dickinson, Julia Ward Howe, and several others. They are all pleasantly written — they are all in a sense "footnotes" to more adequate studies of their subjects. One may read with especial interest the paper on Emily Dickinson, whose story recalls our debt to Mr. Higginson for his introduction to the world of this strangely gifted woman. One is glad also to possess even this brief sketch of that modest and

tireless literary worker, Horace Scudder; it is a tribute well deserved, and might have been expanded with advantage. The best of the essays, however, is that which opens the volume. Has "Carlyle's laugh," by the way, been described in literature, since Teufelsdröckh's hearty cachinnation was echoed in the "Sartor Resartus"? "It was a broad, honest, human laugh," says Mr. Higginson, "which, beginning in the brain, took into its action the whole heart and diaphragm, and instantly changed the worn face into something frank and even winning, giving to it an expression that would have won the confidence of any child." Speaking truthfully, this echo of the Sartorian laughter is the pleasant "surprise" in the volume; indeed, we do not recollect that we discovered any other contribution that quite justified the promise in the latter part of the title.

*Recent books
about music.*

Books upon the opera multiply in proportion to the awakening activities of the operatic world. Miss Esther Singleton's "Guide to Modern Opera" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is a companion volume to her earlier book of similar design, and describes works of the most modern school. A few of the old works, such as "Otello," "Mefistofele," and "Parsifal," are included only because they did not find a place in the earlier volume. But such moderns as Debussy, Strauss, Charpentier, Humperdinck, and Blockx, get most of the pages. Twenty-six operas are described altogether, and there are a dozen illustrations of famous singers, in character. Miss Singleton tells the stories, but attempts little or nothing of musical analysis and criticism.—Miss Gladys Davidson gives us a similar book, with an added dash of biography, in the third series of her "Stories from the Operas" (Lippincott), published in the "Music Lover's Library." She describes works to the number of an even dozen, and the illustrations are portraits of composers.—Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's "Book of Operas" (Macmillan) is a far more serious performance than these others. It goes extensively into musical history, besides providing competent analysis with illustrations in musical notation. There are also many other illustrations of varied and often of curious interest, such as a portrait of da Ponte, the Americanized Italian who wrote Mozart's most famous librettos, of a number of scenes historically interesting, of composers, singers, and stage-pictures. Mr. Krehbiel deals with a total of seventeen works, chosen because their importance may claim such thorough treatment as he aims to give. They include the three great operas of Mozart, the five of Wagner (excluding the "Ring"), Verdi's "Traviata" and "Aida," and such single examples as "Fidelio," "Il Barbiere" and "Der Freischütz," and "Hansel und Gretel." The other three to complete the tale are the group dealing with the Faust story, the works of Gounod, Boito, and Berlioz. This is a very interesting and valuable book, which we commend to the attention of all opera-goers.—While on the subject of music, we may as well make note of Elise Polko's "Musical

Sketches" (Sturgis & Walton), an old-time favorite with the sentimental, now translated from the fifteenth German edition. It is still not a bad book for the young.—"Stokes' Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians" has been a useful reference-book for some time, and is now reissued in a revised and enlarged edition, prepared by Mr. L. J. de Bekkers. It is a volume of seven hundred and fifty two-columned pages.

*Some ounces
of prevention.*

One of the hopeful signs in the warfare against disease, which is being so vigorously waged in recent years, is the growing number of books dealing with medical subjects written by competent authorities and designed primarily for the general public. Dr. Woods Hutchinson's "Preventable Diseases" (Houghton) is not only authoritative and comprehensive, but it is sane and sensible, and likewise most entertaining reading. It treats of hygienic and sanitary matters of prime importance and profound interest to every individual, family, and community; and the advice so freely given, if sensibly followed, will do much to check the outbreak and spread of preventable diseases and to reduce the suffering and misery that follow in their wake. The book is written in a free and breezy style. The author's opinions are expressed with clearness and vigor, and popular fads and fallacies are exposed in plain language. He is a wholesome and rational optimist, and every page of his book breathes hope and inspires courage to the individual or community in the fight against disease. The treatment of heredity and disease is eminently sensible, and will be a godsend to many distressed souls. The discussion of "Tuberculosis, a scotched snake," is also well fitted to bring hope where fear reigns. Conservatives will doubtless find fault at times with the author's picturesque statements and free discussion of professional data, but all must admire his breadth of view and humane purpose. Among the topics treated are the natural powers of recuperation of the body, so often underestimated; the signs of disease, typhoid fever, adenoids, colds, cancer, nerves, appendicitis, malaria, rheumatism, diphtheria, and mental influence in disease. The book is a desirable addition to the library of both home and school.

*Botany
up to date.*

Mr. G. E. Scott Elliott, author of a handsome volume entitled "Botany of To-Day" (Lippincott), reveals himself as an Englishman and a traveller. His interest in botany is probably incidental to his journeying about the world; but he would fain have others share his enthusiasm, and so he writes a book,—having in view the worthy end, as he expresses it, "to tempt some readers to examine plants for themselves." If readers are not thus tempted it will not be because Mr. Elliott has not brought before them a vast amount of material, botanical and other. His industry and zeal are beyond question: the whole field of attainment and research shall be his, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth from the wall.

Unfortunately, his zeal is not always according to knowledge. Not being a botanist himself, his discrimination is often at fault; and notwithstanding hosts of high authorities cited, he sometimes falls into error,—as when he tells us that leaves of the Victoria pond-lily are sixty feet across, or when he groups our pretty flowering *Vallisneria* among the *algæ*. Mr. Elliott seems also deficient in what is called literary style. The chapters have no special sequence or arrangement, and are broken into a multitude of paragraphs where sentence is disjoined from sentence for no obvious reason, but with an effect upon the reader which is, to say the least, disheartening; he experiences a succession of mental jolts, as if compelled to traverse a corduroy road, instead of following the smooth *chaussée* prepared for him by a more skilful writer. The sentences themselves are scarcely models of correct construction; the verbs have a fashion of being attracted into the number of the noun nearest, rather than yielding to the milder solicitations of the remoter sentence-subject. A single instance may suffice to illustrate many things: "Near lake Nyanza I rose a grasshopper-like creature which alighted on a withered grass haulm and was at once invisible. Its mode of resting aped exactly the hang of withered spikelets, and the color of such part of its wings and legs as were exposed were precisely that of the withered vegetation." Two chapters—one on Conifers and one on Arable Land—are perhaps the most useful in the book, being compends of the agriculture of the British Isles. The bibliography which closes the volume will be serviceable to students; and there are many beautiful half-tone illustrations, some of which refer to matters discussed in the text.

*For the culture
of the race.*

Eugenics, the new science of "breeding better men," is developing at a rapid rate. It was only a few years ago that Sir Francis Galton began his active campaign for the promotion of eugenic research and the dissemination of eugenic ideas. Now strong and flourishing organizations making these matters their specific business exist in England, Germany, and the United States. While the stream of periodical literature on the subject is steadily increasing in volume, books dealing directly with it have as yet been few. Dr. C. W. Saleeby's "Parenthood and Race Culture" (Moffat, Yard, & Co.) is the first attempt to give a comprehensive view of the general problems of eugenics, and the direction which examination of them seems likely to take. Dr. Saleeby is a man of strong, if not always profoundly reasoned, opinions, and his presentation of the case is forceful and interesting. He lays great stress on the importance of reducing the infant mortality rate. In general he appears to regard a low birth-rate as in no way inherently an alarming or even a serious matter, provided the rate of infant mortality is concurrently reduced. Many could be found who would not agree with these ideas, but that is not necessarily against them. In so relatively new and important a field of thought a full and frank presentation of all points of

view and shades of opinion is much to be desired. The care with which the proof-reading of this volume was done is indicated by the following curious version of a well-known quotation which stands at the head of a chapter: "L'homme n'est gu'un yoseau, le plus faible de la Nature; mais c'est an yoseau pensant."

*A champion of
human freedom.*

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne," may not be exactly the refrain of "Men the Workers" (Doubleday, Page, & Co.), a collection of speeches and papers from the tongue and pen of the late Henry Demarest Lloyd; but the poet's words are repeatedly brought to mind as one reads Mr. Lloyd's vigorous protests, iterated and reiterated, against the greed and injustice of plutocracy, and his eloquent plea for justice to the working man and a recognition of his rights as a human being. The speeches now gathered into a book were delivered at various times between 1889 and 1903, the latter year being that of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, before which Mr. Lloyd spoke so effectively. His homely and telling way of putting things is often illustrated in the pages of this volume,—as when, referring to "government by injunction," he speaks of "punishment at the mercy of a judge's sour temper or sour stomach"; and again, "There is another end to this poker." Idioms of this sort must have proved effective with audiences of working people. Probably, too, he touched a responsive chord when he styled Mr. John Mitchell "first in strikes, first in arbitration, and first in the hearts of the workingmen." In a speech delivered on the fourth of July, 1889, are the words: "Eighteen hundred and eighty-nine declares that . . . property, like government, has no just powers but those which it derives from the consent of the people." Have the twenty-one intervening years brought any convincing proofs that this truth is gaining general recognition? The volume contains many striking passages testifying to Mr. Lloyd's quick reading of the signs of the times, and his unselfish ardor for human rights and justice.

*A study of ants
as communists.*

It is now more than thirty years since the author of "Tenants of an Old Farm" published his first observations on American ants. During these years, Dr. McCook has been a close student of the life and ways of these little creatures whose social organization reaches a higher grade of differentiation than can be found in any other group of animals short of the human species. In his book on "Ant Communities and how they are Governed, a Study in Natural Civics" (Harper), the author sums up his own observations and those of others upon ants, considering mainly those phases of their life that pertain to their behavior as social animals. From this arises a second feature of the volume, namely, the suggestions of parallels and differences between the communal actions of ants and those of men considered in their relation to the highest welfare of the race. To ants, as well as to men, the commune is a school which has

been a great diversifying factor in their social evolution. In the ant community the devotion to the common weal is instant and absolute, even to the loss of life or limb; but the queen has no sceptre, there is no ruling class, and every ant is a law unto itself. If socialism as a form of human government would be equally successful, it must attain that perfect individual discipline, self-control, and self-devotion to the good of the whole community, that one sees in a commonwealth of ants. The book is interesting as natural history, and will be suggestive to all concerned with the foundations of social organization.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Most expert observers have not ceased to regard the George Junior Republic as a social experiment, with too short a history and too narrow a range for final conclusions. None the less the story of its development by a man who discovered his pedagogical principles as occasion arose, generally after failures, is full of interest. The fundamental idea of Mr. George's "The Junior Republic" (Appleton) is that training for responsible citizenship must begin in an actual community where the laws and institutions express the convictions of the people. Scepticism is apt to arise in relation to a scheme which seems to ignore the transitional character of immature persons, and to require them, perhaps only in appearance, to assume the tasks of adults. The anecdotes and pictures from real life are genuine revelations of the souls of young people.

To interpret the facts and activities of the present day from a socially constructive standpoint, having in view chiefly the common welfare, is the aim of Dr. Devine's little volume on "Social Forces" (Charities Publication Committee) a collection of editorials which have appeared from time to time since 1907 in "The Survey." The essays are simply written, and deal with a wide range of American problems. The "new view" advocated by Dr. Devine implies neither an unthinking enthusiasm for the poor and oppressed on the one hand, nor a remote cold scrutiny of human problems on the other, but an inspiring and earnest eagerness to set things in their right relations, to work slowly but steadily for a "social order in which ancient wrongs shall be righted, new corruptions foreseen and prevented, the nearest approach to equality of opportunity assured, and the individual rediscovered under conditions vastly more favorable for his greatest usefulness to his fellows and for the highest development of all his powers."

The bibliographer can do no more useful work than that of directing the reading of children into the right channels. An important adjunct to such work will be found in the "Children's Catalog" which has been compiled by Miss Marion E. Potter and others, and is published by the H. W. Wilson Co. The first part of this work is an author, title, and subject catalogue of three thousand books, based upon a selection of the lists approved by twenty-four libraries. The second and larger part provides an index to the later volumes of "St. Nicholas" and analytical subject references to five hundred of the books for children previously catalogued. The work should prove of great usefulness. We have at the same time two books from the Baker & Taylor Co., being "A Child's Guide to Reading," by Mr. John Macy, and "A Child's Guide to Biography," by Mr. Burton E.

Stevenson. The first of these volumes consists of chapters upon the various species of reading, with annotated lists of books. The second is just a book of brief biographies of American men of action, from Columbus to Cleveland.

"The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" are published in a two-volume "Topical" edition by the Messrs. Scribner. The volumes are very bulky, but they have an adequate excuse for being in the great wealth and variety of the illustrative material which they bring together. To begin with, they reproduce all the illustrations of the original edition, including the green cover of that famous first number. Then they contain more than two hundred other pictures and facsimiles calculated to bring joy to the heart of every true Pickwickian. Mr. C. van Noorden has been the collector of all this material. The volumes are too big to read comfortably, but there are other ways of enjoying books besides reading them.

NOTES.

"Yet Again" is the characteristic title of a new collection of Max Beerbohm's genial and whimsical essays, to be published immediately by John Lane Co.

General Morris Schaff's remarkably vivid and interesting account of "The Battle of the Wilderness," which is now appearing in the "Atlantic Monthly," will be published in book-form later in the year.

Mr. J. S. Snaith, the author of "Araminta," "William Jordan, Junior," etc., has completed his new novel, "Fortune." It is quite a new departure, being a martial romance of the Middle Ages in Spain.

A new novel by the author of "The Post Girl" (Mr. Edward C. Booth) is a welcome announcement. "The Doctor's Lass" is its title; and the scenes will be laid in Yorkshire — as in Mr. Booth's first novel.

The two parts of "The Historie of Henrie the Fourth," edited by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, form two volumes of the "Old-Spelling Shakespeare," as published in the "Shakespeare Library" by Messrs. Duffield & Co.

A new and more popular edition of Herbert Spencer's complete works, in attractive form at a moderate price, announced by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., is an interesting indication of the increasing vogue of our great modern English philosopher.

One of the more important serious books of the coming season will be the "History of the Confederate War," by Mr. George Cary Eggleston, which the Sturgis & Walton Company promise for Spring publication. The work will be in two volumes.

The "Diary of James K. Polk," expected last Fall, is announced for early Spring publication by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. It will be issued in three large octavo volumes of 400 pages each, with two frontispiece reproductions of hitherto unpublished portraits.

A uniform edition of the writings of "Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp) is now in course of preparation by Messrs. Duffield & Co. "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lovers" make up the first volume of this series, and are supplied with editorial comment by the widow of the author.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons import for the American market Volume II. of Mr. Lewis F. Day's "Nature and Ornament," the third edition of the same author's work upon "Windows" (stained and painted

glass), and "The Collector's Handbook to Ceramics of the Renaissance and Modern Periods," by Mr. William Chaffers, being a selection from his larger work entitled "The Ceramic Gallery."

Messrs. Duffield & Company have made arrangements to publish in this country henceforth all the novels by the English novelist, Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, author of "The Blue Lagoon." "The Crimson Azaleas," the latest offering of this writer, will be followed by another novel in the Autumn.

An important volume on "China and the Far East" is announced for early publication by Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. It is not the product of one man's pen, but is the result of a series of lectures before Clark University, by the most prominent officials and scholars who have lived in the East, or made special study of the subject. The volume is edited by Professor George H. Blakeslee.

When "The Bride of the Mistletoe," the first book from Mr. James Lane Allen in six years, appeared last year, another work by him was promised for the near future. This promise is now fulfilled by the announcement for spring publication of "A Brood of the Eagle." As in the others of Mr. Allen's stories, the scene is rural Kentucky; and the work is expected to be, in a way, a sequel to the book first named.

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the kingdom of Italy, Leo S. Olschki, the Florentine publisher and bookseller, will issue a monumental edition of the "Divina Commedia," which it is aimed to make worthy, in scholarship and beauty, of the anniversary it memorializes. A new life of the poet by Gabriele D'Annunzio will precede the text. Count Passerini, editor of Olschki's "Giornale Dantesco," will supply a comprehensive commentary, which is to be printed on each page, parallel with the text; and the editorial revision of the text itself promises to be thorough. The book will be printed on hand-made paper, especially manufactured by Miliani of Fabriano, with Dante's head in the water mark. It will be a royal folio, of about six hundred pages, with broad margins. The leather binding, with bronze hinges, etc., is described as of the finest Italian craftsmanship. The edition is limited to three hundred copies. The work will be ready for delivery next autumn. Messrs. Lemcke & Buechner are the American agents.

The following new volumes have been added to the series of "Crowell's Shorter French Texts: "Quatre Contes des Mille et Une Nuits," edited by Mr. R. de Blanchaud; "Contes du Petit Château," by Jean Macé, edited by Mr. J. E. Mansion; "Le Château de la Vie," by E. Laboulaye, edited by Mr. R. T. Currell; Hugo's "Le Bataille de Waterloo" (from "Les Misérables"), edited by Mr. R. P. Jago; "Anecdotes sur Napoléon," by Marco de Saint-Hilaire, edited by Mr. A. Auzas; Scribe's "Mon Etoile," edited by Mr. Neil S. Snodgrass; "Deux Comédies Enfantines," by M. Reichenbach, edited by Mr. J. E. Mansion; "La Belle au Bois Dormant," dramatized by Emma Fisher, and edited by Mr. F. G. Harriman; "Croisilles," by Alfred de Musset, edited by Mr. S. Tyndall; "Les Petites Ignorances de la Conversation," by Charles Rozan, edited by Mr. R. de Blanchaud; and "La Farce de Paquin Fils," by L. Lailavoix. Each of these little books has an introduction, notes, exercises, and a vocabulary. They provide the teacher with reading-matter which is mostly unhackneyed, at a small price.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 78 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- Life and Art of Richard Mansfield**, with selections from his Letters. By William Winter. In two volumes, illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$6. net.
- Fifty Years in Camp and Field**. By Ethan Allen Hitchcock; edited by W. A. Croft. With frontispiece in photogravure, large 8vo, 514 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4. net.
- Charles Dickens and his Friends**. By W. Teignmouth Shore. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 323 pages. Cassell & Co. \$1.75 net.
- The Rise of Louis Napoleon**. By F. A. Simpson. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 384 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.
- Pascal**. By Viscount St. Cyres. With portrait in photogravure, 8vo, 441 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.
- Matilda of Tuscany: La Gran Donna d'Italia**. By Nora Duff. Illustrated, large 8vo, 322 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.
- Commodore John Rogers: Captain, Commodore, and Senior Officer of the American Navy, 1773-1838**. By Charles Oscar Paulin. Illustrated, large 8vo, 494 pages. Arthur H. Clark Co. \$4. net.
- Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia**. By Mary Anne Everett Green; revised by S. C. Lomas, with preface by A. W. Ward. New edition; 8vo, 468 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.
- The Lives of the British Architects**, from William of Wykeham to Sir William Chambers. By E. Beresford Chancellor. Illustrated, 12mo, 337 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2. net.
- The Divine Minstrels: A Narrative of the Life of Saint Francis of Assisi**. By Augusta Bailly; translated by Ernest Barnes. With frontispiece, 12mo, 269 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

HISTORY.

- The Biographical Story of the Constitution: A Study of the Growth of the American Union**. By Edward Elliott. 8vo, 400 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2. net.
- Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire**. By Ludwig Friedländer; translated from the seventh German edition by J. H. Freese. Vol. III., with index to the whole work. 12mo, 324 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Social England in the Fifteenth Century: A Study of the Effects of Economic Conditions**. By A. Abram. 12mo, 243 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Essays on Modern Novelists**. By William Lyon Phelps. 12mo, 288 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- George Meredith: Introduction to his Novels**. By James Moffatt. 12mo, 408 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.
- A Group of English Essayists of the Early Nineteenth Century**. By C. T. Winchester. 12mo, 250 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Powder-Puff: A Ladies' Breviary**. By Franz Blei. 16mo, 212 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmorland**. Edited by Lady Rose Weigall. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 487 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5. net.
- The Cambridge History of English Literature**. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. IV., Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton. Large 8vo, 658 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.
- Dionysius of Halicarnassus on Literary Composition: The Greek Text of the De Compositione Verborum**. Edited with introduction, translation, and notes, by W. Rhys Roberts. Large 8vo, 358 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3. net.
- Woman's Work in English Fiction, from the Restoration to the Mid-Victorian Period**. By Clara H. Whitmore. 12mo, 309 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.
- Our Debt to Antiquity**. By Professor Zieliński; translated, with introduction and notes, by H. A. Strong and Hugh Stewart. 16mo. 240 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cts. net.
- Tennyson: The Leslie Stephen Lecture delivered in the State House, Cambridge, November 11, 1909**. By William Paton Ker. 16mo, 80 pages. Cambridge University Press.
- Tennyson**. By Henry Jones. 8vo, 15 pages. Oxford University Press. Paper.
- Essays**. By Mary Gully Cole. With frontispiece, 12mo, 213 pages. Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. By Charles Dickens. Collected and annotated by C. Van Noorden. Topical edition, in 2 volumes; with the original illustrations, 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7. net.

Works of Fiona Macleod (William Sharp). New uniform edition, edited by Mrs. William Sharp. First volume: *Pharais, and The Mountain Lovers*. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 400 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.50 net.

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From the Cup of Silence, and Other Poems. By Helen Huntington. 16mo, 71 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1. net.

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The Master-Singers of Japan: Verse Translations from the Japanese Poets. By Clara A. Walsh. 16mo, 120 pages. "Wisdom of the East Series." E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts. net.

Along the Way with Pen and Pencil. By Carrie Munson Hoople. Illustrated, 12mo, 313 pages. New York: Grafton Press.

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Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings, John A. Selbie, and others. Vol. II., Arthur to Bunyan. 4to, 901 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7. net.

Dictionary of Foreign and American Literature. By Arnold Villiers. 18mo, 115 pages. "Miniature Reference Library." E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts. net.

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When Mother Lets Us Sew. By Virginia Ralston. Illustrated, 8vo, 88 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. 75 cts. net.

Chats with Color-Kin. By W. L. Hubbard. Illustrated, 8vo, 74 pages. Privately printed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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The Spanish Stage in the Time of Lope de Vega. By Hugo Albert Rennert. Large 8vo, 635 pages. New York: Hispanic Society of America.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LITERARY CENSORSHIP	135
BEING A CRITIC. Charles Leonard Moore	137
CASUAL COMMENT	139
A publisher with an enviable record.—William Everett, teacher, preacher, author, lecturer, and publicist.—Poe's prospects of a place in the Hall of Fame.—The books that are always out.—A plea for true biography.—The solitariness of Maurice Maeterlinck.—The slow but sure progress of the Oxford Dictionary.—The metrical instinct.—The finality of first impressions.—The best-housed amateur journal in the world.—The shifting sands of orthoëpy.—A library for printers.	
COMMUNICATIONS	142
The "Best Seller" and the Genteel Atmosphere. Prudence Pratt McConn.	
A Reproduction of the Caedmon MS. J. W. Cunliffe.	
A Question of Typography. Roy Temple House.	
A Library List of the Best Novels. Mrs. R. L. Webb.	
FIFTEEN YEARS OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE. Percy F. Bicknell	144
A NEW NARRATIVE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Annie Heloise Abel	146
A GIFTED DEGENERATE. Richard Burton	147
THE RETURN OF THE BOURBONS. Roy Temple House	148
NEW APPARATUS FOR BIBLE STUDENTS. Ira Maurice Price	149
Hastings's Dictionary of the Bible.—Jacobus's Standard Bible Dictionary.—Ewing's Temple Dictionary of the Bible.	
STORIES ABOUT BIG GAME IN AFRICA. H. E. Coblenz	151
Bronson's In Closed Territory.—Madeira's Hunting in British East Africa.—Patterson's In the Grip of the Nyika.—House's A Hunter's Camp-fires.	
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	152
A new survey of 19th-century literature.—The Sappho of Holland.—Slavery and secession in Virginia.—Autobiography of a Chinese-American.—Nearness to the ideal Greek spirit.—A scrap-book of Dickensiana.—A college president's pilgrimage.	
NOTES	155
TOPICS IN MARCH PERIODICALS	156
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	156

LITERARY CENSORSHIP.

How far is it legitimate for authority to go in regulating the liberties of the public with respect to their habits, their diversions, and the indulgence of their individual tastes in general? Between the extremes of fanatical intolerance and unbridled license there are many intermediate degrees; at what point in the series may we find the golden mean which shall protect the unwary from actual peril, and which yet shall curb no innocent inclination? The question is far-reaching, and instances in point are abundantly supplied to the student either of history or of present social conditions. Authority always tends to abuse its power, and eternal vigilance is the price of many kinds of liberty that lie wholly without the political sphere. The aims of the fanatic or the doctrinaire are no less repugnant to sanity than are the easy-going ideals of the philosophy of *laissez faire* as applied to the vicious propensities of mankind. But in all doubtful cases, we think that the burden of proof lies upon the shoulders of those who advocate restriction; for individual freedom of thought and action is far too precious a thing, and has been achieved by civilization at far too heavy a cost, to be subjected to the risk of unnecessary impairment. There are no more pestiferous people on earth than those who, clothed in a little brief authority, seek to misuse it by forcing its unfortunate subjects to conform to their own narrow ideas of conduct.

The long chapter of folly and failure which records the history of restrictive and sumptuary and prohibitive law-making is highly instructive in its teaching, and its lessons have to be learned anew through bitter experience by every new generation. In matters of purely intellectual concern, it gives us warning examples in the form of trials for heresy, actions against sedition, and all kinds of restraints upon the press, the pulpit, and the platform. The very idea of censorship has become suspect, so uniformly has the practice been associated with the suppression of ideas that had far better been left free to find vent. And yet, if the question is pressed home, there is probably no individual so confirmed as to deny the social necessity of setting some limits to freedom of expression. Society cannot, considering its own safety, per-

mit open incitement to what is universally recognized as crime, or open encouragement to what all but the hopelessly perverted will admit to be dangerous immorality. These considerations, however, would have to be stretched out of all shape to justify so ridiculous an institution as the long-established licensing of plays in England, or the more recent effort on the part of the great English libraries to inaugurate a system of censorship over current literature.

The censorship of the English stage is not likely to last much longer in anything like its old form, for it has been so riddled by the protests of practically the entire guild of dramatic authorship that it is obviously crumbling into a ruin. A system that makes it impossible to produce "The Cenci" on an English stage, that creates difficulties in the case of Ibsen, and that has nothing to say about the license of the music halls, the imbecilities of musical comedy, or the viciousness of works that make a jest of everything that is fundamental to morality, — such a system can hardly expect to find serious defenders. If it be not swept away altogether, the substitute devised for it will not continue to put a premium upon the most degrading tendencies of the modern stage, while prohibiting the earnest discussion of vital questions. No regulation at all would be far better than the old legalized hypocrisy, and the police could take care of really flagrant offences against decency.

An attempted censorship of books just now shares the attention of the English public with the long-debated question of the licensing of plays. It is an effort on the part of the great circulating libraries to save their customers from contamination by books deemed unsuitable for general reading. This private and self-appointed censorship has aroused no little indignation, not only among publishers, who think themselves quite as competent censors as anybody else, but among intelligent readers as well, who naturally resent such misguided paternalism. It is a rather serious matter; for the sales of a publisher in England depend largely upon the attitude of the libraries, which purchase new books by the hundreds and thousands of copies. In the case of many a book, the library orders are necessary to make its publication profitable, since the sales to private buyers alone would not suffice to cover the cost of production. The libraries have sought to establish a *modus vivendi* by requesting that books be submitted to their august consideration in advance of publication, and on this will be based the approval

or rejection of them for library circulation. But this scheme seems rather hard on the publishers, who will have incurred a considerable part of the expense of bringing out a book before the verdict of the libraries is made known. If books are to be censored at all in this fashion, it should obviously be done in manuscript, while there is time for a publisher to withdraw from what may be a disastrous enterprise. Besides, such a method savors altogether too much of the "leave to print" which is associated with the most obnoxious form of ecclesiastical tyranny.

The system seems, however, to be already in limited operation, and two novels have recently been placed upon this new Index Librorum Prohibitorum. The London "Nation" thus comments upon the incident:

"The library censorship has already fallen into the trap which, in the present condition of English letters, awaits all censorship, literary or theatrical. It has assumed as its standard a certain type of marketable article, and has decided that it will not countenance any deviations from that standard. Two books have been refused circulation; whether by way of the major or the minor excommunication, by a refusal to sell them, or to recommend them for sale unless they happen to be specially asked for, we do not know. Neither, so far as we can discover, contains a gross word or an alluring description."

Contrasting this work with work that has no difficulty in escaping censure, the writer goes on to say:

"If it is to be compared with the kind of fiction which the old commercial freedom and the new commercial censorship (and they are mere varieties of the same spirit) usually encourages, the contrast is in the main between work which is moral in intention and in effect, and work which has no kind of moral aim or result, between meretricious, venal, and absurdly un-Christian writing, and the effort to represent things as they are, or to discover regenerative forces wherever they may exist."

The conclusion of the discussion is tersely put:

"The libraries, indeed, are following the path set them by Mr. Redford. It will lead to disaster."

Fortunately, no question of this sort can arise in our own country. We are a people of private book-buyers who, for better or worse, will purchase the books that we wish to read. No private library trust seeks to regulate our tastes and determine what is good for us. On the other hand, our public libraries, being distinctly educational agencies supported by public taxation, have a responsibility which they are bound to accept. Instead of giving the public the reading it wants, their plain duty is to encourage the better kind of reading. But this duty is performed, be it observed, not by putting particular books under the ban, but by selecting from the

many that clamor for purchase the comparatively few that the resources of a given library permit to be purchased. Here is no conspiracy in restraint of the trade in imaginings, but an exercise of discriminative judgment on the part of each library, acting singly and for its own purposes. In taking this course, any library may blunder now and then — and grotesque examples of such blundering frequently come to light — but no book that is worth while is likely by such sporadic action to be kept out of the public reach or have its fortunes seriously impaired. Between this system and the English library censorship there is all the difference that exists between organized effort and free individual initiative.

BEING A CRITIC.

Being a critic is not all beer and skittles. The popular opinion of him is of one who has not learned any science or succeeded in any art, and is therefore empowered to sit in judgment on those who have. "Can you sing?" asked the *Maestro* of the aspiring pupil. "No!" "Can you play?" "No!" "Then I don't see anything for you but to teach music."

As a matter of fact, nine out of ten of the good literary critics have been great creative artists or philosophers. A critic can hardly have too wide a range of knowledge. The literatures, philosophies, sciences, and arts of the world must be measurably well known to him. And he must have experience of nature and humanity, so that he can check his texts. Of course it is not to be expected that he shall know all these matters as well as the separate practitioners of them know each one, — nor is it necessary. To compare, to contrast, to bring together widely separated works and ideas, to trace the analogies between things, to arrive at underlying principles, — these are the offices of the critic. The specializing is almost the opposite of the critical mind. The mere analysis or appreciation of single works, unless backed up by such broad knowledge, or dictated by some rare instinctive taste, is apt to be hurtful rather than helpful. And minute knowledge in one direction alone does not help much. It is doubtless a solace and a joy to know Anglo-Saxon, but it is something better to be able to detect in Caedmon the beginning of that high and haughty English strain, that Titanism, which comes out in Marlowe, Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron, — all of whom were, in Cardinal Newman's phrase, "great and rebellious sons of God."

But there is a special training which a critic ought to have, even though he is an inspired appreciator. It consists of a study of the basic elements of literature which the great critics of the past have dug up, and of the casual utterances or well considered opinions on their art which great writers

have thrown out. To go without these would be like a player trying to dispense with the traditions of the stage; like a man trying to be a great lawyer with only the knowledge of the Statute-book of his own State. And the mass of this opinion is to-day so great that to know it is a business in itself. It is not to be supposed that anyone can keep it all in his head at once. The real critic will have tried to read most of it, but he will keep the best and let the rest go. It is probable that he will be able to stand an examination on the *κρίσις* of Aristotle, or Lessing's demarcation of poetry and painting, or Schiller's definition of art as the play instinct and his distinction between the Beautiful and the Characteristic, or Coleridge's explanation of Imagination and Fancy, or De Quincey's differentiation of the Literature of Power and the Literature of Knowledge, or Arnold's phrases about the Grand Style and Natural Magic. But just what the Daciers said in the fight between the supporters of Ancient and Modern Literature, or what John Dennis thought of Dryden or the German criticism of Bodmer and Gottsched, may well escape him. Yet all this mass of past criticism and opinion is like the leaves which have fallen, the trees which have rotted, the rocks which have disintegrated; and, once taken into the mind, it forms a humus or soil in which new crops can be grown.

There are two large works in English which together sum up the whole course or growth of literary opinion. They are Bosanquet's *History of Aesthetics* and Mr. Saintsbury's *History of Criticism*. The difference between these two books, apparently parallel, is amazing. Bosanquet tunnels underground; he dives into the caverns of metaphysic and psychology, — he spares no labor. Mr. Saintsbury skims along the surface, skips from flower to flower, and declines to meddle with anything that looks ugly or forbidding. Bosanquet's book is one of the most difficult in the language; it is harder than his originals, because, of course, he has to condense whole theories and treatises into a few paragraphs or pages. Mr. Saintsbury's book is written in a lively and exhilarating style, and is itself literature. But Bosanquet goes to the root of the matter, and reports in a colorless and unprejudiced way all the deepest divinations of the ages. Mr. Saintsbury is, in spite of his vast erudition, shallow in treatment, and from first to last is the victim of a preconceived theory of his own. Reading Mr. Saintsbury is like indulging in a long course of sugar-plums which is pretty sure to disorder the stomach; reading Bosanquet is like taking repeated doses of senna and quassia to set it right again. Mr. Sidney Colvin's little treatise on the *Fine Arts* is perhaps a mean between these two works, and will give anyone a fair idea of the questions which criticism propounds and tries to answer.

But there are certain texts of criticism which the modern critic must know for himself. One of these is Aristotle's "Poetics." It is probably a fragment, as it does not cover the whole range of Greek liter-

ature. Excepting some scattered and generally slighting remarks on poetry in Plato, and the lively and just appreciations of tragic poetry in "The Frogs" of Aristophanes, it is the earliest extant document of criticism. And it is the best. It is, indeed, the corner-stone of all sound criticism. Nowhere else is there so much pregnancy and profundity; such keen analysis of literature and its relation to life. The greater part of Aristotle's judgments are as valid to-day as when they were written. A second great foundation of criticism is Lessing's "Laocöon." Taken as a survey of literature, it is even more fragmentary than the "Poetics," for it deals mainly with one point — the differentiation of the matter and powers of poetry and painting. But the white light of truth which it sheds on this subject pierces to the farthest cranny of literature.

Longinus is the ancient type of the inspired appreciator — the man of taste rather than of analysis. The greatest critic of this kind in modern times is probably Goethe. The discursive remarks on literature and art scattered through his autobiography, his essays, letters, conversations with Eckermann, form as large a body of good criticism as exists anywhere. But the difference between his way of criticising and Lessing's is immense. The latter pierced to one central truth, good for all time; developed it, and made it immovable. Goethe shifts his point of view around and around: now he sees the shield gold, now silver; now he is Gothic, now Greek. Pretty much all his work in criticism may be, and in fact has been, done over. Take for example his criticism on Hamlet, in "Wilhelm Meister." Fine as this is, it has been pretty well riddled by recent analysis.

Schiller is of the school of Aristotle and Lessing and Kant. His "Æsthetic Letters" are a mine of rich discoveries in criticism. The Schlegels are perhaps more remarkable for the pupils they taught and inspired than for their own work, good as this is. Heine is the King's jester of criticism — Lear's Fool — who says the wisest things under the guise of mocking folly. Nearly all the great German philosophers — Kant, Schelling, Hegel — have discussed the æsthetic problems. Schopenhauer is as great in criticism as in philosophy. He has such skill in words that he can make our dissolution into nothingness seem a delight, and he paints the martyrdom of genius so attractively that one would not wish to be spared a single nail of the cross. The vast mass of Richard Wagner's prose works contains much penetrating and true criticism. He was a great man of letters, a great dramatic poet, by the grace of God, — a musician, I should say, by the determination of Richard Wagner.

England must take off its hat to Germany in criticism, as Germany must go down on its knees to England in creation. For foundation criticism, the establishment of first principles, there is no equality between them; and in the gathering of seed-bearing vitalities of thought, England has hardly been more than a gleaner in the field where Ger-

many has reaped a full harvest. Even so, there are important discoveries and distinctions in Coleridge, DeQuincey, and Arnold. But in appreciation, the comparison of writer with writer, of epoch with epoch, England is rich enough. In the works of Hazlitt, for instance, while there is, I suppose, hardly a sentence which goes to the bottom, hardly a truth which really teaches, what zest, what gusto, what picture, what reflection and reverberation of his subjects, what inspiration to a love for literature! He is, in fact, the typical English-writing critic, — for our masters in this trade have mainly desired to bring to our lips the rich full-bodied wine of literature, rather than to offer to our hands a vial of biting acid with which we might analyze masterpieces and see what they are made of. Yet Coleridge's prism decomposes, and Arnold's phrases disintegrate; and they are the greatest of English-writing critics.

American criticism has followed, in the main, the English human rather than the German abstract method. It has great names in Emerson, Lowell, Stedman. Each of these has been, in his own way, a sort of camera obscura reproducing in miniature the varied hues and forms of the literatures of the world. Poe flocked by himself, and was analytic. I think he was nearly always wrong in his principles and nearly always right in his practice of criticism. Lanier, who acquired some reputation as a critic, is wrong in both respects. The man who could prostrate himself before George Eliot like a South Sea Islander before his fetish, and could recommend that Sterne and Fielding be thrown into the sewer, has no critical authority which anyone is bound to respect.

"France, famed in all great arts, in none supreme," is not even supreme in criticism, in which it has made so great an effort. Of its criticism of the past, the schools of Boileau and Voltaire, no one would have much to say now. It has wit and it has good sense, and it is utterly uninspired. The best of this kind is Molière's manly good sense in "Les Précieuses Ridicules," "Le Misanthrope," and "Les Femmes Savantes." But France's recent criticism has a great name. Sainte-Beuve is acclaimed a prince in the profession. Lowell, I imagine, was thinking of him when in one of his last papers he coined the phrase "detective criticism." I should prefer to call it the criticism of gossip. It is biographical in intent; and as there are a hundred people who want to know about a poet's love affairs, or how much money he had in his purse, to one who cares anything for his verses, this sort of criticism has been popular. Sainte-Beuve has of course delicacy, finesse, justness of mind. But he deals by preference with second-rate or third-rate or tenth-rate geniuses. A really great writer frightens him as much as Snug thought his personation of the lion would frighten the ladies. Taine rather goes to the other extreme. He is somewhat like a boy who gets drunk for fear he should be thought a mollicoddle. He is so determined that everybody

he writes about shall be in a passion, that he makes us think that the great writers were always shouting at the top of their voices. But he has a genuine feeling for greatness, and despite his Procrustean method is usually right in his sense of proportion.

To me, Victor Hugo's book on Shakespeare is more important than the whole of Sainte-Beuve. Arnold made good fun of its occasional rhodomontade, and the invariable implied winding up of the innumerable roll-calls of poets and prophets with "and Victor Hugo." But it is noble in its belief in nobility, great in its advocacy of greatness. And it has delicacies which surpass those of Sainte-Beuve as much as the hangings of the dawn surpass those of a ballroom. Beside Hugo, Sainte-Beuve's attitudes and graces are as those of a dancing-master to the pose of a king. It is true that Sainte-Beuve can probably be trusted to have read a good deal of the books he criticised; whereas one always harbors the suspicion that Hugo, like Mr. Boffin's mentor, had not gone right slap through his poets and prophets and historians very recently.

Instinctive taste and the analytic faculty—these are the two qualifications for a critic. The fault with taste is its want of certitude. It may be right or it may be wrong, and it changes from age to age, almost from season to season. "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like,"—that is the natural human cry. Taste offers assertion without argument, opinion without proof; its value in the end must depend on whether it is backed up by previous analysis. By itself, analysis is dry enough. It does not appeal, but it carries. It preserves the proportion and significance of things, and keeps mankind from straying too far after false gods.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A PUBLISHER WITH AN ENVIABLE RECORD for honorable dealing, sane and conservative methods, dignified restraint, real service to the cause of literature and learning, and a good degree of pecuniary success therewith, has recently rounded out his threescore and ten years of life and forty-five of business experience, and has marked the occasion with some unusually interesting professional reminiscences in a late number of "The Publishers' Weekly." Mr. Henry Holt, whose name on the "Leisure Hour Series" is familiar to novel-readers, as it is to science-readers on the "American Science Series," and to naturalists on the "American Nature Series," and to other wide circles of readers on the works of Taine, Mill, Maine, ten Brink, Austin Dobson, and many other world-famous authors, relates how he (with abundant precedent and illustrious example to encourage him) forsook law for literature at an early age and became a manufacturer of books at the same time that he was, in a modest way, a writer of them. His authorship of

two remarkably good novels, "Calmire, Man and Nature," and "Sturmsee, Man and Man," first issued anonymously, is now generally known. The rise of Mr. Holt's publishing house, under its various designations, is an instructive history of the increasing success and reputation of a wisely and honorably conducted business. Naturally enough, Mr. Holt dwells with fond retrospection upon the principles and policies of his earlier associates in publishing, and laments the competition and greed and questionable practices of these latter days, when the issuing of books is no longer the dignified profession it once was—to the present detriment of all concerned. "I suspect," he declares, "that whatever may be the case with the industrial and educational branches of publishing, the *belles-lettres* branch has got to be conducted as a profession, or there is no money in it. The old fortunes in the business were built up on this principle. Apparently the fine flavor of literature will not stand being dragged through the deeper mires of competition." All will join in Mr. Holt's hope that, despite his seventy years, he may "continue in evidence some time longer" in the trade which he has so long honored, and has done so much to elevate to the dignity of a profession.

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WILLIAM EVERETT, TEACHER, PREACHER, AUTHOR, LECTURER, AND PUBLICIST, the third son of Edward Everett, whose gift of oratory he in a marked degree inherited, and best known as principal, for nearly thirty years, of the Adams Academy at Quincy, died at his home in that "city of presidents" on the sixteenth of February, at the age of seventy. Educated at the Boston Latin School, Harvard College, Trinity College, Cambridge, and at the Dane Law School, and admitted to the bar as well as licensed to preach, Mr. Everett's intellectual interests and his abilities were wide and varied. A tutorship in Latin at Harvard was soon succeeded by an assistant professorship, and this, in 1878, by the principalship of the preparatory school which he made famous for its thorough and scholarly work. His excursions into politics, including a term in Congress, his spirited championship of the Mugwump cause, and his stalwart independence at all times and on all questions, are matters of record. What more nearly concerns us here are his fine Latin and Greek scholarship, his unexcelled mastery of his own language in both speaking and writing, and his contributions to literature, including his "College Essays," "On the Cam," and, for young readers, "Double Play," "Changing Base," and "Thine, not Mine." His many courses of Lowell Institute lectures, notably his last year's series on eighteenth-century British oratory, should not be forgotten. He is said to have finished, a short time before his death, a biography of his father, and also a book inspired by a vision of peace and war. It is to be hoped that both works will soon appear in print.

POE'S PROSPECTS OF A PLACE IN THE HALL OF FAME of the New York University are considerably brighter than they have been. Five years have passed since the failure, by nine votes, to inscribe his name in our American Valhalla; and sixteen vacancies have in the meantime been created and filled in the Board of Electors, the present composition of which is regarded as preponderatingly in Poe's favor. Nominations of candidates for immortality are, by the rules, to be placed in the hands of these hundred electors on the first of May, and on the first of October the ballots will be cast. It would be passing strange if Poe should again be voted down. To foreign observers, especially, it would be hardly short of scandalous. In a current article, of considerable weight, in the "Edinburgh Review," Poe's genius is made the subject of a lengthy study. "Edgar Poe, World-Author," was the heading that Professor Charles F. Richardson chose for the prefatory sketch to his late edition of Poe's complete works. "Taking five representative libraries of world-literature," he writes, as quoted in the Review, "in English, German, and Italian, Poe's is the only name appearing in all five" — the only American name, we assume. And again: "In many a little German, Austrian, or Italian bookshop, he stands as the sole representative of the literature of his native land." Whether or not he chances to be among one's personal favorites, Poe's fame and influence and enduring popularity are such as to render ridiculous any official attempt at a denial of his eminence.

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THE BOOKS THAT ARE ALWAYS OUT, when we apply for them at the public library, must be in *some* fortunate hands; but in whose? Library workers are familiar with the half-resentful, half-incredulous expression that comes over the applicant's face when told for the ninth time that Mrs. Ward's "Marriage à la Mode," or Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's "Peter" is not in. "Other people get what they want at the library; I don't see why I never can," murmurs the disappointed card-holder, as he finally makes the best of Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" or Trollope's "Barchester Towers." A suspicion seems often to be cherished by the unsuccessful applicant for a recent and popular book that the desired work is maliciously kept from him, or is being read at leisure by the library trustees and employees before being put into general circulation; or, not uncommonly, the library page is held guilty of carelessness in overlooking the book and of reporting it as out when it is really in. The Leith Walk Library, in Edinburgh, is one of the comparatively few present-day libraries that use the cumbersome "indicator" to inform applicants what books are available at any given moment — at least among those most in demand. A recent visitor to this library was told that this bulky and antiquated piece of equipment is deemed necessary in Scotland because the Scotch are proverbially suspicious and demand some sort of ocular evidence that a coveted

volume is actually not at hand. Many Bostonians will recall the blackboard-like indicator in use thirty-five years ago at the Boston Public Library, and will remember the sinking of the heart which followed the discovery, in black, and not in white, of a number representing a longed-for book.

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A PLEA FOR TRUE BIOGRAPHY, made recently by Mr. Edmund Gosse before the members of the London Institution, deserves a place beside Professor Hart's late address in favor of unfalsified history. One may not go all the way with Mr. Gosse in his demand for naked truth in its every detail; yet the fact remains that the greatest biography in the English language is noted for its unsparing, realistic treatment of its subject. Still, not all men are so interesting and so lovable in their little weaknesses and failings as Dr. Samuel Johnson, even supposing them to be attended by accurately observing and truth-telling Boswells. A few of Mr. Gosse's own words will make clear his convictions in this matter. "I will even dare to say," he declares in regard to the biographer, "that his anxiety should be, not to avoid indiscretion, but to be as indiscreet as possible, within the boundaries of good taste [but who shall fix those boundaries?] and good feeling. He should start determined to reveal as far as possible, to drag the coy, retreating subject into the light of day." The speaker then referred to the conflicting motives, the wish to instruct and the desire to amuse, the result being commonly that the subject is presented "in a tight frock coat, with a glass of water in his hand and one elbow on a desk, in the act of preparing to say, 'Ladies and gentlemen.'" Nevertheless even Mr. Gosse would probably admit that much is now being written, in the shape of personal reminiscences of the great, that errs on the side of trivial detail. After all, the biographer, with the genuine gift of minutely faithful and at the same time grandly inspiring biography, is born, not made.

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THE SOLITARINESS OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK is considered by some who have studied his character one of his most marked characteristics. It is a trite observation that the mountain heights attained by men of the loftiest genius are in an atmosphere too rarefied for ordinary mortals to breathe, and consequently this aloofness is necessarily common to all leaders in the realm of ideals. M. Gérard Harry, in a recent volume devoted to the study of the famous mystic, finds in his aloofness the key that unlocks the man's character and his work. He hesitates whether to ascribe this quality to "the fear of being too unlike the majority of men to be understood by them," to "the voluptuous sense of plenitude which the vision acquires at unfrequented altitudes," or to "the instinctive repulsion which the parade and ostentation of the frivolous living of the period must inspire in one who explores the abyss too profoundly to be able to take seriously the agitated swarmings of the surface" — or, finally, to all three of these

probable causes. One need not, however, be a Masterlinck to appreciate the luxury of solitude and the calm delight of self-communing. Even so convivial a soul as Sir Walter Scott has left it on record that if he were forced to choose between eternal society and eternal solitude he would tell the jailer to turn the key and leave him alone.

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THE SLOW BUT SURE PROGRESS OF THE OXFORD DICTIONARY is brought to our notice by the appearance, at irregular intervals, of a new volume. Dr. Murray's great work, the greatest ever undertaken in English lexicography, has now advanced, in its seventh volume, to the end of the letter P, and hopes are entertained that Q and R will be disposed of in the present year. Thus there is good ground for expecting that men now living will see the completion of this scholarly and useful publication. But (melancholy thought) the dictionary of a living language, like the catalogue of a growing library, is no sooner published than it is out of date—a disability that becomes more serious with every passing day. Among the more interesting entries under P in the Oxford Dictionary is the word "psychological," especially as used in the expression, "the psychological moment," now conceded to be a blundering translation, or application, of the German *das psychologische moment* (that is, the psychological momentum, or impulse). It is probable, however, that in defiance of logic "the psychological moment," like "the personal equation," will continue to enjoy an undeserved reputation for peculiar aptness and force.

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THE METRICAL INSTINCT, the impulse to express oneself in verse rather than in prose, is almost a primitive instinct, manifesting itself in all literatures before the development of a prose style. It is natural, therefore, that many of the crude attempts, both printed and unprinted, of ambitious young people to achieve the dignity of authorship should take (or endeavor to take) metrical form. But the reader of these zealous efforts must often wonder what the writers' notions of rhyme and metre really are, or whether they consciously possess any such notions. The Sunday issue of a metropolitan newspaper which is indulgent toward embryonic poets lately printed on a single page ten of these amateur effusions in verse—or in what bore the outward appearance of verse. The first of them, under the promising title, "Glorified by Love," canters along briskly for a line or two, then abruptly halts, then breaks into a walk, alternating gaits in a bone-shaking fashion throughout. The first line runs, not unglybly: "Today as I was passing through the busy scenes of town"—a good, swinging metre; but before the end of the second line is reached ("I saw an humble mendicant, crouching, head bowed down") the rhythm disappointingly halts, though the rhyme is irreproachable. A little further on, however, the poet suffers ignominious defeat in both particulars. A sufficiently fluent line, "But as

I stood condemned, yet weak, unable to give help," is thus feebly supported: "Two brothers stalked across my path—they in duty forgot self." Do verse-endings such as these, we wonder, answer each other's call for help—in the writer's mind? It is an amusing study, that page of would-be poetry by contemporary authors not yet famous, and it displays prodigious zeal, whatever its deficiency of knowledge.

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THE FINALITY OF FIRST IMPRESSIONS in the book-world, commercially considered, is a rule proved by some conspicuous exceptions. Edward FitzGerald's "Omar" languished in the market for years, with almost no sales, and had suffered the indignity of being marked down to a penny in the London book-stalls when a discerning eye caught sight of it, and an appreciative word gave it a wide vogue. Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur" did not at first find popular favor, only twenty-five hundred copies being sold in two years. Then the tide turned, for some reason, in its favor, and it made a record for large sales. The appearance of Mr. Hall Caine's pamphlet, "Why I Wrote 'The White Prophet,'" after it had become painfully evident that book-buyers were not jostling one another to secure copies of the Manxman's new novel, moves one to doubt whether the author has acted with either professional dignity or commercial wisdom. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*. If the novel shows deficient vitality on the market, no amount of explanation why it should be accounted a memorable production will breathe into it the breath of life.

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THE BEST-HOUSED AMATEUR JOURNAL IN THE WORLD may safely be pronounced to be the "Harvard Lampoon," which has just moved into its new forty-thousand-dollar building at the corner of Mt. Auburn and Bow streets, the dedication of which was celebrated with a grand gathering of former "Lampoon" editors and other dignitaries, including Professor Barrett Wendell, also an ex-Lampoonist, who addressed the assembly informally. The "Lampoon" dates from 1876; and it is one of its founders, Mr. Edmund M. Wheelwright, of the class of '76 and now practising architecture in Boston, who designed and supervised the erection of the new building. Foreign countries have been drawn upon for ornamental finishings to the handsome interior—including rare and costly furniture from Holland, an Elizabethan mantelpiece from England, leaded glass windows from Belgium, and tiles from Delft. Material comfort and æsthetic satisfaction have both been kept in mind in fitting up these quarters for future generations of Lampoonists. Long may this piquant representative of college wit live to excite the mirth of its readers!

. . . .

THE SHIFTING SANDS OF ORTHOËPY are so very unstable that it might almost be questioned whether there is, after all, any such science. The other day in London a lecturer before the Elizabethan Society dwelt on the not universally understood fact that our

pronunciation is changing so rapidly that, were Shakespeare now alive, he would probably be unable to understand one of his own plays as presented on the modern stage. In illustration of this ceaseless change — a change that reveals itself in the rhymed verses of our poets of various periods—the lecturer adduced the word “time,” whose pronunciation in Chaucer’s day he represented by the spelling “teem,” in Shakespeare’s by the spelling “tame,” and in modern cockney by “toime.” Instruction in English at school tends to hold cockneyisms in check, and acts undoubtedly as a beneficent hindrance to all erratic tendencies in pronunciation. But no living language will ever crystallize into rigid and changeless forms, whether in grammar or spelling or mode of utterance. Hence the folly of hoping for a permanently satisfactory scheme of phonetic spelling.

A LIBRARY FOR PRINTERS, erected by printers, is a sort of standing refutation of the time-honored saying that the shoemaker’s children go barefoot and the tailor’s family dresses in rags. The Printers’ Home at Colorado Springs, founded and maintained by the Union Printers of America, has just made a \$30,000 addition to its fine buildings, in the shape of a library to house its excellent collection of books, about 11,000 in number. It is proposed to make it eventually far more attractive and home-like than the usual public library. The main building of the Printers’ Home was dedicated in 1892, and the property, including extensive subsequent additions, is now valued at a million dollars.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE “BEST SELLER” AND THE GENTEEL ATMOSPHERE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

When will there arise an author of popular fiction courageous enough to come forward and reveal his formula? It is quite patent on the very cover of every successful novel, and so unvarying that it is with difficulty one distinguishes a season’s books apart; yet the writers wink at each other, so to speak, and seem to imagine it a secure professional secret.

One might have looked for some such disclosure among “The Confessions of a Best Seller” in a recent number of “The Atlantic”; but whoever did so was disappointed. This anonymous author, like the rest of his craft, would have us believe that the “best seller” sells because of its absorbing plot interest. It must be a tale of incident, he tells us, which by reason of its plunging melodrama—lost messages, fights on the stairs, etc.—can give the tired business man an evening of self-forgetfulness. What a slanderous absurdity! This may be the compelling force in paper-covered “Diamond Dick,” but the “Atlantic” contributor describes his novels as selling at a dollar and eighteen cents; and to accuse popular fiction at this price of real plot interest, is calumny. As if the American people were of so purposeless and extravagant a temperament that they would pay millions of dollars a year merely to be entertained! No, we are of more serious stock; and the people who buy new books—

not tired business men, but women mostly—are after something more than a good story, and are willing to pay for it; and that something is—the genteel atmosphere.

The genteel atmosphere! Who ever saw a “best seller” with a suggestion of anything so vulgar as poverty,—with a heroine who makes her own shirt-waists, and a hero noble and handsome but a little short of money! How disgusting! Such books have been written, it is true, and have taken a high rank in literature; but they are not used for window displays in the department stores of our time. No, the love scenes in your popular novel must take place in a gondola in Venice, and there must be a familiarity with expensive cafés, and rare curios, and Italian phrases; and by all means let there be no mention of locomotion other than in automobiles—at least until aeroplanes become more plausible. Why is all this? It is self-evident. We cannot all go to Europe, or keep a coachman; and hence—the “best seller.” One must somehow acquire the genteel atmosphere.

But it may be objected that books which reproduce aristocratic society most faithfully are often not popular; and again, the atmosphere of the successful novel is frequently not one of gentility at all. People of good breeding do not act and talk as these characters do. True; and I have used the term merely in a technical sense. For the genteel atmosphere of the “best seller” is a thing by itself, whose actual counterpart does not exist in heaven or on earth. Yet it is in the creation of this atmosphere that the author proves himself, not a clever story-teller only, but a genius. Such a book is based upon psychology, not fact. Its requisites are two: first, that the setting be unquestionably fashionable; second, that the characters be dressed in all the trappings and suits of affluence, but underneath they shall be not such people as one really finds in well-bred society, but—the readers themselves. Otherwise your genteel atmosphere will be dull and incomprehensible to the bulk of your audience.

What we, the buyers of “best sellers,” want is not to stand and stare at an alien and to us stupid group of men and women. We want to have the rosy Utopia of wealth and ease presented in such a way that we can feel it—can imagine ourselves in the midst of it and a part of it. And to this end it is absolutely essential that the characters be at bottom very like ourselves. We want to be lifted gently, so that we do not feel the jar, from our vulgarly crowded street-car bench to the luxurious motor-car on its tour through France. We do not want to stand on the bank and watch the gondola, but to be in it ourselves,—to have the people there say and do the things that we imagine we should say and do if we found ourselves in a gondola.

When your neighbor presses upon you the latest book, her enthusiastic recommendation is sure to be accompanied by the apology, “There is n’t much to the story, you know; it’s the way it is told.” Of course it is. Away with your claims of plot interest! And by “the way it is told” she means that she has wiped the dish-water from her hands—not knowing that there may be more real gentility in dishwater than in a bunch of orchids—and has sat down to a delicious hour of “good society.” She has covertly made note of carelessly dropped references to the opera and to out-of-the-way spots in Switzerland (they may embellish her conversation later), and has laughed with the author over the inappropriateness of a hostess serving Burgundy with

fish. She—the reader—never serves Burgundy with anything; but the author does not suspect that. For indeed the best part of it all is the delightful way in which he takes you into his confidence and chats nonchalantly about elegant things,—never being so commonplace as to suggest that you know there are people who do not ride in automobiles and go to Europe every year. Oh, it is exquisite, this bath of gentility; and the thing that makes it so is the fact that your neighbor really feels herself a part of it,—because the heroine is, after all, just such a person as she herself might be with the addition of a Worth gown to her wardrobe, a title to her name, and a few French phrases to her vocabulary.

The author who can make this delicate connection most adroitly is the one who gets the most money for his books; he who can reduce the life of "smart" society just to the plane where it will touch the imagination of the uninitiated while still floating tantalizingly above their reach. After all, is it such a mean service? It affords a deal of comfort in a cold and unfair world; and if the instinct to imitate one's betters is snobbish and Philistine, so are some of the instincts on the part of the betters themselves.

But thus it is that we have books sparkling with unbelievably trite quotations, and repartee that would cause nausea in a half-way good conversationalist; this is why we have duchesses flirting in a manner that would be charming in a shop-girl, and bishops (figuratively speaking) with their hats on one side of their heads. This is why it is, in short, that the windows of our department stores are full of "best sellers" decorated with a portrait of the heiress in an evening gown—neat little packages of genteel atmosphere at a dollar and eighteen cents, and cheap at the price; and why our popular novelist pockets his prodigious royalties for being, not a story-writer, but a shrewd psychologist.

PRUDENCE PRATT MCCONN.

Urbana, Illinois, February 25, 1910.

A REPRODUCTION OF THE CAEDMON MS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Professor John M. Manly, during his recent visit to England, made arrangements with the Oxford University Press for the reproduction in facsimile of the Caedmon manuscript in the Bodleian Library. The manuscript consists of 260 large pages, and is of especial interest, not only on account of the importance of the text and the very remarkable illustrations, but because of the system of metrical points, which cannot be studied to advantage without exact reproduction. The University Press have agreed to issue a colotype to subscribers at five guineas net; only one hundred copies will be published, and it is likely that the reproduction will increase in value with the lapse of time.

In coöperation with Professor Manly and Professor G. L. Kittredge, I brought the undertaking before the Modern Language Association of America at the Eastern meeting at Cornell University; a resolution was unanimously passed commending the enterprise to American scholars and university libraries, and requesting the Committee on the Reproduction of Early Texts to make preliminary arrangements for publication. In accordance with this resolution, I am now issuing a circular with a form of subscription attached, which I shall be glad to send to anyone interested. Applications will be filed in the order in which they are received,

and the subscription list will be closed as soon as one hundred names are registered. Although no general appeal has yet been made, I have already between twenty and thirty names on the subscription list.

J. W. CUNLIFFE,

Chairman of the Committee.

University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.,

February 19, 1910.

A QUESTION OF TYPOGRAPHY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have often felt a vague dissatisfaction at reaching the end of a page of poetry and finding nothing to indicate whether the last line on the page was the concluding line of a stanza or the stanza was carried over to the next page. The feeling ceased to be a vague one the other day, when, reading a narrative poem with blank-verse stanzas of different lengths, I found the meaning obscured by uncertainty as to whether the completion of the page coincided with the completion of a thought, or the same stanza was continued when I turned the page. The current practice is unpleasant; if, as I have discovered, it may at times be confusing, why should not a different one be adopted?

It has occurred to me that a sufficient distinction is made by leaving the earlier page one or two lines shorter when the stanza is completed there, and by beginning a new stanza the same number of lines lower on the following page. This arrangement would be especially clear in books that are printed with marginal lines enclosing the text. An artist friend suggests that such pages are hopelessly inartistic; but I am unable to see why the addition of this irregularity to the unequal length of line, and the prevalent practice of allowing stanzas to come differently on opposite pages, will detract from the appearance of the book.

Perhaps a more effective contrivance would be the placing of a conventional symbol at the end of each stanza. We are not satisfied with a double space at the end of a sentence, but use a period. We distinguish broken words from completed words at the end of a line by a hyphen. We should in the same way find some means of distinguishing a broken stanza from a completed one at the end of a page.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Weatherford, Oklahoma, February 23, 1910.

A LIBRARY LIST OF THE BEST NOVELS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A list of a hundred of the best novels, representing the selections of prominent authors and other distinguished persons, rather than of an individual, should be of value to many readers of THE DIAL, especially librarians, who are eternally beset by the problem of what books to buy. Such a list has been prepared and published by the Warrensburg (Mo.) Library, after many months of study and deliberation. It represents advice and suggestions from Winston Churchill, William Dean Howells, Mark Twain, William Allen White, Ralph Connor, Rudyard Kipling, James Lane Allen, and others who kindly assisted in its preparation. I believe this is the only fiction list yet published, representing, in a systematic way, a consensus of opinion from high authorities. The list is published in a neat booklet, by the Warrensburg Library, and will be mailed to anyone sending fifteen cents for it.

MRS. R. L. WEBB.

Warrensburg, Missouri, February 20, 1910.

The New Books.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE.*

The names Bunsen and Waddington are familiar to those versed in the history of European diplomacy, and they are far from unfamiliar in the world of learning and literature. Madame Charles de Bunsen, whose recollections of her early public life have just been published under the title "In Three Legations," is by birth a Waddington — being, in fact, the sister of the late William Henry Waddington, scholar and writer as well as diplomat and statesman; and her husband, Carl von Bunsen, for years in the Prussian diplomatic service, was the son of the famous Baron von Bunsen, whose varied learning, contributions to philology and history, and distinguished services as representative of his country at various courts, are not yet quite forgotten. In Madame Waddington's two excellent volumes of reminiscences, which were reviewed in these pages at the time of their publication, the Bunsens are frequently mentioned; and so the way has been paved, if it needed paving, for these retrospections of her sister-in-law.

The book is made up of extracts from letters "written on the spot" and needing no assurance on the writer's part that they are spontaneous, sincere, and the genuine records of passing impressions. A small part of the correspondence has appeared in "Harper's Magazine," but all the rest is new. The "three legations" referred to in the title are the Prussian Legations at Turin, at Florence (when in 1864 the Tuscan city superseded her Piedmontese sister as capital of the growing Italian kingdom), and at The Hague; and the time covered is from 1857 to 1872. At Turin, Bunsen was Secretary of Legation, at Florence *Conseiller de Légation*, and at The Hague he acted as Minister in the temporary absence of Count Perponcher. It was an eventful period in European history, covering three memorable wars and witnessing considerable changes in the geography and the political constitution of several countries.

"Curiously enough," says the author in her preface, "in each of our 'Three Legations' we lived through the experience of a war, and were present at a royal marriage." Actual attendance at these nuptials, however, is recorded in only one instance, that of the union of the Prince of Wied with Princess Marie of the Netherlands,

in the summer of 1871, at The Hague. Of the other two weddings, that of Princess Marie Pia of Savoy and King Louis of Portugal, and the marriage of Prince Umberto to Margherita of Savoy, the writer gives short and second-hand accounts. The three wars were the brief clash between Austria on one side and Italy and France on the other, in 1859; the short war of 1866, which freed Venice from Austrian rule and greatly increased the might and prestige of Prussia; and the Franco-German war of 1870.

Madame de Bunsen's pages fairly bristle with the names of royalties and other *hohe Herrschaften*, as was to be expected. A glimpse of Cavour at one of his receptions is obtained on an early page.

"Cavour was doing the honors very amiably in a much embroidered coat. His round good-natured face and spectacles, as well as his short stout figure, always seem to me slightly disappointing. It does not answer, somehow, to one's idea of a great Italian statesman. He always makes me most gracious bows, however, whenever I meet him in the street, which I do frequently, as we do not live far from the Palais Cavour."

The King (Victor Emanuel II.) she describes as rather fierce in appearance, and not handsome, though better-looking than his portraits; and she pays high tribute to his bravery in the war with Austria. "The King exposes himself dreadfully," she writes. "His *entourage* say it is just like the time of Charles Albert, only that the latter used to take his whole *état major* with him, and Victor Emanuel only has a few officers." The following, written at Turin in the spring of 1861, gives an interesting picture of Garibaldi and other leaders of Italy.

"I went to the famous sitting of the Chambers Saturday last [when the question of incorporating Garibaldi's volunteers with the regular army was animatedly discussed], stood for four hours, saw and heard Garibaldi, Ricasoli, Cavour, Bixio, Crispi, etc. . . . Soon Garibaldi came in, leaning on two friends, who sat down afterwards one on each side of him. He suffers from rheumatism, and is very lame. As you know, it was the first time he took his seat in the Chamber, and he was received with great applause, all the deputies rising. He is exactly like his portraits, with fine, regular features, which tell well at a distance. He was dressed in a red shirt, of course, over which he had a grey cloak falling in picturesque folds; his whole appearance was somewhat theatrical. . . . He has a splendid voice, which filled the whole chamber, and speaks slowly, but not without eloquence. He did not get on far, however, before the excitement began, and when he came to the *guerra fraticida*, Cavour jumped up as if he was stung, and, thumping on the green table at which the Ministers sit, declared that such language he could not and would not hear! Whereupon Garibaldi repeated the expression over again. The effect was tremendous; all the deputies left their seats, crowding down to the centre, all talk-

* IN THREE LEGATIONS. By Madame Charles de Bunsen. With 49 illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ing, screaming, and gesticulating at once. The public tribunes, which were full of red shirts, applauded. The President put on his hat. Such a scene I had never witnessed."

Among the writer's noteworthy experiences at Turin was a visit to the Royal Library, where the public reading-room was well filled with readers and the atmosphere correspondingly rich in carbonic acid; accordingly the obsequious Prefetto invited his distinguished visitors into the private reading-room and laid before them all sorts of manuscript treasures and a splendid copy of Dante illustrated by Doré. . . More than that, a priceless old book of designs for point lace, dated 1587, was placed in Madame's hands, and she was allowed to take it home with her, coupled with the assurance that the library books were honored by her perusal, that the University was too happy to be agreeable to her, and more in the same strain of overdone politeness.

From the writer's account of her life at Florence, extending from 1864 to 1869, we quote a paragraph from a letter written in the eventful but anxious summer of 1866.

"The news of the last great Prussian victory (Sadowa) has arrived. The Legation is all *imbandierata* (beflagged), the Sindaco of Florence came to congratulate officially, and . . . C. had to receive him. All our gentlemen were 'walking on their heads with joy'—at least that was Mme. d'Usedom's description of them when she came in the afternoon. In the evening we went up to Villa Capponi, where many people had come to congratulate, and where all was very festive. It is pathetic to hear the people about us inquiring as the news of one Prussian victory after another comes, 'Non c'è niente per noi?' (Is there nothing for us?) Poor things, they have given all so freely—their blood, their money, and their lives. It is heartrending to think it should all have been of so little avail, and that the honourable defeat at Custozza is the only result."

Life at The Hague was apparently less lively for the Bunsens than in the cities of sunny Italy. At one time, when all the men were gone to the frontier, as the author says, to guard the neutrality, it was especially unstimulating to the ladies. Relations with the French Legation were of course (in 1870) a little strained. "We do not visit," writes Madame de Bunsen, "but we bow and shake hands, and even speak occasionally." The royal wedding of the following summer must have been an agreeable distraction, though the absurdly long and solemn wedding sermon was a weariness. Among other details we read:

"The ladies who bore the train, as generally all the women present, were dressed in shades of lilac, and the

whole effect was soft and pretty. The service commenced by singing, and then the clergyman of Wasse-naar . . . began an address from the pulpit. It is a very high one in Dutch fashion, with an immense sounding-board which seemed almost to extinguish him. I hardly understood a word, I am sorry to say, except every now and then the name of *Nassau Oranien*. He was fearfully long, moreover, more than half an hour by the clock over the organ opposite him, and, as we heard afterwards, made many sad allusions to the recent death of the bride's mother. He was quite in the wrong, for the programme said explicitly 'en korte trourede' (a short nuptial address). The Princess Marie grew paler and paler, the King fidgeted and spoke to the Queen, who shrugged her shoulders. Prince Frederick turned to the Hof-Marschall, Count Limburg Stirum, who stood behind him, and evidently told him it was *too long*. Limburg Stirum gesticulated and tried to catch the preacher's eye. He signalled to the *chambellan* on the other side, and they both took out their watches and held them up, but all was of no avail. Secure in his serene attitude, his 'Welerwaarden' went ever on, one high-sounding phrase succeeding another in a sort of *cantilena*, with Nassau Oranien, and Luise Henriette, the great Kurfürstin, as the burthen of his song."

The narrative closes with the retirement of the writer's husband from the diplomatic service, in July, 1872, and the Bunsens' withdrawal to their estate of Mein Genügen in the Rheinland. Madame de Bunsen has, with her pleasant and well-written volume, enrolled herself among the clever and interesting diplomats' wives who, from the day of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu down to our own time, have brightly and briskly pictured the scenes of diplomatic life in the gay capitals of the Old World. She shows, for a French-born person, or for an English woman either, an admirable command of simple and effective English; in fact, most of the slips noticeable in her pages are, curiously enough, in her own French, which is introduced for a phrase or two now and then. For example, she makes the crowd cry "Vive les Français!" when the French troops enter Turin—as if any such violation of grammar could be detected by the ear. Her very first page has a slight error of chronology, 1858 being put instead of 1857 as the year of her arrival at Turin. The portraits in the volume are many, and, being chiefly of celebrities whom she met, are well worthy of insertion. There are also various other illustrations. It is, on the whole, as agreeable a book of the sort as has appeared since her sister-in-law, Madame Waddington, entertained us with her graphic descriptions of official life at the courts of St. Petersburg and London.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

A NEW NARRATIVE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.*

The fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Avery's most interesting "History of the United States and Its People" are now before the public; and although their general merit alone must have commended them to its attention, certain features call for especial emphasis.

The volumes cover the Pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary epochs, and furnish, on the whole, a really excellent account of the contest between Great Britain and her thirteen Atlantic seaboard colonies. They show how the basis of the contest lay in the reassertion of royal prerogative, in the adherence to worn-out political contrivances, and more than all else in the adoption of an imperial policy by the British government. In certain respects, however, they are a trifle disappointing; for they lay no great stress—as to be up to date they should—upon the essentially civil-war nature of the struggle, or upon the fact that other British colonies had their influence upon events as well as those that were primarily English in origin. Moreover, they ignore the great subject of parliamentary development in England, place undue weight upon such controverted matters as the projected introduction of episcopacy into New England, and quite frequently lose sight of salient facts and principles in an unworthy attempt to bring places, incidents, and persons, obscure and unimportant, into strong relief. This last-mentioned feature is all the more deplorable because, unfortunately for our national dignity, there is already too much of that sort of thing in America—too much of a tendency to exaggerate, for purely family reasons, the little doings of little men.

A word or two should be said here about the illustrative material of Mr. Avery's work. Heretofore this has been good, sometimes pointedly so. But in these later volumes author and publishers have seen fit to intersperse, among things of great value, things intrinsically valueless and foolishly expensive,—as, for instance, coats-of-arms, pictures of buildings now easily accessible to view on the souvenir post-card, and odds and ends of things that can be found in abundance in "Headquarters," in "Mansions," and in the museums of State historical societies. As a matter of principle and of respect for tradition, the greatest objection is to be made to the inser-

tion of coats-of-arms. We have thirteen of them in these two volumes. Now heraldic devices of all sorts belong to mediævalism. They have no place in American history. They are radically un-American, and the ideas underlying them are opposed to everything that is fundamental, and even sacred, in the origin of this government. Especially do they seem out of place in a history of the American Revolution, in a book that, in grandiloquent phrase, tells the story of a supreme struggle for individualism. Family pride in heroic deed, in intellectual achievement, or in nobility of character; is one thing; that in priority of emigration or of descent, in the face of uncertain and incomplete records, to say nothing of fraud and of dstraint of knighthood, is quite another.

Among the really valuable, or at least interesting, illustrations are various handbills, broadsides, and portraits, plans of battles and fortifications, caricatures, the French map of the United States in 1778, the map of the proposed new States in the West, maps bearing upon boundary disputes, and maps depicting military movements. All these are eminently appropriate in a sober historical work, as is also the Plat of the Seven Ranges of Townships in the Ohio Survey of 1785-1787.

There are a few places where remarks have been based upon, or may lead to, misconceptions. Take for example the words on page 196 of Volume V., relative to the Massachusetts Judiciary Act. Remembering, as we must, that the Act was intended to protect from injustice revenue collectors and the like who might happen to get into trouble when in discharge of their duties, we are puzzled to know how a change of venue would necessarily mean conviction. Again, on page 198, in dealing with the Quebec Act, the author ought to have made his readers understand that Great Britain, in recognizing the Roman Catholic religion among the French inhabitants of Canada, was acting in strict accordance with a treaty stipulation. The laudatory remarks on pages 239 and 240 are decidedly misleading, inasmuch as no original text of Patrick Henry's speech exists, and our only knowledge of it rests upon what his biographer did years afterwards when he put together passages that certain old men thought they remembered the famous Virginian to have uttered.

The bibliographies of the fifth and sixth volumes are full and well-selected. There are, however, a few regrettable omissions and a few unnecessary inclusions. Mrs. Gadsby's article on "The Harford County Declaration of Independence" is worthless historically, and may do

* A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS PEOPLE. By Elroy McKendree Avery. Volume V., The Colonies: 1764-1775; The Revolution to the Declaration of Independence. Volume VI., The Revolution, 1775-1783; The Confederation, 1784-1787. Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.

positive harm if recommended along with the scholarly works of Friedenwald, Van Tyne, and many others of high rank. To speak of a local intention to carry out the object of the Association, which was virtually non-commercial intercourse with Great Britain, as a declaration of independence, shows a lamentable ignorance of historical situations, and is as absurd as to speak of the secession of Jones County, Mississippi, just prior to the Civil War. Generally, however, Mr. Avery has indicated the historical value of a certain book in a few well-chosen remarks. Sometimes he has, most conveniently for the investigator, grouped the various authorities on a particular subject, and sometimes he has both grouped and compared them.

Among subjects that have received remarkably judicious handling from Mr. Avery are the treatment of prisoners of war and the treatment of the loyalists; also the participation of the negro in the Revolution. One might wish that some other side than the military had been emphasized; but Mr. Avery chose to follow the beaten track, and we have yet to wait for some work based upon investigations into the sociological and economic conditions that accompanied or resulted from the struggle for independence. We are glad to have so able a discussion as Mr. Avery has given us of the early westward movement, of the national embarrassments under the Articles of Confederation, and of the perplexities that confronted the framers of the new Constitution. Altogether, he has given us a highly creditable piece of historical work; and we can frankly say that the points for adverse criticism, quite serious though they are, are almost obscured by the very number and magnitude of those deserving commendation. We can also repeat that the publication as a whole promises to supply a long-felt want. It can be perused with profit by both the professional historian and the ordinary reader; for in suggestiveness, in general accuracy, and in broadness of view, its rank is unquestionably high. ANNIE HELOISE ABEL.

A GIFTED DEGENERATE.*

As an intimate account of a man of genius written by a life-long friend, M. Edmond Lepelletier's biography of Paul Verlaine will always have a certain value. But it is far from being the ideal biography or critical study. Its chatty frankness, its lack of reserve, and its

illumination of some of the dark corners of the poet's strange, sordid, tragic career, constitute the main claims of the book on our suffrance.

In one way, it is a very peculiar work. Avowedly written by a sympathetic comrade inspired by the motive of vindicating Verlaine and setting him in a better light than have the more or less apocryphal stories circulated before and since his death, it manages to leave a picture of this child of the Parisian gutter more disgusting than was in the imagination before. So vivid is this impression that at times one almost wonders if the author's purpose be not, under the guise of friendship, to paint his subject in the darkest colors. Yet in reading the words of M. Lepelletier at Verlaine's funeral, one cannot but believe that this is an untenable assumption; that his subject, rather, was too much for him; so that, somewhat *naïvely*, he damns where he would fain praise. There is something terrible in the spectacle of a friend exposing, with good intentions, the essential evil behavior of one of the world's most gifted degenerates.

A dipsomaniac, a lecher, a liar, a prison-bird, and a megalomaniac, — these be hard terms; yet, to be truthful, they apply to this man who has written some of the most musical and most subtly spiritual poetry in the whole range of French song. The plain fact is, that Paul Verlaine was untrustworthy in all the fundamental relations of life: to friends, to wife, to mother, — even to his art, since a portion of his writings is a foul libel upon it. That this biographer can eulogize him as much as he does, implies a questionable standard quite as much as it does the bias of friendship. The attempt to whitewash Verlaine's relation to that other poet-degenerate, Arthur Rimbaud, is not particularly convincing, although the reader will be glad enough to give such a man as Verlaine the benefit of any doubt in his favor. One is glad, too, freely to acknowledge that in certain parts of his passion-tossed existence something better was aroused in him and a higher nature spoke; as where, in the enforced regimen of a jail, some of his finest religious verse was produced; or when he lived quietly in rural England or France as a school-teacher, and made a good impression on those who met him, because he was removed from the vicious city haunts which always dragged him down. But there was never real reform, essential regeneration; as the biographer admits, Verlaine's conversion was always "literary."

The work (which, by the way, is but indifferently Englished) has considerable interest in

*PAUL VERLAINE: HIS LIFE — HIS WORK. By Edmond Lepelletier. Translated by E. M. Lang. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Co.

its pictures of the literary and art life of Paris during the last generation and down to the present: for example, the group of poets known as the Parnassians, of whom were both Verlaine and his biographer, and the Symbolists who followed, are described with piquant particularity. The study is also rich in pictorial material, including some interesting presentments of the satyr-poet from the age of two till he lay dead in a wretched garret; as well as members of his family and the author of the book.

But when all is said, one can but come back in sad wonderment to the poet's own words: "Let Lepelletier defend my reputation. He is able to clear what will soon be my memory. I rely upon him to make me known as I was in reality, when I am no longer here." Alas, that a friend could do no more! Alas, that Verlaine could not have assisted him by furnishing a better life-story!

RICHARD BURTON.

THE RETURN OF THE BOURBONS.*

The period of the Restoration is a somewhat thankless field for investigation, both absolutely and relatively. There is no epoch of history more stirring and fascinating than the Napoleonic era that preceded; and it would be difficult to compress into sixteen years more of sordidness, triviality, and utterly unromantic blundering, than are illustrated by the history of France from 1814 to 1830. It is like foul, dull realism, after romance; Zola, after Victor Hugo.

Major Hall suffers no illusions as to the character and calibre of the men whose mistakes and misdeeds he is relating. His narrative is as innocent of hero as is "Vanity Fair"—unless the hero be Wellington, whose motives and whose discretion are alike above question, and who showed himself through the period a better friend to France than the majority of her own children. A list of official blunders during the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. would make a remarkable catalogue. Louis, on his way to Paris, in 1814, to occupy the throne which Napoleon had just abdicated, was met at Compiègne by the Tsar of Russia. Filled with that astounding confidence in his divine mission and his personal importance which was part of his very being, Louis walked in to dinner in front of the dumbfounded monarch who had probably done more to restore him than any other crowned head in Europe. Strange to say, this

manœuvre did not make the slighted guest his mortal enemy,—as did a somewhat similar indiscretion, the snubbing of Madame Ney by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, which slight is said to have been largely responsible for Ney's desertion of the Royalists when Napoleon returned. The Comte d'Artois had agreed to certain conditions in Louis's name before Louis's appearance, and when the new King assumed his crown he calmly ignored them. Similar tactics, by d'Artois himself as Charles X., a few years later, ended the Bourbon rule forever. Ferrand's impassioned defense of the *émigrés* before the Chambres, at a time when the *émigrés* "had nothing to do with the case," roused a feeling against them that predisposed the dissatisfied country in favor of the returning Emperor. The regulation prohibiting labor on Sunday, passed in 1814, will serve as an example of numerous laws which were ostentatiously passed and then quietly ignored. Constant, Ney, Davout, Fouché, the leading men of the state, made oaths and broke them with what would seem most injudicious frequency. A mistake of \$3,000,000 in the computation of the indemnity due the Allies would have lost France that amount, if the English banking-house, which had the matter in charge, had not generously pointed out the error. "It would appear," was the disgusted comment of Metternich, the shrewdest statesman of the generation, "as though your affairs were managed by cornets of hussars."

Louis XVIII. himself, though gouty and prosaic,—much less of an aristocrat than the nameless upstart Napoleon,—was neither fool nor knave. He had no sympathy with the insane party-feeling of the *émigrés*, and he made an honest effort to govern well. A modern exponent of the omnipotence of mind might find in his calm confidence in ultimate success an agency which promoted the Restoration. If he was too dependent on the advice of others, he could easily have found a less able and less honest favorite than Décazes among the intriguers that surrounded him. His insistence that "a King of France might die, but must never be ill," and his struggle to hold audiences and attend to his work while he was literally dying, is pathetic and heroic. One feels a genuine relief that the obstinate old *doctrinaire* did not live to see the downfall of the House.

There is less to be said for Charles X. As the Comte d'Artois, he had been one of his brother's most turbulent and troublesome subjects, and his reign is a series of arbitrary acts, culminating in the terrible mistake of July,

* THE BOURBON RESTORATION. By Major John Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

1830, — the *coup d'état* that sought to reorganize an administration Chamber of Deputies, and which resulted in calling to the throne as a constitutional ruler the timid and conciliatory son of Philippe Egalité, Louis Duke of Orléans. "I know well," Metternich had said to the French Ambassador at Vienna, "that the freedom of the press and your electoral laws are an abomination, but any attempt to abolish them by a *coup d'état* will be fatal to the Bourbons."

There are Richelieus, Talleyrands, Chateaubriands, LaFayettes, — leaders good (a few), bad, and indifferent; but the most picturesque public character of the period, and in a manner the most instructive, as illustrating the possibilities of such an epoch of upheaval, is the scoundrel Fouché. This insatiate schemer, educated for the Church, a Revolutionist deputy, regicide, devotee of the Goddess of Reason, actually succeeded in becoming successively Minister to Milan under the Directory, Minister of Police under the Consulate, Minister of Interior under the Empire, Minister of Police under Louis XVIII. — in which last capacity he drew up a list of the persons who deserved punishment for complicity in the return of Napoleon, which list he should have himself headed. It is but just to him to remark in this connection, that he contrived to allow all the proscribed to escape from the country, and that the few arrests and executions that did occur were not in any sense his fault. It was not till 1816, at the age of sixty-two, that this prodigy of intrigue, who had contrived to float to the winning side of every considerable movement in forty years of turmoil, was at last definitely set aside by exile.

Every movement, however vulgar and interested, has its hero and its legend. The dead Emperor did more to wreck the Bourbon dynasty than that hard and vicious creature of ambition ever accomplished during his life. And set up against him to dazzle the gaze of the mob was the glorious First of the Bourbons, the gallant conqueror of Ivry, who seems to have resembled this portrait quite as much as his dissipated, selfish, and incompetent descendants of the early nineteenth century resembled it.

But legends will not stir a worn-out people to long-continued or potent enthusiasm. There was little real desire for the crowning of Louis in 1814; there was little for the return of Napoleon; there was little for the accession of the younger branch of the Bourbons in 1830. France was disillusionized and weary. Napoleon, who was as shrewd as Metternich, re-

marked, as he took possession of Paris in 1815, "They have let me come as they have let the other go." There were no more serious and general insurrections; and when the half-hearted Citizen King was half-heartedly installed in 1830, he was allowed to reign for a time only, because, as Major Hall puts it on the last page of the present volume, "In the hour of distress the best elements of the nation" had "stood aloof and allowed the Monarchy to fall to the ground."

A very thorough and extensive bibliography accompanies the text, page by page; and the book is indexed in a good deal of detail. It is always a matter of regret, however, when a painstaking and extended account of this sort, which is particularly valuable for reference purposes, has no more specific indexing than, for example, *LaFayette, Marquis de*, 43, 52, 87, 101, 102, 112, etc., with no hint of the character of the references on each page thus mentioned.

The reviewer wondered at the form *émigré* — thus, italicized, with an accent over the final *e* only. If one accent, why not both? If there is precedent for such discrimination, he has not found it. He has noticed, indeed, that the "Encyclopædia Americana" prints "Emigrés," but he had supposed that the first accent was omitted there because of the capital initial letter.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

NEW APPARATUS FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.*

Five years ago we saw the completion of two large four and five volume Dictionaries of the Bible. Now we have three new single-volume Dictionaries issued simultaneously, which cover practically the same field and are intended to meet the same needs. They were prepared to give laymen in Bible study an easy and ready method of getting the pith of themes which in the larger works are treated with a technique and detail designed for specialists. The writers of the articles in these volumes are American, British, and German scholars, who represent in the main the progressive school of thought in

* *DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE*. Edited by James Hastings, D.D., with the coöperation of John A. Selbie, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A STANDARD BIBLE DICTIONARY. Edited by M. W. Jacobus, E. E. Nourse, and A. C. Zenos. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

THE TEMPLE DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. Written and edited by Rev. W. Ewing, M.A., and Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, D.D., and other Scholars and Divines. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

biblical research. The works are constructed mechanically in the best modern style, and are both attractive and convenient.

The editor of the Hastings "Dictionary of the Bible" has had large editorial experience, and has constructed this work skilfully from a literary point of view. It is by no means a condensation of the five-volume Dictionary, but a new and independent work. The articles are written anew, and are up-to-date in every respect. The apportionment of space to the different themes is wisely made. The article on "Israel" covers twenty-four pages (by Prof. George A. Barton); that on "Jesus Christ" (by Prof. W. P. Paterson), twenty-three pages; and one on the "Person of Christ" (by Prof. H. R. Mackintosh), twelve pages. Mr. R. A. S. Macalister writes many of the articles on Palestine, where he has spent several years in excavating Gezer and other places. The articles on Egypt and Egyptian antiquities are signed by Mr. F. Ll. Griffith, whose work on the Nile has been well known for many years. Some of the best articles on the New Testament were written by Prof. W. T. Davison, of Richmond Theological Seminary, Surrey. Prof. G. B. Gray, of Mansfield College, Oxford, has contributed a very complete article on the "Text, Versions, and Languages of the Old Testament"; and Dr. F. G. Kenyon, just now appointed as successor to Sir E. Maunde Thompson of the British Museum, supplies the article on the "Text of the New Testament." The book contains four good maps, but no other illustrations.

The "Standard Bible Dictionary" was written mainly by American scholars for an American public. It follows, in its classification, an encyclopædic alphabet; that is, its list of themes is constructed on an encyclopædic rather than a dictionary plan. The articles themselves appear, when long enough, with numbered paragraphs and a brief bibliography. The editors themselves have done a monumental amount of writing for the work. Professor Jacobus's contributions are mainly on the New Testament; Professor Zenos has covered, besides his especial field of Biblical Theology, a great diversity of themes; and Professor Nourse fills in scores of small articles on etymological, archæological, and topographical themes. Dr. James Denney of Glasgow has an article on Christ, and Professor Guthe of Leipzig on Palestine. The article on Jerusalem is by the skilful scholar Prof. L. B. Paton, who recently spent a year in that ancient and interesting city. The Dictionary is especially full in the department of biblical archæol-

ogy, emphasized by a number of beautiful half-tone illustrations of Palestinian implements and household effects now in the collections of Hartford Theological Seminary. The book contains many line illustrations that amply aid the reader in understanding the text. Of course, there are defects and omissions which are apparent to an expert, — such, for example, as the attempt to present in transliteration the pronunciation of biblical names and Hebrew words. These are rather superfluous, and not helpful. The scholar knows how to pronounce the foreign words (Greek and Hebrew), and the one who knows neither language has no use for them. A few good maps adorn the book.

It may be added that these two Dictionaries are thought by their editors to be adapted to the use of laymen in Bible study, but they are graduated on rather too high a scale for that purpose. Excellent as they are, they are strong meat for mature scholars rather than lighter food for children in Bible study.

"The Temple Dictionary of the Bible" stands in a class by itself. The names of its two editors are enough to call attention to the work. Both of them were missionaries for many years in the country which forms the background of the biblical records. Rev. Mr. Ewing was located at that very important old Jewish city, Tiberias, and Dr. Thomson at Safed, about fifteen miles nearly north of the Sea of Galilee. Their first-hand knowledge of and familiarity with the manners and customs of the people, and with the topography of Bible lands, give them a long advantage over some of the editors of rival dictionaries. They are aided in this phase of the work by such familiar Orientalists as Dr. Dalman of Jerusalem, Mrs. Gibson of Cambridge, and Drs. Margoliouth and Sayce of Oxford, all travellers and students in the Orient. The critical position of the writers on doctrinal and biblical themes is distinctly conservative, as seen in such names as those of Drs. James Orr, James Robertson, James Stalker, and D. S. Margoliouth. The Preface states that they "have kept steadily in view the needs of the Working Clergyman, the Local Preacher, the Class Leader, and the Sunday-school Teacher." They have fulfilled their purpose in a very commendable manner. While there are no articles whose revelations are startlingly new or striking, there are some that are comparatively fresh on biblical antiquities, geography, and topography, written by persons who are experienced guides and know personally what they are talking

about. The articles are free from padding; on the other hand, the work employs a system of abbreviations, which, though unquestionably effective in space-saving, is, to say the least, far from elegant. It is certainly startling to find a work of scholarship, like this, disfigured by such typographical puzzles as wd., shd., cd., fm., fr., mr., br., sr., kge., bk., mt., for would, should, could, from, father, mother, brother, sister, knowledge, book, and might. A very attractive feature of this Dictionary is its admirable illustrations, many of which are half-tones. Among the 540 in the book, we discover scores of new pictures of biblical sites and scenes, photographed from new and splendidly chosen points of view. There are at least sixteen choice views of the beautiful scenery about the Sea of Galilee. Such glimpses give more of a touch of reality to any statement than pages of common cold narrative. Two new large folding views of Jerusalem and eight splendid maps follow the 1171 pages of the Dictionary proper.

These three Dictionaries, appearing almost simultaneously, are significant facts in the field of biblical study. They furnish ready tools whereby the earnest thoughtful reader and student may delve still deeper into the realms of ancient ethical and religious lore.

IRA MAURICE PRICE.

STORIES ABOUT BIG GAME IN AFRICA.*

"The story of the big game of Africa has been many a year in the telling, but it remains ever new. The freshness of it is perennial. So long as the big game of Africa holds its own upon the velt, just so long will the public welcome new books that strive to portray its moods and its tenses." So writes Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the well-known naturalist and author of travel-books, in his Introduction to the work of Mr. Edgar Beecher Bronson entitled "In Closed Territory." The closed territory through which Mr. Bronson travelled and hunted lies to the north and south of the policed district along the Uganda railway, and is open only to those who are in favor with the powers that be. Mr. Bronson is a capital story-teller, recounting not only the adven-

* IN CLOSED TERRITORY. By Edgar Beecher Bronson. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA. By Percy C. Madeira; with introduction by Frederick Courteney Selous. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

IN THE GRIP OF THE NYIKA: Further Adventures in British East Africa. By Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A HUNTER'S CAMP-FIRES. By Edward J. House. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

tures of himself and his party, but also the deeds of others who have risked their lives, — to put it in Stevenson's paradoxical way, — that they might live. One bit will show the manner of the narrator. It tells the story of the tall and wiry Lumbwa, Arab Tumo, slayer of sixty "rhinos" single-handed, who established his reputation for bravery by his part in the following incident.

"While about half-way down from the summit to the swamp, with Arab Tumo marching ahead of me, and, although no more than six feet in advance, quite out of my sight, suddenly I heard just beyond him the swish and crashing of some mighty body, and jumped forward to Arab Tumo just in time to see a giant rhino, which had been crossing our line of march directly in front, start to swing for a charge up our line, his great head shaking with rage, his little pig eyes glaring fury.

"It was all over in a second; for when I reached Tumo they were in arm's length of each other, he crouched with spear shortened, and, in the very second of the rhino's swing to charge, with one bound and mighty thrust he drove his great three-foot six-inch spear-blade to entry behind the left shoulder, ranging diagonally through the rhino's vitals towards his right hip, and burying it to the very haft!

"Followed instantly a shrill scream of pain, a gush of foam-flecked blood that told of a deadly lung wound, and then the monster wheeled and lurched out of our sight down hill at right angles to our course, Tumo's spear still transfixing him.

"So suddenly sprung and so fascinating was the scene, so like a single-handed duel of the old Roman arena between two raw savage monsters of the African jungle, biped against quadruped, that it never occurred to me to shoot, although I might have chanced a snapshot over Tumo's shoulder.

"And there Arab Tumo stood quietly smiling, his pulse apparently unquickenened by a single beat, signing for permission to follow and recover his spear, the blade broken free of its long-pointed iron butt, which was bent nearly double by some wrench in the ground the rhino had contrived to give it to free his vitals of the gnawing blade! And, once free of the spear, on he had gone — Tumo had not seen him again."

Many readers of books on Africa, who have wondered at the stories of the marvellous heads of game along the Uganda railway, will understand this remarkable occurrence from Mr. Bronson's explanation.

"The extraordinary present abundance of game both north and south of this section of the Uganda Railway is due to the fact that all the vast territory extending from the Taavo River to Escarpment, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles, and from the south line of the track to the German border, embracing about eleven thousand square miles, is a carefully preserved game reserve, preserved as jealously as the Yellowstone Park; while immediately southwest of it in German territory is another reserve of the same size. Unfenced, shut in by no impassable streams or mountains, the game is free to wander out of and into the reserve at will; but, like the shrewd stags of a Scotch deer forest, so well does the game seem to know the very boundaries that mark for them sanctuary, that little do they leave it except in periods of local drought or as crowded out by overstocking, — so well do they know the immunity of sanctuary that, shooting from trains being forbidden, timid antelope, wary giraffe, and even lion and rhino, often idle within a stone's throw of the track."

Surely Africa must be protected in some way, for, not taking into account our own mighty Nimrod who is now playing havoc there, Mr. Bronson tells us that in October and November, 1908, twenty hunting parties went out from Nairobi, and fifty more were

expected during December and January. It is to be regretted that our space will not allow us to give more excerpts from this lively book. Mr. Bronson's style will not appeal to the fastidious, but his robust vigor will suit those readers who care more for fine shots with the gun than with the camera, and for forceful description than for parlor language.

To the list of those American sportsmen — notably McMillan, Astor, Chanlar, John Bradley, Max Fleischman, Rainsford, and Roosevelt — who have had their fling at African big game, we may now add the name of Mr. Percy C. Madeira of Philadelphia. His book entitled "Hunting in British East Africa" tells of the adventures of himself and his wife in "the most richly stocked game country to be found in the world to-day" — British East Africa. Mr. Frederick C. Selous, the premier of modern hunters, vouches for the book in a foreword, by saying that it is of "very great interest." Were one to judge hastily of the book by the illustrations, one would conclude that the author's chief aim was to gather fine heads and make big killings. Such, however, is not the case. Of hunting and fine heads we have a-plenty, but there is also no lack of intelligent observation on native human and plant life, and on general conditions now existing in that wonderful dark land. Moreover, if other Americans are desirous of adding their names to the worthy list of African big game hunters, they will find a very complete appendix to this volume giving detailed information regarding marches, temperature, and equipment, for a hundred days' *safari*, or journey, in the land of wild beasts. Readers who wish to read a hair-raising tale will find unusually rare ones in this book. Mrs. Madeira, who was lost in "the rough broken country between the Tana and the Thika Rivers," wandered for two days without food or water, in a land beset by thorns and wild beasts. Mr. Selous characterizes the grit and powers of endurance shown by Mrs. Madeira as "little short of marvellous." The illustrations in this volume are of rather unusual merit.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Patterson's book, "In the Grip of the Nyika," has the stamp of dignity both in style and matter. Unlike his previous work, "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo," which relates the Colonel's adventures with the kingly beast, his present volume deals with the determination of suitable natural boundaries for the eastern and northern limits of the game preserve, and with the hunting of elephants, antelope, and rhinoceri. In the first of these expeditions into the Nyika — the dark, enthralling wilderness of British East Africa — the author with two companions returned safely to civilization; but on the second and longer journey, he, with two companions designated as Mr. and Mrs. B., met with difficulties and with death. Mr. B. was shot while asleep by the accidental discharge of his own revolver which he had placed under his pillow. At the time of his burial, the natives mutinied, and it was only through the prompt action of Colonel

Patterson that they were quelled. Following these disasters came the loss of his valuable horse under the charge of a rogue elephant, the desertion of many of his followers, and the continual illness of himself and Mrs. B. Notwithstanding all this, the author's indomitable courage led him to his journey's end, thus establishing a name for himself as one of the heroes who have been in the foreguard of the British Empire. Colonel Patterson's book, unlike Mr. Bronson's, shows us the sombre side of life on the great African veldt; but it is African life to the core.

"After experience in hunting with a rifle, and with a camera to a lesser degree, I am frank to confess that I have found an element of excitement in the former totally lacking in the latter." With this confession, Mr. Edward T. House introduces us to his adventures in East Africa, New Brunswick, New Foundland, the Rockies, and British Columbia, as related in his interesting and well-illustrated volume of detached sketches entitled "A Hunter's Camp-Fires." Mr. House's sketches cover a decade spent in the pursuit of the big game of the world, and relate but little about the natives who made up his caravans. For the reader who cares only about the crack of the rifle and the effect thereof, Mr. House's book will afford a good treat; but for the reader who thinks that hunting is more than the hunter, and the hunted more than the bag, the book will offer small pleasure. We would not suggest that the author is that atrocious being, a game-hog, — on the contrary he is quite sportsmanlike in his following; but he has not the saving grace which leads us to the uplands of foreign lands where we may get the vision of nature's abundant wild life. The author will doubtless be satisfied with the commentary that this is a book for the man with a gun.

H. E. COBLENTZ.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

In "English Literature in the Nineteenth Century" (Putnam), Mr. Laurie Magnus has given us an interesting and valuable discussion of the characteristics and tendencies of that period. He has especially tried to make his book — a volume of 427 pages — "not so much a history of English literature between 1784 and the present day as a survey of that literature as a whole and an essay in its criticism." For this reason the book contains little biographical matter. The criticism is of an eminently satisfactory kind. Mr. Magnus is not concerned merely with re-estimating the individual writers, though this task occupies, naturally, most of his time; he is deeply interested in the literary movements of the century; in the peculiar significance of the typical and the collective utterances of the successive periods. Book I. surveys the period from the death of Johnson to that of Scott, — the period which saw the principles of the French Revolution extended in all directions, the

A new survey of 19th century literature.

rapid growth of the novel, the enunciation of new principles of poetry, and the rise of the periodical press. Toward the end of this period there is a lull, a pause. Byron (on whom Mr. Magnus is less severe than are many others), Shelley, and Keats had passed off the stage. Wordsworth's poetry had been practically all written before this time. Carlyle, that John Baptist of the new time, had not yet found a publisher for his gospel of "Sartor" in book form. The year 1832, thinks Magnus, looks back on the great period of Romance and forward to the great period of Democracy. The Reform Bill marks the decisive acquisition of immense social and moral gains. A new view of nature, physical and spiritual, was to possess men. Mr. Magnus instructively contrasts the thought of the "Essay on Man" (1733) with the view of things that prevailed from the times when the revolutionary principles became completely established. The second half of the book discusses the remainder of the century. The three-score and eight years between Scott's death and that of Ruskin beheld enormous progress in science, the rise of almost radically new views in theology, the flowering of the novel, and the flourishing of three great poets, Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne, around whom may be clustered a multitude of lesser lights. Tennysonians will be pleased with the treatment accorded their poet on the score of form, but will not relish so much the belittling estimate of him as a thinker. Tennyson's growing conservatism and constant timidity do not please Mr. Magnus. "Do nothing, dare nothing, assert nothing — tradition, custom, doubt — are at the root of his practical counsel, and 'the larger hope,' and the 'divine event' are subordinate to these negations." Magnus admires the energy and solidity of Browning's thought as well as his sturdy faith. To Dickens and Meredith the critic is quite just. On Swinburne he wisely refrains from attempting a final judgment, though he is a frank admirer of the last Victorian. Occasionally the author's style is enigmatical, — for example, at the end of the description of Carlyle's contemporaries (p. 179); but in general he is illuminating and lucid. Crawford must be claimed as an American (p. 278); and William James is a resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts (p. 222). Perhaps there is too frequent use of the dash-parenthesis; and a dash followed by a comma or semicolon does not look well. The index is scarcely full enough. On the whole we find the volume commendable, a distinctly welcome contribution to the criticism of an era which will receive more attention in the next quarter century, as its true proportions become more evident and perspective enables us to see more clearly what it achieved.

*The Sappho
of Holland.*

An advocate of woman's rights is not wont to turn to seventeenth-century Holland for a champion, and indeed no suffragette is the "Learned Maid" who looks out from her forgotten niche in history through the pleasant pages of Una Birch's "Ann van Schurman,

Artist, Scholar, Saint" (Longmans). Yet the "Tenth Muse," the "Sappho of Holland," as she was styled by her contemporaries, qualified for controversy when she queried, "Does the pursuit of learning and letters become a girl of to-day?" and proceeded to apply to her sex Plato's dictum, "It becomes a perfect man to know what is to be known and to do what is to be done." Etched against the background of the Dutch Renaissance, with its "amazing efflorescence of national life," the "Star of Utrecht" shines with a light diffused through varied mediums. Marie de Medici, hearing her sing, declared how "pleasant a surprise it was to find Italy in Holland." After betraying her versatility in the current forms of art, she plunged as ardently into learning, mastering many languages and achieving the unique distinction of the authorship of an Ethiopian grammar. An object of pilgrimage for the notables of Europe, the friend of Descartes, Voët, Richelieu, Queen Christina of Sweden, and other famous folk, the gentle lady's gentle adventures make picturesque reading. Not the least entertaining passages are the panegyrics of admirers, which, despite her decorous modesty, seem to have "delighted Anna, who, together with the solid virtues of perseverance, concentration, and courage, was possessed of an amusing vanity which redeems her from all charge of inhumanity or dullness." A chronic habit of depicting herself and of being depicted has scattered her portrait throughout Europe, several being reproduced in the book. In the latter part of her life the pursuit of holiness absorbed her as completely as had her previous enterprises, and her diverse friendships gave way to one commanding intercourse. Resolving to spend her days "in the studio in which souls are as canvas to be painted on by the great master," she joined the community founded by the mystical preacher, Jean de Labadie. It is a matter for regret that here exigencies of material or deficiencies in popular knowledge have compelled the author to shift the limelight from her leading lady to the tenets of Calvinistic theology and the fortunes of the Labadist community with which Anna cast in her lot. Yet it is hard to quarrel with a book which so well fulfils its own aim: simply to set down the story of a "fearless, famed, and retired life."

*Slavery and
secession in
Virginia.*

A Richmond lawyer, Mr. Beverly B. Munford, in his book on "Virginia's Attitude toward Slavery and Secession" (Longmans) has done some really original work upon a rather hackneyed topic. Based upon a careful study of historical sources — manuscripts, public records, and newspapers, as well as the published works relating to the subject — the book is of value to the historian of slavery, politics, and the Civil War. The purpose of the author is to make clear the attitude of the dominant element of the Virginian people toward the Union, the problems of slavery, emancipation, and secession. By extensive quotations from public documents,

speeches, and letters, he shows that the Virginians were not hostile, but were devoted to the Union and to the principles of the founders of the Republic; that they were not devoted to the institution of slavery and desirous of seeing it extended, but that they were much dissatisfied with it and made serious efforts to get rid of it. The reactionary effect of the methods of the radical abolitionists upon anti-slavery sentiment in Virginia is explained in detail, and the rise of pro-slavery sentiment is traced to the secession. Of the general conditions of slavery the author writes but little, though he gives a good treatment of the colonization movement and a discussion of the difficulties in the way of emancipation. The economic aspects of the "peculiar institution" are neglected. As to secession, Mr. Munford proves that Virginia was strongly opposed to such a step, and that only after she had vainly tried to reconcile the sections was she forced by the Federal policy of coercion to range herself with the cotton States that had already seceded. Of the characteristics of the Virginians who thus stood between the two extremes and were forced to choose one or the other, the author says: "As a people they exalted honor and courage—they exhibited the strength of the idealist combined on the part of many with the limitations of the doctrinaire; they decided questions by the standard of abstract right, rather than in their relation to the duties and interests of other peoples and other times; they were self-reliant, content to justify the integrity of their conduct to their own consciences rather than to the world; they were tenacious of their rights, and regarded a threatened invasion as not only justifying but compelling resistance." Secession came to these people as an event "long dreaded and much to be deplored. They met it with a firm adherence to the principles so often declared, but with profound regret that the occasion had arisen which rendered their assertion imperative. In the conflict thus joined, the people of Virginia took a stand predetermined by the beliefs and avowals of successive generations, and, impelled by an unswerving idealism, found their supreme incentive to action in their determination to maintain the integrity of principle."

*Autobiography
of a Chinese-
American.*

In a clearly-written narrative of moderate length, Mr. Yung Wing, sometime Associate Chinese Minister at Washington, and Commissioner of the Chinese Educational Commission, relates the main events of his active and useful life. "My Life in China and America" (Holt) is the book's title, and a prepossessing portrait of the author serves as frontispiece. Born of poor parents in the village of Nam Ping, near Macao, the boy Yung had the good fortune to receive the rudiments of an English education in a mission school, which gave him a desire to go still further in occidental learning. How his desire was gratified, chiefly through his own pluck and perseverance, how he entered the Monson Academy, was graduated, and then proceeded to Yale, where he

remained four years, took high honors in English, and was the first Chinese student to receive a degree,—all this is unassumingly told in the opening chapters; after which comes the account of his self-imposed labors for his country, his adventures in the Taiping rebellion, his work for the American education of Chinese boys, his appointment as joint minister with Chin Lan Pin at Washington, and his diplomatic activities in connection with the Japanese war of 1894-5. His opinion as to the cause of the Taiping rebellion is noteworthy. "Neither Christianity nor religious persecution," he maintains, "was the immediate and logical cause of the rebellion of 1850. They might be taken as incidents or occasions that brought it about, but they were not the real causes of its existence. These may be found deeply seated in the vitals of the political constitution of the government. Foremost among them was the corruption of the administrative government." In other words, it was "graft" that caused all the mischief. The author has excellent command of his adopted language, having in fact at one time all but forgotten his native tongue; and for both style and substance his book commends itself.

*Nearness
to the ideal
Greek spirit.*

Charon, seated on one of the twin peaks of Parnassus, surveying all the Greek world, had no wider range of vision than Professor Francis G. and Mrs. Anne C. E. Allinson, in their book on "Greek Lands and Letters" (Houghton). While the task that they assume of interpreting "Greek lands by the literature, and Greek literature by local associations and physical environment," in one volume, may appear Herculean, yet because of their simple *modus operandi* they have succeeded admirably in producing a scholarly, and yet withal pleasing, book of travel. They treat all of the fourteen odd divisions of Greece in the same manner,—first, its physical characteristics; then the mythological and historical accounts, to complete the stage setting; and finally the literature produced by and about each particular locality for interpreting Greek life and institutions. Thus Attica, open to all the world by reason of its geographical situation, became the world's intellectual and literary clearing-house in religion, politics, and the fine arts. Sparta, on the other hand, hemmed in on three sides by mountains, was "extraordinarily bare of artistic adornment." After a careful examination of the twenty chapters dealing with these sympathetic phases of physiography and literature, the reader feels that he has obtained, in a most learned and entertaining way, an outline of the different factors in Greek civilization, and has brought most vividly to his mind an inkling of "what is most vital in our Hellenic heritage." Travellers who digest the contents of this volume will feel that they are in close touch with the ideal Greek spirit, and that they have progressed from thyrsus-bearers to mystics. The four maps and numerous photographic illustrations, together with the colored frontispiece, are instructive and interesting.

*A scrap-book
of Dickensiana.*

Ardent lovers of Dickens can never have enough of him; and so they will welcome Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore's attractive octavo, "Charles Dickens and His Friends" (Cassell), in which has been assembled a considerable selection of passages about Dickens by his contemporaries, and about them by him and by one another. Forster is, of course, the chief authority consulted, while Thackeray, Rogers, Carlyle, Jeffrey, Landor, Milnes, and our own Longfellow and James T. Fields, are among the host of others drawn upon for material. The author occasionally speaks in his own person, and at other times quotes without citing his authority. Five portraits of Dickens, with other illustrations, adorn the volume, and it is an interesting study to note the wide difference between the young Apollo of Maclise's painting and the somewhat severe and careworn middle-aged man from Frith's brush. The "door-knocker" beard of the latter portrait was abhorred by Forster, but Dickens himself gloried in it and was "told by some of his friends that they highly approved of the change because they now saw less of him." Mr. Shore has produced an agreeable scrap-book which evidences diligence, ingenuity, and not too slavish regard for method. No index is provided, and no list of authorities, nor is the reader's attention distracted by footnotes. Of preface, too, the book is innocent, and of appendix it pleads not guilty. It is just an unpretentious compilation of entertaining Dickensiana, a book to read in at odd moments and not to take too seriously.

*A college
president's
pilgrimage.*

The reader of Miss Caroline Hazard's volume, "A Brief Pilgrimage in the Holy Land" (Houghton) will wish that he might have heard the addresses that form the book, as they were originally given in the college chapel at Wellesley on Sunday evenings. With appropriate music for each address—Mendelssohn's Elijah for "Carmel by the Sea," the Pastoral Symphony for "The Plain of Sharon," Christmas music for "Bethlehem"; with graceful and rare-spirited sonnets read for a prelude; and with fitting quotations from the Scriptures for each address, there must have been an atmosphere of sanctity and a dim religious light which the printed book cannot give. Nevertheless, the fervor of the author gives us the light and the peace of one who, like her ancestors in the Crusades, went down from Carmel to the Sea of Galilee, and thence to the blessed feast at Jerusalem. There is a sufficient amount of historical background to make the book instructive as well as uplifting: the sights and incidents of the holy Past give the author occasion, which she wisely improves, for dealing with the no less holy Present. No doubt, as President Hazard says, "Wellesley ought to be a better college because its President has been on pilgrimage"; and equally, no doubt, every hearer of the addresses and every reader of the book will be somehow better for hearing and reading the story.

NOTES.

The H. W. Wilson Co., Minneapolis, publish a volume of "University Addresses" by Professor William Watts Folwell. The addresses are four in number, and are dated from 1869 to 1884.

Privately printed by Mr. Luther A. Brewer at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, we have a limited edition of Stedman's little book upon Edgar Allan Poe. The original of this work is now hard to obtain, which makes this beautiful new edition all the more welcome.

"Selections from the Economic History of the United States, 1765-1860," by Professor Guy Stevens Collender, is a publication of Messrs. Ginn & Co. It is in form a source-book, with extensive introductory essays supplied for the several chapters. There are fifteen main divisions, such as "Colonial Economy," "Transportation," "Settlement of the West," and "Economics of Slavery." The book is a large one, numbering over eight hundred pages.

"The People's Library," a series of handy and inexpensive volumes, which have had a large sale in England, will be put upon the American market by Messrs. Cassell & Co. Among the latest additions to the "Library" are to be noted Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae," Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," Jane Austen's "Emma," Charlotte Brontë's "Villette," Borrow's "Lavengro," Irving's "Sketch Book," Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olives" and "Seven Lamps of Architecture," Pope's translation of the "Iliad," Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year," Holmes's "Professor at the Breakfast Table," and Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ."

A unique and delightful publishing enterprise is that known—but not so widely as its merits deserve—as "John Martin's Letters for Children." One has only to send to the publisher (Morgan Shepard of New York), stating the age of the boy or girl to be written to, and once in every two weeks a letter is forthcoming. "John Martin" writes about animals and fairies and children and other things that children love. He puts in a rhyme or two towards the end, and a talk about books for boys and girls. He draws pictures to illustrate his stories, and his writing is plain, so that little folks can read it. There is a space for the name of each small recipient at the beginning of the letters; and this, with their friendly intimate style, would make it very difficult to prove to any of "John Martin's" many correspondents that the "Letters" are only a sort of bi-monthly magazine pleasantly disguised.

Mr. H. E. Marshall, who, several years ago, published a history of England for young readers, now gives us a companion volume in "The Child's English Literature" (Stokes). It is a difficult task to interest youth in the history of literature, but our author has achieved some measure of success by his avoidance of text-book methods, his adoption of a simple and unaffected style, and his choice of such material as can be brought into some sort of real relationship with childish interests. His scale of proportion is quite different, as is proper, from that which would be imperative in a book for older people. His book has, moreover, the advantage of a series of beautiful and instructive illustrations in color, to say nothing of its attractive typography and boldly-decorated covers. For the right kind of boy or girl from twelve to sixteen, we could not imagine a more welcome gift or delightful possession.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

March, 1910.

Adler, Jules. Charles H. Caffin. *Harper*.
 Aldrich, Nelson Willmarth. Edwin Lefèvre. *American*.
 American Woman, The. Ida M. Tarbell. *American*.
 Art in America, The Story of—II. Arthur Hoeber. *Bookman*.
 Art, State of, in America. E. H. Blashfield. *No. Amer. Review*.
 Authors, Great—Are They Dead? L. McClung. *Lippincott*.
 Ballinger Case, The. S. E. White. *American*.
 Beef Supply, Our, as a Business. W. C. Howey. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Best Sellers of Yesterday. A. B. Maurice. *Bookman*.
 Boy Criminals—VI. Ben B. Lindsey. *Everybody's*.
 British Elections, The. Sydney Brooks. *North Amer. Review*.
 Carnegie Hero Fund, Story of. H. M. Phelps. *World To-day*.
 Chemistry—What It does for Humanity. W. Hard. *Munsey*.
 Cherry Mine, Heroes of the. Edith Wyatt. *McClure*.
 Children's Institution, A. G. Stanley Hall. *Harper*.
 China, Western Invasion of. E. D. Burton. *World To-day*.
 Coloratura Music, The Future of. Tetrassini. *Everybody's*.
 Corporations, Regulation of. J. J. Hill. *World's Work*.
 Democracy and the Church. C. B. Brewster. *No. Amer. Rev.*
 Dependents, Rich and Poor. Bolton Hall. *Lippincott*.
 Drama, Big Situations in the. C. Hamilton. *Bookman*.
 Dramatic Unities, The. Brander Matthews. *Atlantic*.
 Electricity as Source of Heat. D. C. Shafer. *Rev. of Reviews*.
 England and Socialism. *North American Review*.
 Farms, Our Rich. I. F. Maroonson. *Munsey*.
 Federal Railroad Regulation. W. Z. Ripley. *Atlantic*.
 Fels, Joseph, Work of. A. W. Wishart. *World To-day*.
 France, Anatole. C. C. Washburn. *Atlantic*.
 France, Politics in. Alcide Ebray. *North American Review*.
 Government, The Powers of. G. Sutherland. *No. Amer. Rev.*
 Grand Opera in English. M. T. Antrim. *Lippincott*.
 Harben, W. N., Georgia Fiction of. W. D. Howells. *No. Amer.*
 Hornsteiner, John. W. C. Howe. *World To-day*.
 Housing, City, The Problem of. H. Godfrey. *Atlantic*.
 Ideal, Feminine, Change in the. Mrs. Deland. *Atlantic*.
 Links, Curiousities of the. E. W. Townsend. *Munsey*.
 Living, Cost of, in the U.S. and Europe. *World To-day*.
 Locke, W. J. G. W. Harris. *Review of Reviews*.
 Morals Taught by Photographs. W. H. Page. *World's Work*.
 Mexican Peonage, Three Months in. *American*.
 Mountaineers, Our Southern. T. Dawley, Jr. *World's Work*.
 New York, Government of. W. B. Shaw. *Review of Reviews*.
 Newberry's Naval Reform—II. C. F. Goodrich. *No. Amer. Rev.*
 Newspaper Novel, The. H. H. McClure. *Bookman*.
 Opera, Frenzied. William Barr. *Everybody's*.
 Palmyra, A Visit to. E. Huntington. *Harper*.
 Panama Canal, The. H. K. Webster. *Everybody's*.
 Paulhan, M., Aviation Feats of. H. Wright. *World To-day*.
 Philippines, Motoring in. W. W. Magee. *World To-day*.
 Pinchot, Gifford. Walter H. Page. *World's Work*.
 Police, Menace of the—III. Hugh C. Weir. *World To-day*.
 Population Changes. W. S. Rossiter. *Review of Reviews*.
 Progress, Industrial, during 1909. J. G. Dater. *Munsey*.
 Prosperity with Justice. P. S. Grosscup. *No. Amer. Review*.
 Railroad Accounting in U.S. and England. *No. Amer. Review*.
 Railroad Investments, The Key to. J. Moody. *Rev. of Reviews*.
 Reconstruction Period, Diary of—II. Gideon Wells. *Atlantic*.
 Religion, Our Superiority in. E. Richardson. *Atlantic*.
 Republican Revolt, The. Ray S. Baker. *American*.
 Rod, Edouard, The Personal. Stuart Henry. *Bookman*.
 Schools and School-Children—II. E. Atkinson. *World To-day*.
 Servant Problem, Depth and Breadth of. *McClure*.
 Shah of Persia, Recollections of. X. Faoll. *McClure*.
 Shakespeare Discoveries, New. C. W. Wallace. *Harper*.
 Shirtwaist Makers, Strike of. M. C. Barnes. *World To-day*.
 Spain's Economic Revival. F. D. Hill. *Review of Reviews*.
 Squaw Man, The, As He Is. B. Millard. *Everybody's*.
 Stanley's Africa, Past and Present. J. M. Hubbard. *Atlantic*.
 Stovaine—the New Anesthetic. B. Hendrick. *McClure*.
 Swift, Dean, and the Two Earths. Lyndon Orr. *Munsey*.
 Taft, One Year of. E. G. Lowry. *North American Review*.
 Teacher, The. Joseph M. Rogers. *Lippincott*.
 Telephone, Birth of the. H. N. Casson. *World's Work*.
 Trusts, The, and High Prices. J. W. Jenks. *Rev. of Reviews*.
 Vedder, Elihu, Reminiscences of—III. *World's Work*.
 Vivisection, "Absolute Freedom" for. E. Berdoe. *No. Amer.*
 Waterway, The Lakes-to-the-Gulf. T. Long. *World To-day*.
 Wealth of Our Mines and Forests. M. G. Seckendorff. *Munsey*.
 Wilderness, Battle of the—X. Morris Schaff. *Atlantic*.
 Winter, William. Walter P. Eaton. *Munsey*.
 Wires, Rulers of the. C. M. Keys. *World's Work*.
 Wool Schedule, The Making of. E. W. Child. *Everybody's*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 99 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Life of Garret Augustus Hobart: Twenty-fourth Vice-President of the United States. By David Magie. Illustrated in photogravure, large 8vo, 300 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.
 Jane Austen and her Country-House Comedy. By W. H. Helm. With photogravure frontispiece, large 8vo, 268 pages. John Lane Co. \$6.50 net.
 Life of Henry Clay. By Thomas Hart Clay. With frontispiece, 12mo, 450 pages. "American Crisis Biographies." George W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.25 net.
 The Life of William Shakespeare, Expurgated. By William Leavitt Stoddard. With frontispiece, 8vo, 80 pages. Boston: W. A. Butterfield. \$1.25 net.
 Lincoln. By Isaac Newton Phillips. With portrait, 12mo, 117 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.

HISTORY.

The Elizabethan People. By Henry Thew Stephenson. Illustrated, 12mo, 412 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$2. net.
 The Quaker in the Forum. By Amelia Mott Gummere. Illustrated, 8vo, 327 pages. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. \$1.50 net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Yet Again. By Max Beerbohm. 12mo, 326 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.
 Light Come, Light Go: Gambling, Gamblers, Wagers, the Turf. By Ralph Nevill. Illustrated in color, large 8vo, 448 pages. Macmillan Co. \$4.50 net.
 The Great English Short-Story Writers. With introductory essays and notes by William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson. In 2 volumes, 12mo. Harper & Brothers. \$2. net.
 Letters of John Mason Neale, D.D. Edited by his daughter. With portrait in photogravure, large 8vo, 379 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$3. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Fables de La Fontaine. With preface by Jules Claretie. In 2 volumes, with photogravure frontispieces, 18mo. "Les Classiques Français." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2. net.
 The Return of the Native. By Thomas Hardy. New edition; with frontispiece in tint, 16mo, 507 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.35.
 "First Folio" Shakespeare. Edited, with notes, introduction, and glossary, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. New volumes: The Tragedie of Troilus and Cressida; The Tragedie of Cymbeline; Pericles, Prince of Tyre. Each with frontispiece in photogravure. 16mo. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Per vol., 75 cts. net.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

Allison's Lad, and Other Martial Interludes. By Benlah Marie Dix. 12mo, 215 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.
 Insurrections. By James Stephens. 18mo, 55 pages. Macmillan Co. 40 cts. net.
 Mingled Wine. By Anna Bunston. 12mo, 116 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.20 net.
 White Heather. By Ella Mary Gordon. With portrait, 12mo, 228 pages. London: Elliot Stock.
 In Love's Garden, and Other Verses. By Ida Frances Anderson. Decorated, 16mo, 95 pages. Los Angeles, Cal.: Arroyo Guild Press.
 The Oak amongst the Pines, and Other Poems. By Carl Henderson. 12mo, 146 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1.50.
 From the Heart of the Hills. By Clinton Scollard and Thomas S. Jones. 16mo, 81 pages. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Browning. 50 cts. net.
 Floridian Sonnets. By William Henry Venable. With portrait, 12mo, 43 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1.
 Hylas, and Other Poems. By Edwin Preston Dargan. 12mo, 69 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1.
 Symbolisms. By T. Carl Whitmer. 12mo, 23 pages. Richard G. Badger.

FICTION.

- The Tower of Ivory.** By Gertrude Atherton. 12mo, 467 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- The Human Cobweb: A Romance of Peking.** By B. L. Putnam Weale. 12mo, 469 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- Over the Quicksands.** By Anna Chapin Ray. With frontispiece in color. 12mo, 388 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
- Mary Cary—"Frequently Martha."** By Kate Langley Bosher. With frontispiece in color. 12mo, 168 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1. net.
- Little Brother o' Dreams.** By Elaine Goodale Eastman. 16mo, 191 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1. net.
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- A Mine of Faults.** Translated by F. W. Bain. 12mo, 140 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.
- Sally Bishop: A Romance.** By E. Temple Thurston. 12mo, 424 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.
- The Stronger Claim.** By Alice Perrin. 12mo, 305 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.50.
- A Daughter of the Manse.** By Mrs. Charles Tracy Taylor. With frontispiece in color. 12mo, 403 pages. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. \$1.50.
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- Central America and its Problems: An Account of a Journey from the Rio Grande to Panama.** By Frederick Palmer. Illustrated, large 8vo, 347 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$2.50 net.
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RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

- Orpheus: A General History of Religions.** By Salomon Reinach; translated by Florence Simmonds. With frontispiece in color, large 8vo, 439 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3. net.
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- Religion in the Making: A Study in Biblical Sociology.** By Samuel G. Smith. 12mo, 243 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
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PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

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NATURE AND SCIENCE.

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- The Biology of Sex: A Study of the Sex Problem according to the Latest Facts disclosed by Biology and Evolution.** By Gideon Dietrich. 12mo, 98 pages. Chicago: Samuel A. Bloch. 50 cts.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL	185
THE FIRST AMERICAN STUDENTS IN GERMANY. <i>Ellen C. Hinsdale</i>	187
CASUAL COMMENT	189
The annual reports of the Carnegie Foundation.—The rain returning after the cloud.—The end of a famous journalistic dynasty.—The making of poets and dramatists.—The restoration of Homer.—The Southern Library Training School.—The persistence of poetry.—“Making culture hum.”	
COMMUNICATIONS	191
The “Best Seller” and Romance. <i>Margaret Vance</i> . The Use of the “Printer’s Catchword.” <i>Chas. Welsh</i> . Origin of a Stock Phrase. <i>S. T. Kidder</i> .	
A TRAVELLER IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND. <i>Charles Atwood Kofoid</i>	192
OUR DIPLOMATIC DEALINGS WITH SPAIN. <i>H. Parker Willis</i>	193
THE PROPHET OF MODERN MUSIC. <i>Louis James Block</i>	195
JOAN OF ARC: AN ANTI-CLERICAL VIEW. <i>Lawrence M. Larson</i>	197
RECENT POETRY. <i>William Morton Payne</i>	199
Figgis’s A Vision of Life.—Frewen’s Light among the Leaves.—Stone’s Lusus.—Tabor’s Odds and Ends.—Carman’s The Rough Rider, and Other Poems.—Mackaye’s Poems.—O’Hara’s Songs of the Open.—Loveman’s The Blushful South and Hippocrene.—Miss Guiney’s Happy Ending.—Miss Thomas’s The Guest at the Gate.—Mrs. Huntington’s From the Cup of Silence, and Other Poems.—Mrs. Coates’s Lyrics of Life.	
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	202
Divisions of a genial trifler.—Some early appreciations of Meredith.—Vital problems, economic and sociological.—Wanderings about Rome, old and new.—Back-yard studies of the stars.—London Town, from King Lud to Queen “Vic.”—The life of an old-fashioned gentlewoman.—Second coming of the Bourbons.—Afghanistan, the “buffer state.”—Life-history of Quantrell, the guerrilla.	
NOTES	206
ANNOUNCEMENTS OF SPRING BOOKS	207
A classified list of books to be issued by American publishers during the Spring and Summer of 1910.	
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	216

THE KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL.

It is now almost a year since the ceremonial opening of the Keats-Shelley Memorial House in Rome—the house in the Piazza di Spagna to which Keats was brought by Joseph Severn, and in which the poet died February 23, 1821. The first Bulletin of the Memorial Association has just been issued, under the editorship of Sir Rennell Rodd and Mr. H. Nelson Gay, and for the first time makes public the full details of the exercises, besides presenting much other matter of deep interest to the lovers of the two English poets whose dying gaze was fixed upon Italian skies. Henceforth poetry-loving pilgrims from the English-speaking world to the Eternal City will pay double tribute to the memory of Keats and Shelley,—first at the twin tombs in the shadow of the Pyramid of Cestius, and then at the house which is now dedicated to these two immortal singers.

The inception and progress of the enterprise so happily conceived and successfully carried into effect may be briefly recapitulated. It was in 1903, on the anniversary of Keats’s death, that the plan took definite shape at the meeting of a small group of American authors who were then fortuitously gathered in Rome. The initiative was due to Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, and his efforts were cordially seconded by Sir Rennell Rodd. It was determined to organize English and American and Roman committees, to obtain the official sanction of the King of Italy, the King of England, and the President of the United States, and to invite subscriptions for the purchase of the desired house. It took three years to conduct the preliminary negotiations with the Italian owners of the property, and then, with an option on its purchase secured, the plan was made public. About a year of effort was required to secure the necessary funds (something over twenty thousand dollars), and then the property was bought by the Association. Gifts of books, manuscripts, and works of art suitable for preservation in such a place, were then solicited, and the demand met with a generous response. More material gifts were also forthcoming, including the furnishing of the rooms of the second-floor apartment which Keats occu-

pied, and the Memorial was ready for its formal dedication. It should be added that a perpetual, if modest, endowment fund is provided by the rental of the otherwise unoccupied parts of the building.

The dedicatory ceremonies were held April 8, 1909, in the presence of the King of Italy, the British and American Ambassadors, and about sixty invited guests, among whom were the Rev. Mr. Eadaile, Shelley's grandson, and Mr. Arthur Severn, the son of Joseph Severn. Sir Rennell Rodd opened the exercises with a few well-chosen words, expressing his trust that the house will remain in perpetuity "a centre of interest and a shrine of pilgrimage to all the English-speaking people who come to this hospitable Italy, which all our poets have loved and to which in the century which has lately closed a large portion of their genius has been dedicated." Mr. H. Nelson Gay, admitting that England had "furnished the poets" for the Memorial, said that America had shared in appreciating their genius, reprinting them steadily from 1821 onwards. And he added, addressing the King: "No project which bears the name of Italy can fail to receive enthusiastic support across the Atlantic." Mr. R. U. Johnson, unable to be present, sent a letter paying tribute to Keats and Shelley — "the freshness of their verse; their soaring imagination; the exquisite music of their rhythms; the ardor and breadth of their sympathies; their steadfast conviction of justice as the foundation of human government; the gracious tradition of their personal loveliness, and the glowing ideality of their devotion to a noble art."

An address by Signor Ferdinando Martini, statesman and scholar, was given in eloquent Italian. He brought a continental and quasi-political note into the proceedings, calling Keats "the André Chénier of English poetry, the unwearied seeker after the perfection of form," and speaking of Shelley's prophetic vision that a century ago "perceived Rome rending the sacerdotal cowl, and the shepherds of Ausonia chasing the northern wolves across the Alps." A text from Carducci supplied Signor Martini's peroration:

*"Fremono freschi i pini per l'aura grande di Roma,
Tu dove sei, poeta del liberato mondo?"*

The Italian poet asked his question of Shelley's urn; the Italian statesman answered it at the shrine newly dedicated to Shelley's memory. Mr. Arthur Severn, as the last speaker, told of the closing weeks of Keats's life, as he had often

heard the tale from the lips of his own father. The King then pronounced the formula of dedication, and the proceedings were over. Their purport was afterwards summed up in these simple and sincere verses by Mr. Harold Boulton:

*"From Britain, Empress of the worldwide seas,
And from that proud republic of the West,
The new Atlantis of our latter day,
In April tide to Rome came embassies
To greet two makers of sweet melodies,
Where shreds of their mortality find rest
Mid cypress trees and groves of poet's bay,
And loving hearts keep green their memories.
We, lovers of our poets and Italy,
Are as their children's sons as men count years;
These years, to them who soar in Fame's wide spheres,
Are but one wing-beat in eternity."*

The furnishings of the memorial rooms have been provided by the New York Stock Exchange (in memory of E. C. Stedman), the late General W. J. Palmer of Colorado Springs, Mr. W. K. Bixby of St. Louis, and the Woman's Club of Minneapolis. The other contents include works of art, personal relics, autograph letters, various manuscripts, and a library already numbering a thousand titles, to which it is expected a second thousand will soon be added. The committee has wisely decided to extend the scope of the Memorial to all the English poets having close associations with Italy, in consequence of which decision the collection already includes some material relating to Byron and Leigh Hunt. We trust that it will in time be made to include Landor, the Brownings, and Swinburne. We have hardly as yet had any American poet of high importance (with the possible exception of Longfellow), whose Italian associations would warrant admission to this distinguished company. But the centuries may remedy even this defect in our record.

The greater part of the Bulletin now published is devoted to a catalogue of the library, and a reprint of the letters acquired for the archives. Of this hitherto unpublished material, the most interesting part is found in a group of letters by Trelawny, relating in part to Shelley and Byron, and in part to his own adventurous enterprises. Letters by Shelley, Byron, Severn, and Trelawny are reproduced in photographic facsimile. An etching of the house, and two photogravure views of interiors, complete the list of illustrations. The Bulletin has thus documentary value on its own account, besides fulfilling its function as a record of the history of a peculiarly praiseworthy enterprise, now brought to a happy consummation.

THE FIRST AMERICAN STUDENTS IN GERMANY.

A fresh reading of George Ticknor's letters from Germany, as they appear in an attractive new edition of his "*Life, Letters, and Journals*," published by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. and provided with an Introduction by Mr. Ferris Greenslet, recalls a period in the intellectual development of this country which is full of interest for the present generation, when so many American students are earning their Ph.D.'s in German universities. The influence of the German mind over the American mind has played so great a rôle in our intellectual and educational history that any facts pertaining to its establishment are of interest and value. When the time comes to measure the importance and extent of this influence, these letters of Ticknor will be a valuable source of material.

It was in August, 1815, when the young Bostonian whom Mr. Greenslet calls our first cosmopolitan scholar arrived in Göttingen, where he was to learn the real meaning of scholarship. Ticknor was, however, not the first American student to enter a German university, although the first to leave a published record of his experiences. Benjamin Smith Barton, of Pennsylvania, later an eminent physician and author of scientific works, had preceded him at Göttingen, and had taken his doctor's degree there in 1799; also W. B. Astor of New York, and Edward Everett, whom he found there on his arrival, preparing himself for the Greek professorship in Harvard College.

It is an interesting fact that Ticknor did not obtain his first knowledge of Göttingen from any one of these three countrymen, but from Madame de Staël's work on Germany. This famous book, which first saw the light in England in 1813, discovered intellectual and spiritual Germany not only for France, but for the English-speaking world as well. The pitiful ignorance of the German language and literature prevailing in this country at that time is shown by Ticknor's account of his difficulties in obtaining some preliminary knowledge of the language of the country where he had decided to study. There was no one in Boston who could teach him. In Jamaica Plains he found an Alsatian, a teacher of mathematics, who was willing to help him, but who warned him that he spoke a dialect. He borrowed a grammar, French and German, from Edward Everett; sent to New Hampshire, where he knew there was a German dictionary, and obtained it; and after much seeking got hold of a copy of "*Werther*" for a reading-book.

At Göttingen the young scholar from over-seas found the leading university of Germany, if not of Europe. Founded by George the Second, the university had enjoyed the special protection of the English crown until Hanover was incorporated into Westphalia under Jerome Bonaparte. While Napoleon was pillaging the universities of Jena, Halle, and

Leipzig, he spared Göttingen, which, he declared, belonged neither to Hanover nor to Germany, but to the world. The University was equally fortunate in escaping the clutches of Jerome. Ticknor realized at once that he had entered a new world. Among the many distinguished scholars and teachers, he found two of international reputation — Gauss the mathematician, and Blumenbach the naturalist, who were attracting students from the whole of Europe. For the first time in his life, says his editor, "he was made to understand and feel what is meant by instruction;" to know "the difference between reciting to a man and being taught by him." In a letter to his father he thus writes of his Greek tutor Dr. Schultze:

"Every day I am filled with new astonishment at the variety and accuracy, the minuteness and readiness of his learning. Every day I feel anew . . . what a mortifying distance there is between a European and an American scholar! We do not yet know what a Greek scholar is; we do not even know the process by which a man is to be made one. Mr. Schultze is hardly older than I am. . . . It never entered into my imagination to conceive that any expense of time or talent could make a man so accomplished in this forgotten tongue as he is."

The new-comer was also amazed by the prevailing industry.

"If I desired to teach anybody the value of time, I would send him to spend a semester at Göttingen. Until I began to attend the lectures, and go frequently into the streets, I had no idea of the accuracy with which it is measured and sold by the professors. Every clock that strikes is the signal for four or five lectures to begin and four or five others to close. In the intervals you may go into the streets and find they are silent and empty; but the bell has hardly told the hour before they are filled with students, with their portfolios under their arms, hastening from the feet of one Gamaliel to those of another, — generally running, in order to save time. . . . As soon as they reach the room, they take their places and prepare their pens and paper. The professor comes in almost immediately, and from that time till he goes out, the sound of his disciples taking notes does not for an instant cease. . . . From the accuracy with which time is measured, what in all other languages is called a *lesson* is called in German 'an hour.' You are never asked if you take lessons of such a person, but whether you take 'hours' of him. . . . Visiting, as it is done in our [American] colleges, is a thing absolutely unknown here. If a man, who means to have any reputation as a scholar, sees his best friend once a week, it is thought quite often enough."

The library of the university was a constant delight to the young student, as well as a reminder of the literary poverty of his own country. Speaking, after his return, of the library of Harvard College, he remarked:

"When I went away, I thought it was a large library when I came back, it seemed a closetful of books."

The young barbarian from the West excited interest in the Göttingen world on his own part. Endowed by nature with rare social gifts, he was received into the homes of his professors on terms of friendship. Together with his fellow-student, Everett, he was elected to the exclusive literary club of the university, a society composed of professors and a few chosen students. In reporting this honor to his father, he writes:

"We were taken in as a kind of raree-show, I suppose,

and we are considered, I doubt not, with much the same curiosity that a tame monkey or a dancing bear would be. We come from such an immense distance, that it is supposed we can be hardly civilized; and it is, I am told, a matter of astonishment to many that we are white."

The young American himself may have been a "raree-show" for several distinguished visitors of the university of whom we catch glimpses in the letters. One of them was Wolf, "the corypheus of German philologists," of whom he writes:

"He was curious about our country, and questioned me about our scholars and our scholarship. I told him what I could,—amongst other things, of a fashionable dashing preacher of New York having told me that he took great pleasure in reading the choruses of *Æschylus*, and that he read them without the aid of a dictionary! I was walking with Wolf at the time, and on hearing this he stopped, squared round, and said, 'He told you that, did he?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'Very well; the next time you hear him say it, do you tell him he lies, and that I say so.'"

Ticknor was not in pursuit of a degree; and after a residence of twenty months he set out again on his travels, carrying with him an unanswered letter of great moment, the offer of the professorships of the French and Spanish languages and of *Belles Lettres* at Harvard College. Soon after his return from Europe in 1819, he was inducted with solemn ceremony into these new professorships. At Harvard, then a college of twenty teachers and three hundred students, Ticknor found a state of affairs which would have completely discouraged a man of less ardent and optimistic temperament. The methods of instruction were antiquated, the discipline weak; the governing bodies had fallen into a state of *laissez-faire*, which made any change a slow and painful process. The reforms proposed by the new professor caused a great rattling among the dry bones at Cambridge. But the authorities had no taste for methods made in Germany, and the changes went no farther than his own department. But if Ticknor did not have the gratification of seeing many of his suggestions adopted, to him belongs the honor of giving the initial impulse to the reforms which were finally to change into a university the institution which at that time did not deserve the name of college. Mr. Greenslet calls him "the originator of the university idea in America."

Edward Everett, whom Ticknor had left behind at Göttingen, soon came home, bringing with him more German books for the Harvard library than all the rest of New England possessed. As soon as he was established as professor of Greek, one of his first acts was to urge upon the president of the college the desirability of founding a travelling scholarship for the purpose of having some promising young scholar in training abroad for service to his *alma mater*. The suggestion was acted upon, and the choice fell upon George Bancroft, then in his eighteenth year. After three years in Göttingen, Bancroft returned to his native country, in 1820, with the degree of doctor of philosophy. For a year he was tutor at Harvard; but failed to receive a permanent appointment, and was also, somewhat

later, refused permission to read lectures on history after the German *privat docent* method, a privilege which would have been granted him in Göttingen. Thus Bancroft's efforts to introduce an important feature of the German university was unsuccessful, and the future historian of his country never lent the distinction of his name to the faculty roll of its leading university. But the would-be reformer of his college is nevertheless entitled to a place in the history of American education. With Dr. Joseph Green Cogswell, also the holder of a degree from Göttingen, he founded in 1823, at Northampton, Mass., the famous Round Hill School which was largely based upon German ideas.

After the way had been pointed out, the aspiring young scholars of America began to realize that "homekeeping youths have ever homely wits," and to follow those pioneers in ever-increasing numbers. It is a noticeable fact that Göttingen was the shrine of most of those early pilgrimages. For the year 1829 the Book of the American Colony (an organization which still exists) shows the name of Longfellow followed under the rubric of "Faculty" by "*Schönheitswissenschaft*," an excellent term for the refined learning of Ticknor's successor at Harvard. Other distinguished names on the colony's roll-book are Emerson and Motley. It was at Göttingen that Motley formed his famous friendship with Bismarck. Like his predecessors, he had already finished his college course at home, which fact, however, had not made him too serious-minded for the peculiar pleasures of a German fighting corps. After his death, the Iron Chancellor, in a letter to Dr. Holmes, wrote of his old *corpsbruder* that he studied more than most corps members; also that he attempted original German poems and had planned a translation of Goethe's "*Faust*." In an account of those early Americans at Göttingen, mention should also be made of F. H. Hedge, whom Dr. Harris has called "the great German scholar thoroughly equipped and fully possessed of the German spirit, the German fountain among the Transcendentalists."

The reader may ask why these first Americans chose the German universities instead of Oxford and Cambridge. One would suppose, without further thought, that Oxford "with her dreaming spires" would have been the intellectual Mecca of such men as Ticknor and Longfellow. The explanation is not far to seek: the English universities have never treated foreign students with liberality; nor did their peculiar character at the time in question permit of that universality of learning which Madame de Staël emphasized as characteristic of the universities of Germany. "Their teaching begins," she wrote, "where that of most other nations ends." To trace the full significance and influence of the ideas brought back from Germany by these first Americans who went there for study will be an important duty of the future historian of American culture.

ELLEN C. HINSDALE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION have within a short time come to be looked forward to as important expressions of opinion upon current problems of higher education. The report for 1909 is no exception to this rule, and brings some very pertinent comments upon college advertising, upon financial statements, upon politics in State universities, and upon the significance of agricultural education. But there is one item in the report that is certain to command far more general attention than any of these, and, indeed, is likely to cause consternation in academic circles and to arouse a decided word of protest wherever academic interests are cherished. THE DIAL is able to refer with pleasure to its strong words of commendation of the purposes of the Foundation when the measures adopted to promote its aims were first announced; and now, after an experience of only four years, it regrets to see one of the two fundamental policies, which gave to professors the right of retirement after twenty-five years of service, suddenly and unexpectedly withdrawn. The withdrawal is unaccompanied by word of regret, or even of excuse for its immediate execution. Retirements under this clause are in the future to be limited to cases of disability; and it is set forth that because only a small proportion of those who have in three or four years availed themselves of this privilege did so by reason of disability, the result is widely different from what was anticipated. Yet there is nothing in the original regulations which suggests disability as a prime cause for retirement. Indeed, the whole set of reasons given to support the decision seem so slight as to suggest the presence of a far more decisive factor in the probable inadequacy of the funds. Now it is a most dangerous policy in university administration to give one set of reasons, when in reality the situation is urgent, in terms of a very different set. The old injunction to hold separate that which is Cæsar's and that which has higher responsibilities, is not out of place here. It must be evident that an announcement that professors may look forward to retiring upon either one of two bases which they may personally prefer, is equivalent to a promise; and that in view of such a promise, the lives and activities of a small but worthy part of influential communities will be profoundly affected. A number of protests against the proposed change have already appeared, and all point to the conclusion that the only way for the Foundation to restore confidence in its policies is to postpone the execution of this decision until it is made financially necessary. It is particularly important that the present obligation which the Foundation has accepted in regard to those men who in five or ten years would look forward to shaping their careers with reference to the use of this privilege, shall not be evaded. It is certainly a most regrettable situation that an institution which was

distinctly created to advance the cause of learning and make more favorable the conditions under which the academic life in this country is followed should so early in its career have aroused a situation the more aggravating because of a benefit conferred and withdrawn. It is inevitable that such a situation will draw forth, and above all from the friends of the Foundation, a most earnest protest for a reconsideration of this unfortunate decision.

THE RAIN RETURNING AFTER THE CLOUD might be a paraphrase from Scripture to describe the process by which great reservoirs of wealth—accumulated by an alchemy scarcely less subtle and mysterious than that by which moisture from the earth is sucked up into clouds—when overcharged yield back their treasures to the source whence they came. How much of credit is due to the clouds that “bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers” by discharging moisture they can no longer hold, and how much to the owners of the wealth restored, is a matter less vital than the fact of restoration. Considerations of practical wisdom, if nothing more, dictate full recognition of acts tending toward public good. For such acts, two men in America have long been preëminent; and now one of them, Mr. Rockefeller, has opened wider still the gates of his seemingly inexhaustible reservoir for purposes of beneficence that might almost be described as the general amelioration of mankind. A bill incorporating “The Rockefeller Foundation,” a sort of friendly rival to the Carnegie Foundation, has been introduced in Congress and referred to the Senate District Committee. In the words of the document, the object in view is “to promote the well-being and to advance the civilization of the people of the United States and its Territories and possessions, and of foreign lands, in the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge, in the prevention and relief of suffering, and in the promotion of any and all the elements of human progress.” The reported intention of Mr. Rockefeller to give away most of his wealth in his lifetime seems in a fair way to be carried out. If it is his ambition to die a poor man, while most of the rest of us are foolishly nursing the contrary aspiration, the cause of learning and enlightenment, of progress and of charity, appears likely to profit materially thereby.

THE END OF A FAMOUS JOURNALISTIC DYNASTY which comprised four generations and dated from 1788, has come at last in the death of Arthur Fraser Walter, great-grandson of the John Walter who founded the London “Times,” and himself since 1894 either chief proprietor, or more recently chairman of the board of directors to which the management of the paper had passed after Mr. Alfred Harmsworth (now Lord Northcliffe) had purchased a controlling interest. It was in Arthur's father's time that the tide of fortune turned against the “Thunderer” as a result of its ill-judged pub-

lication of the so-called Parnell letters or Piggott forgeries—a performance that is said to have cost John Walter nearly a million pounds. The tale since then of chancery proceedings, of various alien enterprises essayed by the journal (notably the “Times Book Club” and the “Encyclopædia Britannica” reprint), and of other indications of a loss of solidity and prestige, must have been not exactly a joyous one to the late Mr. Walter. “The Times” without its Walter will seem to many of its old subscribers and readers quite a different paper. How softened is now its thunder as compared with its earth-shaking note in the days of J. T. Delane—Jupiter Tonans Delane, as he might be called.

THE MAKING OF POETS AND DRAMATISTS is now a part of the programme of the fully equipped university. A “course in writing poetry” is offered, if reports are true, at the Missouri State University; and at Harvard the art of the playwright has for some years figured among the things taught in the classroom. “The Technique of the Drama. Lectures and Practice. . . . Three plays are required of each student: an adaptation in one act; an original one-act play; and a play of at least three acts.” This is to-day a course in good and regular standing in the college on the Charles, under Professor George P. Baker’s competent direction; and the number of recent Harvard graduates who have achieved greater or less distinction in the writing of plays, whether for the stage or the closet, seems to indicate that at least encouragement and wise counsel are to be had from the professor of the dramatic art—who may himself never have written an acting play in his life. The endeavor is now being made to endow a professorship of dramatic literature at Harvard, and to raise money for the building of a suitable theatre for the use of the Harvard Dramatic Association.

THE RESTORATION OF HOMER to his old-time throne on the very peak of Parnassus, whence Wolf and later disbelievers in any such man as Homer had hurled him down as an empty impostor, a mere name and nothing more, has been at least partially effected by a little pamphlet in which Professor John A. Scott of Northwestern University adduces proof to show that the disputed ninth, tenth, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth books of the Iliad contain no more peculiar or suspiciously recent terms than do the other books. This scholarly attempt to give us back our blind bard is appreciatively welcomed by no less a Grecian and Homeric scholar than Mr. Andrew Lang, who contributes to the London “Morning Post” a commendatory and interesting column on the general subject of Mr. Scott’s pamphlet, and adds in closing: “Meanwhile, an English scholar, Miss Stawell, of Newnham College, has done for the comparative grammar and metre of the Iliad and Odyssey what Mr. Scott has done for the vocabulary, with the same results, in her ‘Homer and the Iliad.’ Thus the higher criticism may be said to have collapsed.”

THE SOUTHERN LIBRARY TRAINING SCHOOL, established five years ago by Mr. Carnegie, and since 1907 known as the Library Training School of the Carnegie Library of Atlanta, issues a small and business-like “Circular of Information,” from which we learn that it now enjoys a permanent income of four thousand five hundred dollars—thanks to its founder—and has a Faculty of seven, all women. Its course covers three terms, extending from late September to the end of May, and amounting to 464 hours of classroom work. The subjects taught are grouped under seven general heads, and seem well selected to cover the essentials of library science. The school cannot, of course, expect to turn out in one year a ready-made Panizzi or Poole or Putnam; but there appears no reason why the young person who has it in him or her to become a librarian should not get a fair start at the Atlanta school. The moderateness of the expense involved is an attractive feature of the course. There is still in the South abundant room for library training schools, as there is also for libraries.

THE PERSISTENCE OF POETRY, despite the insignificance of the material reward offered to even the most successful of poets, is a thing which may make the aspiring poet take heart again. The amount of verse, and good verse, now being published in England is by no means small; and the amount seeking publication is many times larger. Mr. Stephen Gwynn, writing in the “Nineteenth Century,” compares the present age with the period immediately succeeding Shakespeare’s death; both alike showing a great variety of genuine and delightful poetry. He makes a study of two recent poets, Messrs. James Stephens and W. H. Davies, and maintains that good verse, however limited its sale, has a far better chance of being remembered—of achieving immortality, we might say—than any prose writing of corresponding excellence. The novel, the book of essays, the history, the biography, please most at the first reading, and seldom do they receive a second; but the poem gives increasing pleasure the oftener it is read.

“MAKING CULTURE HUM” with the humming wheels of industry seems to be a matter of keen concern in the educational world just now, if we may judge from the advertisements of not a few academies and colleges and even universities. In his current report, President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching animadverts upon certain features of college advertising. The transgression of the bounds of academic propriety, and even of common decency, in the effort to draw students, is much deplored. Among certain more or less astonishing or amusing devices noted by Dr. Pritchett as resorted to by some of our enterprising institutions of learning, we read the following alluring offer from a Virginia college: “To any parent who has twelve children, ten of them living, two of them in the college at the same time, one free literary tuition will be given;

if only one is sent, one-half tuition will be given." This combined appeal to the anti-race-suicide instinct and the love of polite learning should be tremendously effective.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE "BEST SELLER" AND ROMANCE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Isn't the contributor who writes of the "genteel atmosphere" of the "best seller" a little too hard on the reading public? Is it the gentility of high life that they crave, or the romance? And surely the craving for romance is a legitimate emotion, and the greatest art, as well as the most flagrant artifice, satisfies it.

For my part, I don't believe it is because we are such snobs that we like to read about princes and heiresses, motor-cars, European tours, Worth gowns, and expensive cafés; it is because we are romantic. We can't, in this matter-of-fact age, thoroughly believe in fairies, Alladin's lamp, white magic, and all the other pleasant possibilities that in the "good old days" used to alleviate the unendurable commonplaceness of humdrum existence. But one magic power is still left us — money. We see it — we who have n't it — oiling the wheels to wonderful speed and efficiency.

"Life's a gift scarce worth receivin',
And we hae muckle care and grievin';
But, oiled by thee,
The wheels o' life gang down-hill, screevin'
Wi' rattlin' glee."

Money brings mountains to Mahomet or Mahomet to the mountains, according as Mahomet decrees; transforms ugliness to beauty, dullness to piquant adventure. We know, in our sober senses, that this modern magic has its limitations — that there are many things it can't give its fortunate possessors; but we would like to try, for once in a way, what it could do for us, with our talents, our ingenuity, our zest for the joy of living.

Of course that is the real magic, ancient or modern, — zest for the joy of living; but it would be too much to expect of the average man that he should find it out, or even believe it; money-magic appeals to his material mind. And so, while craving for romance remains a leading motive in the doings of this work-a-day world, the beggar-maid cannot get into the "best seller" — unless she marries the King. The realist may depict the weary round of petty tasks with wonderful adroitness and discrimination; he will never write a "best seller." So I consider the "genteel atmosphere" too Philistine an expression. I should state the formula of the "best seller" thus: a presentation of people like ourselves, doing what we want to do, in places where we want to be, — and that, for most of us, unanalytic and little experienced in the ironies of life, means in places where the modern magic doth much abound, not because it is "genteel" to be rich, but because it is, as we thoughtlessly suppose, delightfully, unbelievably romantic.

MARGARET VANCE.

Oak Park, Ill., March 4, 1910.

THE USE OF THE "PRINTER'S CATCHWORD."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The typographical perplexity set forth by a correspondent in your last issue has doubtless been experienced by many other readers of books of poetry. Would not a simple way out of the difficulty be the adoption, in

cases such as those to which he refers, of the old habit of printing the "catchword" at the foot of the page? — i.e., print the first word of the line which begins on the next page, thus:

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And

CHARLES WELSH.

Winthrop, Mass., March 7, 1910.

[Apparently Mr. Welsh does not quite apprehend the difficulty pointed out by our previous correspondent, who complained that in reading books of poetry he often was perplexed by the absence of anything at the bottom of a page to indicate at a glance whether the last line completed a stanza, or the stanza was divided at that point and carried over to the next page. This applies particularly, of course, to stanzas of different lengths, and when the last line on a page ends with a period. We do not see that the catchword would help the matter in the example given, the comma and the single line being sufficient indication of a divided stanza. Nor would Mr. House's suggestion of a blank line at the bottom of a page and another at the top of the following one be practically effective. The confusion arises, of course, from the fact that usage gives no other means of dividing stanzas than their separation by much more blank space than that used between other lines in the same book. Unless dashes or dots, or other mechanical signs, are used to separate stanzas, the evil will have to be endured; although it is one that affects, whether they understand it or not, all careful readers of poetry. — EDR. THE DIAL.]

ORIGIN OF A STOCK PHRASE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I wish someone could inform me what he believes to be the origin of that lugubrious stock phrase, "in the cold and silent grave." Does it belong to some fraternity ritual, some early dirge or hymn, some novel or history, — or what? It certainly is not of the Bible, nor of Bryant's "Thanatopsis." Yet it has the sound of a threadbare adage, worn out of gentle usage, but of some original pretensions. Can anyone tell?

S. T. KIDDER.

McGregor, Iowa, March 5, 1910.

[We should regard the phrase as the property of anyone who cared to use it, — one of those obvious collocations like "a cold, dreary day in November," "a mild, balmy spring day," "the bustling, noisy city," with no known origin except the dictionary. Turning the words over in one's mind, they do take on, as our correspondent says, "the sound of a threadbare adage." Did not Curran, in his courtroom speech, say to his judges, "My lamp of life is nearly extinguished; I am going to the cold and silent grave"? Yet he did not need to have taken the words from Sir Walter Raleigh, who, in lines written on the night before his death, spoke of "the dark and silent grave." And the words have doubtless been used innumerable times by others, who never knew of their use by Curran or by Raleigh. — EDR. THE DIAL.]

The New Books.

A TRAVELLER IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND.*

The source of the Indus has for centuries lain hidden in the mountain fastnesses of the great central plateau of Asia, as secure from the contaminating gaze of the European explorer as is still Dangra-yum-tso, the sacred lake of the Tibetans. But the head-waters of the Indus, the Brahmaputra, and the Sutlej have at last been mapped by the dreaded foreigner, though the intrepid Sven Hedin still finds every approach to the lake of holy waters barred by armed horsemen.

Travelling in Tibet evidently lacks the comforts of home, and offers no substitutes save the satisfaction of leaving on the map of Asia the record of a massive range of mountains happily christened the "Trans-Himalaya," of completing the survey of the head-waters of three great rivers of the continent, and of filling in the geographic details of certain bands across that great white place on the map which formerly bore only the laconic label "Unexplored." It is cold in Tibet, even in summer. The monsoon blows incessantly day and night. The snows begin early in autumn and continue till late in the spring. Hedin's route on the great plateau was all of it at an altitude exceeding 12,000 feet, and often over 18,000. For two years, through summer's blinding storms and winter's baffling snows, he pushed doggedly on, wearing out caravan after caravan of horses, mules, yaks, even goats and sheep, in a grim battle with the forces of nature, crossing and re-crossing eight different passes of the Trans-Himalaya range. The reader is compelled by the modesty of the writer to re-read the simple account of his mid-winter battle with the elements in the desert and desolate Karokorum Mountains, in order to appreciate fully the magnitude of the task and the success of its accomplishment. Obligated by the secret nature of his enterprise to discard most of the appurtenances of the civilization to which he had bidden farewell a year before, accompanied by a mere handful of ignorant but faithful Ladakias, without guides in a trackless wilderness of snowclad peaks, he brought the remnant of his little caravan through by sheer force of leader-

ship. Conditions of temperature, altitude, and storm tested the powers of human endurance almost as severely as in polar explorations. The courage with which Hedin attempted to penetrate these unknown mountain fastnesses in the dead of winter at altitudes towering far above Alpine summits is not less than sublime. He has made Trans-Himalayan the superlative of Alpine in the vocabulary of mountaineering. The desert is swept by blinding dust and sand storms; water is scanty and found with difficulty, and then all too often bitter or salt. Nomads' trails are followed at one's peril, while fuel and fodder are scarce; for Tibet is much of it a treeless desert.

There is no playing to the galleries in Hedin's portrayal of the thrilling parts of his narrative. A touch of rhetorical effect is reserved for the sentimental treatment which he gives to the loss of his faithful beasts of burden or to the various and sundry litters of puppies added to his caravan, for the reflections on the lives of the self-immured lamas, or for the gruesome details of the revolting customs which the Tibetans use in the disposal of their dead. The narrative of his travels is detailed and encyclopædic. He sees Tibet through a geographer's eyes, and describes it with geographical completeness. No particular of elevation, orographic structure, or rate of flow of stream, no configuration of distant mountain range, escapes his nimble recording pencil. He fairly revels in geographic detail; the hurried or casual reader can hardly see Tibet for the landscape. It is but fair to characterize the book as one of exploration rather than travel, of information rather than mere entertainment. The pages afford abundant and carefully recorded data regarding the country and people along the routes, enlivened continually by the minor details of human interest, by the minutiae of caravan life, of his horses, yaks, and dogs, and even of his sheep, which often served as refractory beasts of burden when horses and yaks failed. One soon comes to know the members of his caravan, — the intelligent Robert from the mission station at Srinagar, the only Eurasian in his following; the efficient Muhamed Isa, his caravan bashi; and crafty Panchor, the grafting guide, friend of all the nomad robbers. His followers, in spite of the perils into which he led them, and great physical discomforts to which they were subjected, gave him yeoman service, and parted from him with tears and lamentations.

Mountain chains, swift icy rivers, trackless wind-swept salty deserts, deep snow, and shortage

*TRANS-HIMALAYA: DISCOVERIES AND ADVENTURES IN TIBET. By Sven Hedin. In two volumes. With 388 illustrations from photographs, water-colour sketches, and drawings, by the author; and ten maps. New York: The Macmillan Co.

of fuel and water, were not the only obstacles Hedin had to overcome. Tibet was closed to all foreigners, by formal agreement of four nations noted for their astute diplomacy—Tibet, China, Great Britain, and Russia. All appeals to the Liberal Government in England for permission to enter the forbidden land by way of India met with courteous but firm refusal. Baffled at Simla in his efforts to enter from the south, he plunged into Kashmir and entered Tibet from the northwest, reaching Shigatse, one hundred and fifty miles from Lhasa, through the sparsely-peopled country of the nomad tribes, before the Tibetan authorities stopped him and firmly compelled him to leave the country. A diplomatic battle-royal ensued, in which the explorer's "religious scruples" against returning by the route by which he entered stood him in good stead; for Tibetans are the most religious people in the world, and gave his geographical conscience its just dues in so far that they permitted him to zigzag his way back to the Kashmir frontier along a formerly explored route. A new agreement of Great Britain and Russia, in which China was requested to concur, expressly forbade for a period of three years all scientific expeditions into Tibet. This rendered doubly difficult all attempts to creep back into the forbidden land. The author says:

"The country of Tibet will doubtless in the future be closed as strictly as hitherto; for the supremacy over Tibet is a political question of the first importance to China, not only because Tibet is, as it were, a huge fortress with ramparts, walls, and ditches, protecting China, but also on account of the great spiritual influence which the two popes exercise over all Mongolians. As long as China has the Dalai Lama in its power, it can keep the Mongols in check; while in other circumstances the Dalai Lama could stir them up to insurrection against China. And Mongolia is also the buffer-state between China and Russia."

A new caravan was, however, secretly equipped in Kashmir which, starting ostensibly northward, plunged again in mid-winter into Western Tibet through the uninhabited wastes of Kuen-Lun, only to be stopped again after crossing once more the Trans-Himalayan range, and ordered post-haste from the land. Once more "religious" scruples and clever diplomacy won for Hedin the privilege of a circuitous route outward, and made possible a number of important additions to the maps of Tibet.

The two bulky volumes of the present work do not afford opportunity for the full story of the return trip and the difficult traverse of the Himalayas by a new route. This, with an account of Tibetan monasteries, and of the trip through Japan, Korea, and Manchuria, is prom-

ised in a later work; while the youthful appetite for adventure is to be supplied by a selection of thrilling Tibetan experiences.

The illustrations of the work are exceptionally fine and very abundant. The author's sketches are confessedly not works of art, but they give a vivid impression of the atmospheric color-effects in this great plateau, and of scenes in the great monastery of Shigatse, while also enlivening and enlarging the reader's appreciation of places, peoples, and incidents. Few books of exploration contain so much information so well told as these volumes of Hedin's about the Forbidden Land. CHARLES ATWOOD KOFOID.

OUR DIPLOMATIC DEALINGS WITH SPAIN.*

The war with Spain, which resulted in the transfer of Porto Rico and the Philippines to the United States and in the establishment of substantial American control over Cuba, has already formed the topic of a large literature. Of this literature, much, as might be expected where the matter deals with events so close at hand, is partisan; much is incomplete; and still more lacks the higher intellectual authority and judgment which come from the larger view possible only where events are placed in their true perspective with reference to others by being viewed down a vista of years. Admiral Chadwick's volume on the diplomatic relations of the United States and Spain is an acceptable and valuable contribution to the growing body of material dealing with the Spanish war, and it has the additional merit (as the title intimates) of presenting a study of our recent relations with Spain simply as the latest steps in a long series of negotiations extending back to "difficulties which had their seed in the peace of 1763." The book has thus a broad historical quality which marks it out as more than a contribution to contemporary politics, although of its 610 pages about a third are devoted to the years 1895-1898.

Admiral Chadwick, after a general introduction, begins with a chapter on the attitude of Spain in the American Revolution, and follows this with a discussion of the treaty of 1795 which came as a result of the intrigue and discontent in Louisiana. The question of Florida, the negotiations of 1804-5, and the collateral historical events, are carefully covered. Later,

*THE RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN: DIPLOMACY. By French Ensor Chadwick, Rear Admiral U. S. Navy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the author turns to our proposed alliance with Great Britain, which gave place to trafficking with France. Napoleon's invasion of Spain and its effect in this country, the relations of Great Britain and Spain, Spanish land-grants, and the position of the United States regarding these questions and the South American situation, carry Admiral Chadwick to the end of his eighth chapter. His ninth section is an interesting discussion of the Holy Alliance, Canning's position on American affairs, and the Congress of Verona. This leads by natural stages to the development of the Monroe Doctrine and the origin of the Panama Congress. Our attitude toward slavery and the Cuban question, and our assurances to Spain in 1840 and the following years, are then dealt with. Admiral Chadwick gives substantial attention to Cuban affairs, and continues with a valuable discussion of the relations of Cuba and the United States during the decade 1850-1860, which brings his history to the opening of the Civil War, and closes his thirteenth chapter. The author recognizes the important bearing which our abolition of slavery had upon the Cuban question, and this recognition shows itself throughout his subsequent discussion of our dealings with Spain. He reviews with care and detail President Grant's Cuban views, the position of Secretary Fish, and the events which ultimately led to the disturbances in Cuba and to our forcible interference. In all these matters the great merit of Admiral Chadwick's book is seen in his reliance upon state papers and direct historical sources; while the main criticism on his use of material must be that he has apparently employed but little Spanish documentary information.

The chief immediate interest in this study of our relations with Spain will, however, lie largely in Admiral Chadwick's later chapters in which he deals with the events subsequent to 1895. Here he has considered at length the attitude of the Cleveland administration toward the Cuban question and the Spanish government generally, the policy of Secretary Olney, Spain's lack of understanding of the feeling in the United States, the position assumed by President McKinley, the condition of the Cuban people, General Weyler, his policy and his final recall, the régime established by Consul General Lee in Cuba and his relations with the military authorities there, the destruction of the Maine, the findings of the court of inquiry thereon, conditions at Madrid, and the opening of the war. It is one of the most interesting features of this part of the work, that Admiral Chadwick concedes

fully and frankly that Spain had by the beginning of April, before the final break which led to war, practically accepted American demands with regard to Cuba, in full. Much of the matter in this portion of the volume is, in fact, a transcript of documentary matter carefully selected and put together. He regards the war as "the final act in the struggle for supremacy between Anglo-Saxons and men of the Latin race in North America, in which Philip, Elizabeth, Drake, Howard, Chatham, Vernon, Wolf, Montcalm, Washington, all had a part. The expedition of the Great Armada, the murderous early struggles in Carolina and Florida, the seven years' war which drove France from the American continent, were but acts in the drama the culmination of which, in 1898, left the Anglo-Saxon and the American in Mexico masters of the whole of the northern continent. It was the end of a race struggle which had lasted full three hundred years."

Admiral Chadwick's book will be a valuable compendium of diplomatic information relative to relations with Spain from Colonial days down to the present. Its expressions of opinion are, as far as they relate to recent history, sufficiently few and sufficiently dispassionate. Although the writer's sympathies are plainly evident, they are nowhere unduly thrust forward or presented in a biased way. Indeed, at times one wishes there had been less citation of papers and more critical analysis; but this error, if it be such, is on the side of safety, and will not be objected to by the student. It is probably true that an examination of Spanish archives, and the publication of such matter relative to recent events as is necessarily to be expected at a later date, will supply information upon certain matters which Admiral Chadwick has been compelled to deal with in a relatively incomplete way. For the present, he has performed an extremely useful service in giving to the public this extensive historical review of our relations with that nation which first opened the American continent to civilization and development. H. PARKER WILLIS.

A LITERARY FRAUD of an uncommonly cold-blooded kind is announced from Paris, in connection with the Empress Eugénie. In anticipation of the death of this aged woman, some unscrupulous publishers are said to have concocted a volume of pretended memoirs, to be foisted upon the market as soon as she departs this life. The nefarious scheme is exposed and vigorously denounced by M. Jules Clarétie, who says: "I have been solemnly assured that the Empress, who has chosen to keep silent with regard to the events of the past, has not written a single line of these 'Memoirs' that are to be attributed to her."

THE PROPHET OF MODERN MUSIC.*

In the year 1685 there were born in Germany two men whose future task it was to lay the foundation of the art which is distinctively that of modern times. Sculpture is Greek, architecture is ancient and mediæval, painting belongs to the Renaissance, poetry is universal and free from time limitations; but music has reached its development in the last two centuries. The remarkable men referred to were Bach and Handel. Born in the same year, they also took their flight from earth in the same decade. The one came of a long musical ancestry, the other relied upon his own inborn genius. They were engaged upon the same great task; they were actuated by similar motives and purposes; they made a noble contribution to the happiness and elevation of mankind.

They united in themselves the best attainments of their predecessors, and they made conquests that were impossible to earlier men. Music had been decisively developing in its elements and resources. The forms of the composition, the perfection of the instruments, the upbuilding of structures vast and impressive, solicited the attention and determined the energies of the followers of the art. Bach and Handel came as the leaders and chief exponents of an art that had a numerous body of votaries. The instrument that was making extraordinary advances was the organ; the song that was challenging the composer for its richer development was the religious choral; the orchestra in its independence was making an appeal quite irresistible; the opera had found a congenial climate in Italy, and the Germans were eager and active in its introduction into their more serious land. There were remarkable executants and writers—Frescobaldi, with his novel and brilliant audacities; Pachelbel, possessing the Teutonic thoroughness; and, greatest of all, Buxtehude, exercising a powerful influence on his students and followers.

The young John Sebastian Bach responded ardently to these stimulating demands, and felt able to bring to successful conclusion what the others were not yet ready to accomplish. He found himself the centre of a large and splendid activity, and his place was first among those who did the most and carried the art of music farthest on its way.

He was born at Eisenach, in Germany, and came of a family of musicians. For generations

the Bachs had been devoted to the art, and numbered many notable men among their kindred. Their gifts all descended to the great man who made them partakers of his fame—who concentrated in himself all the tendencies of his time, and was the genuine forerunner and progenitor of that achievement in music which places it side by side with the highest artistic attainments of the world. Bach lost both parents while he was very young, and went to live with an older brother, John Christoph, who was a musician of some eminence, and who held an appointment as organist in Ohrdruff, a village not far from Eisenach. Of this period in his life Sir Hubert Parry says:

"In such a home new influences inevitably began to operate. Without laying undue stress on the difference between the art of a town musician and that of a musician attached to a church establishment, it cannot be gainsaid that the regular, quiet, orderly, and sober existence of an organist of a church, the peculiar artistic atmosphere, and the kind of work which falls to his lot to do, are liable to exert a great and lasting influence upon the unfolding mind of a young musician. The better part of such influence is sobering. It leads to the concentration of the faculties upon the actual facts of art and to finding pleasure and reward in them rather than in the applause which brilliant individual achievement, either as performer or composer, may evoke. And under this influence it is easy to see that the character of the young musician soon received a permanent bent."

The education of the youth was carefully attended to, but at best it was not anything that we should nowadays regard as adequate. He was a pupil of Pachelbel's, and during his earlier life he made a number of expeditions to study with certain leading men, notably Böhm and Buxtehude, and with the latter he remained so long over his leave of absence that he was in danger of losing the post which he then held. Like Shakespeare and Beethoven, his chief education came from his independent using and bringing to perfection of the great powers with which he found himself endowed, as soon as he arrived at self-consciousness. He was thrown upon his own resources early; at the age of fifteen he held a position in the convent school of St. Michael's at Lüneberg, for which he received an insignificant stipend. He had subsequent appointments at Arnstadt, at Weimar, at Cöthen, and at last went to Leipsic and was made cantor of the St. Thomas School, a place which he held until his death in 1750. He was also organist of the two leading churches in Leipsic. He was twice married, and left a large number of children, some of whom attained considerable musical distinction. He was a man

* JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *The Story of the Development of a Great Personality.* By C. Hubert H. Parry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

of sturdy independence of character, serious and deeply religious; he was honored at his death, but his full recognition was left to men and times that succeeded him.

The period of Bach's novitiate closed with his call to Weimar in 1708. He had attained his *Meisterschaft*, and now began the mature period of his splendor as a composer. He was an indefatigable worker; his creative power came from an apparently inexhaustible source, and his productions — cantatas, motets, toccatas, fugues, passion music, masses — proceeded in a never-ending stream. His life broadened and deepened at Weimar; he came in contact with the reigning Duke, he found himself in association with men of his own type and temperament. Moreover, the Protestantism there was of the Orthodox rather than the Pietist kind. As the present biographer says: "He (the Duke of Weimar) belonged to the group which was distinguished technically as being orthodox, among whose objects it was to maintain the ancient musical traditions of the Church, as distinguished from the Pietists, to whom anything in the shape of artistic accessories and appeals to the poetic imagination was abhorrent. So in this respect John Sebastian was sure of a field to exercise his powers."

During the Weimar period Bach sounded the heights and depths of the cantata. He unfolded this form as no man before him had done, and he fashioned a unity of chorals which practically brought into the world a new work of art. Some of his greatest achievements belong to this time. Toccatas and fugues and fantasies of astonishing amplitude gave evidence of his mastery. He had become conscious of his art and its infinite resources.

Sir Hubert Parry finds it somewhat difficult to assign a reason for Bach's willingness to leave Weimar, where so much had been to his mind, and where such successes had been won. The reasons were probably more subjective than would strike the simple on-looker. At Cöthen a new field of his art allured him. The organ should not exclusively call him devotee; the larger opportunities of the orchestra were opening to him. Composers before him and around him, in Italy and in Germany, — Corelli, Scarlatti, Reinken, — were bringing into play the special characteristics and resources of the various instruments, and, as our author says:

"Bach's energy in exploring the possibilities of secular instrumental music during the time when he was at Cöthen seems to have been all-embracing. His opportunities of hearing such music were plentiful, and there

being no special inducements to write choral music on a grand scale, his mind was more free to address itself to various forms of this large branch of art."

So we get his concertos and suites for different instruments, his overtures, his sonatas, accompanied or unaccompanied, for the violin, and his epoch-making "*Wohltemperirtes Clavier*." The next step will of course be to put all these musical resources together. But before that occurs, there is another migration, the last, to a larger field of labor. He takes up his sojourn in Leipsic, where he remains until his death. He succeeded Kuhnau, a versatile and distinguished musician, as cantor of the Thomas Schule, a foundation under the control of the City Council. He now returns to the production of cantatas, but with the largeness and mastery that came from full maturity of power, and the high consciousness thereof. He also attains the recognition of the universality of the musical forms, and, although a consistent Protestant, pours his religious ardor into the moulds furnished by the Church Catholic. To this period belong the chief successes of his career, the imposing Magnificat, the Mass in B minor to which no epithet except incomparable is applicable, and the wonderful Matthew Passion Music. With these are to be grouped the Fugue in B minor, the grand Toccata in F, and the Fantasia in G minor. His work draws to a close, and his end is only another example of the ingratitude of an unthinking generation, and the failure of those near the benefactor to take him for what he is.

Bach belongs with the great upbuilders of music; it was his to give consistent form to the masses of material long accumulating, to seize upon the characteristics of instrument after instrument and find for each its place in the great whole, to show what could be done with the concerto, the sonata, the mass, and to bring them into that perfection of form which could alone lead to their setting forth their complete significance. With Palestrina as his genuine predecessor, and Handel as his compeer and coadjutor, he made of music a vehicle of expression not to be surpassed. He was both the consummation of what preceded him and the prophet of what was to come. No art had taken so long a time to ripen and mature as Music. He was the chosen instrumentality to bring its elements together. Of his musical accomplishment, Sir Hubert Parry says:

"For over one hundred and fifty years since Bach's death composers have been constantly endeavoring to enhance their artistic resources; and yet with all their devoted and unsparing efforts they do not appear to

have got much beyond the standard of his achievements. In some respects indeed they seem like people who have turned aside from a path which appeared rather too arduous and have gone a long way round, only to find themselves after a long climb at much the same place as they started from."

The opera was in full blast with Keiser in the neighboring town of Hamburg, and Bach visited there; he also met the composer Hasse, at Dresden. He was not allured, however, into any efforts in the direction which these men had taken. His great contemporary, Handel, spent years in the production of operas, but at last abandoned them for the serious work of his life. The music of Italy had some attraction for Bach; the charm and fluency of its melody held him with its fascination, as they must hold everyone; but he wove the lighter strands successfully into his stronger texture, and gave them such use and privilege as conduced to the fulfilment of his more strenuous aims. Polyphony, of which he was the great master, has found a triumphant re-birth in Beethoven, Wagner, Strauss.

After Bach's death, the world gave him small attention; his manuscripts were divided among his sons, and posterity was in danger of losing them. Fortunately, the younger son, Philipp Emanuel, took care of his portion, — the elder son, Friedmann, being dissipated and disposing of the precious works at his need and caprice, thus causing an irreparable loss. For a time Bach was in an eclipse; but he was sure to come into his own. The resuscitation owes much to the enthusiasm of Mendelssohn and Schumann, Franz and Wagner; to-day and for all time he stands among the *dii majores* in the realm of art.

The work of Sir Hubert Parry occupies a place in the field of English musical literature quite its own; we have few works to compare with it; the voluminous life by Spitta has, indeed, been translated, but its encyclopædic character puts it into the domain of the special student. The present life of Bach is both for the student and the general reader. It is illuminating in its discussion of Bach's music; it presents all aspects of the master's career fully and with insight; it is sympathetic and highly appreciative. The large learning of the author has been put under contribution; the great subject has been treated in the style and with the reverence which it demands. It is an admirable book. The publishers have recognized their obligation and sent forth a fine volume with appropriate illustrations.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

JOAN OF ARC: AN ANTI-CLERICAL VIEW.*

After nearly five centuries, Jeanne d'Arc has been formally enrolled among the beatified. In the minds of many devout Frenchmen she has long held the place of a saint; but not till recently were her partisans able to produce arguments of a sufficiently convincing character to secure favorable action at Rome. But not all Frenchmen, it appears, regard the act of beatification in a serious light; while good churchmen were seeking arguments to prove that the shepherdess of Domremi was a worker of miracles, a famous literary artist was also examining the historical documents of the fifteenth century, and was gradually developing the theory that the strange and mysterious behavior of the Maid was merely the result of a morbid "hallucinated" mind acting on the fraudulent suggestions of selfish priests.

M. Anatole France published his biography in 1908. It encountered an immediate and almost violent opposition. That the clerical elements should be hostile, is not strange; more significant is the attitude of the professional historians, many of whom refused to regard the work as anything more than an anti-clerical brief. In the preface to the present (English) edition, the author admits that the reviewers had "discovered in this work certain errors"; but these he tells us have been eliminated. And he adds:

"The hagiographers alone are openly hostile. They reproach me, not with my manner of explaining the facts, but with having explained them at all. . . . And these zealous inquisitors, so intent on condemning my work, have failed to discover therein any grave fault, any flagrant inexactness. Their severity has had to content itself with a few inadvertences and with a few printer's errors."

It is interesting to find that among the "hagiographers" we shall have to class such writers as the late M. Achille Luchaire, who knew mediæval France as few scholars have known it; and Mr. Andrew Lang, who refused to accept M. France's biography as definitive, and promptly proceeded to write another in refutation (see *THE DIAL*, April 16, 1909); and Mr. F. C. Lowell, who once wrote an excellent biography of the Maid, and who characterizes the work of the great romancer as "dangerously untrustworthy."

M. France's conception of his subject is totally different from the conventional one. He sees her as the rather commonplace shepherdess, subject to mental aberrations in the form of

* *THE LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC.* By Anatole France. Translation by Winifred Stephens. In two volumes. New York: John Lane Co.

hallucinations. She is good and saintly, — the author repeatedly emphasizes her saintliness, but his conception of a mediæval saint is such that the term is scarcely a compliment. Jeanne's peculiar mental state he believes to have interested the local clergy; and soon, after a little careful coaching, the "hallucinated lass" is transformed into a prophetess.

"Had this idea of a holy militant mission, conceived by Jeanne through the intermediary of her voices, come into her mind spontaneously without the intervention of any outside will, or had it been suggested to her by someone who was influencing her?" In answer to this fundamental question, the author states that Jeanne was acquainted with a prophecy that France "would be ruined by a woman and saved by a maiden"; she had also been told that the "Maiden Redemptress should come from the border of Lorraine." And without further argument or evidence, the author concludes: "It is no longer possible to doubt that the prophecy thus revised is the work of an ecclesiastic whose intentions may be easily divined." After this remarkable feat of logic, one is surprised to learn that the author cannot name the priest in question; but one among the suffering clergy of the Meuse valley "whose name will never be known, raised up an angelic deliverer for the king and the kingdom of France."

And now comes Mr. Andrew Lang with the positive statement that "we have no evidence that she had heard of the Merlin prophecy till after she had announced her mission."

In speaking of the Dauphin's kingship, the Maid stated that he should hold France as a fief (*en commande*) of the King of Heaven. This again is evidence to the author's mind of clerical prompting. But critics reply to this that the idea could have been gotten from sermons; it was the current idea of the time among churchmen. At first Jeanne announces a general mission, to save France; later, it is to deliver Orleans. And with fine sarcasm the historian comments in this fashion: "We cannot fail to recognize the readiness and the tact with which the Voices altered their commands previously given according to the necessities of the moment."

The same priestly influence M. France finds at work during those six long weeks at Poitiers, when the theologians were examining the Maid to make sure that she was not sent by the evil one.

"But Jeanne before the doctors at Poitiers was an exception; she ran no risk of being suspected in matters of faith. Even Brother Pierre Turelure himself

had no desire to find in her one of those heretics he zealously sought to discover at Toulouse. In her presence the illustrious masters drew in their theological claws. They were churchmen, but they were Armagnacs, for the most part business men, diplomatists, old councillors of the Dauphin. As priests doubtless they were possessed of a certain body of dogma and morality, and of a code of rules for judging matters of faith. But now it was a question not of curing the disease of heresy, but of driving out the English."

However, the farce served a purpose: it gave time for the Maid's fame to spread throughout the realm; it familiarized the people of France with the thought that a miracle was to be performed on behalf of the miserable Dauphin; it filled his partisans with hope, his enemies with fear.

Of the Maid's actual achievements, M. France does not speak with much enthusiasm. He holds that the situation of the besiegers of Orleans was, if possible, worse than that of the besieged. All that was necessary to dislodge the English was a little confidence; and the Maid's reputed sanctity furnished that. The author criticizes her determination to go to Rheims rather than against Paris; but "she did not know enough of the configuration of the country to decide such a question, and it is not likely that her saints and angels knew more of geography than she did."

At the same time, the author denies that the Maid had any influence on the determination to go to Rheims. It was the Archbishop of Rheims, a "greedy, avaricious, unscrupulous" churchman, who insisted on the journey, and who carried the day. "Fifteen years had passed since his elevation to the archiepiscopal see of Rheims; and of his enormous revenue he had not yet received one penny." Here we have the motive. So far as foot-notes show, this remarkable conclusion is based on no documentary evidence, and is reached in the face of Dunois's testimony that "the Maid won all to her determined course."

Of the great tragedy that followed the capture of the Maid, — the sale of the prisoner to the English, the two trials, and the execution, — the author gives a circumstantial account of nearly two hundred pages. For the inactivity of King Charles and the ecclesiastics of his party he can give no reason, unless it be that doubts had arisen among the Armagnacs as to the sanctity of the Maid. Two chapters, dealing with various pretended Jeanne's and the trial of rehabilitation (1455), bring the narrative to a close. Four brief appendices are added, of which only one — a letter from Dr. G. Dumas

cautiously accepting the author's theory of hallucination and suggestion — is of any particular interest.

Reviewers have charged M. France with almost every offense known to historical writing: suppressing or misinterpreting evidence, substituting plausible theory for documentary statements, misquoting important testimony, and the rest. Those charges will have to be left, however, to scholars who have an intimate acquaintance with the field in question. But on one point even the lay reader may have a right to form an opinion. In all historical writing, the attitude that the author assumes toward his subject is of prime importance; and in this particular case the attitude and the view-point are readily determined. In his Introduction, M. France tells us that he has tried to look at events from the view-point of the century in which Jeanne lived; and the earlier chapters give the impression that in this he has succeeded. But the reader soon discovers that his praise is insincere, that his purpose in describing peculiarities of fifteenth-century thought is not to instruct but to satirize, that of sympathy for his theme he has very little, and that he utterly fails to appreciate the importance of Jeanne's achievements for the history of his country.

In many respects the biography is a remarkable work. Of literary excellences it is needless to speak; it is written in the same elegant style that we know from the author's romances, though perhaps less vigorous, more controlled, and consequently more artificial. The general reader, as well as the student of history and of psychology, will find the volumes entertaining, suggestive, and thought-provoking. But it is not likely that the world will ever accept the picture of the young shepherdess that M. France has painted so skilfully as a faithful portrait of Jeanne d'Arc.

LAURENCE M. LARSON.

A TIMELY WORD on the obsolescence of war has been written by Mr. Norman Angell, an Englishman, in a book that he well names "Europe's Optical Illusion." In these days of "Dreadnaughts" and much talk about possible hostile invasions it is refreshing to chance upon a sensible and convincing presentation of the whole matter. So intricately interdependent, financially and industrially, are the nations of the world to-day that Mr. Angell pronounces war to be "intellectually obsolete." That it is also morally unthinkable, and in every way a most clumsy and unsatisfactory way to adjust international differences, no enlightened person can dispute. Warfare, whatever it was in Homer's time, is now a thing without glamour or poetic charm, and we are nearly all heartily ashamed of it as a glaring anachronism, an ungainly survival of a ruder age.

RECENT POETRY.*

An allegory of sacred and profane love is found in "A Vision of Life," by Mr. Darrell Figgis. The narrator suffers the temptation of St. Anthony, but is saved by "a voice of awful import" that arouses his higher self. Mr. Figgis is a metaphysical poet, as we may see from this example of his shorter pieces:

"Each hath the Type of bliss within his thought
That utters for him all his Life would be:
The summit of his soul's felicity,
The consummation wherein should be wrought
In deft attainment all his spirit bought
Awhile in fervent hope — whose roundest fee
'T was good to pay. 'T is so; enough! For me,
Be it amiss or be it fitly sought,
This would I crave — that mine and thy full soul
May touch their mutual deep content, how'er
Life twists its tortuous course; may still control
Their Individuality, yet fare
So subtly each on each, that as one whole
They might stretch to their goal in God's pure air."

This volume is favored by an introduction from the pen of Mr. Chesterton, who finds in the poet a reversion to the Elizabethan manner, and holds him a spiritual kinsman of the late Francis Thompson. He has "the same essential qualities of sustained and systematic metrical style, of line linked with line in a process requiring the reader's attention, and remote in its very nature from the startling simplicity of the old romantic ballad." All this may be allowed, and, indeed, appears clearly enough in our brief quotation. The critic goes on to say that "if this kind of poetry prevails, people will have to listen to it rather as they listen to good and rather difficult music, not as they listen to scattered brilliancies in a speech by Mr. Bernard Shaw." Mr. Figgis is, moreover, "on the side of the angels," and his work offers evidence of "a certain return to-right feeling and faith in life, not as an early dream of transcendentalism, but as an ultimate result of experience."

The decorous and pallid verse of Mr. Hugh

* A VISION OF LIFE. Poems by Darrell Figgis. New York: John Lane Co.

LIGHT AMONG THE LEAVES. By Hugh Moreton Frewen. London: David Nutt.

LUSUS. By Christopher Stone. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

ODDS AND ENDS. By R. Montagu Tabor. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE ROUGH RIDER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Bliss Carman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

POEMS. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Co.

SONGS OF THE OPEN. By John Myers O'Hara. Portland, Maine: Smith & Sale.

THE BLUSHFUL SOUTH AND HIPPOCRENE. Being Songs by Robert Loveman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

HAPPY ENDING. The Collected Lyrics of Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE GUEST AT THE GATE. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

FROM THE CUP OF SILENCE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Helen Huntington. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LYRICS OF LIFE. By Florence Earle Coates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Moreton Frewen may be fairly illustrated by the lyric, "Love Grown Cold."

"Like a voice from the tomb that is dead,
Like the light of a star that is old,
Like a face in a dream that has long since fled
Is love grown cold;

"The thoughts which I dared not think,
The deeds that are past and done,
Returning flock by memory's brink
One by one.

"Of the days that I loved you most,
Of the days that you loved me best,
Like the postern light of a ship at night
We are dispossessed."

A few of these pieces have African themes, and gain a touch of color thereby. Others are religious musings, and there is one rather pretty group of songs about birds.

Mr. Christopher Stone publishes a little book called "Lusus," which is a collection of brief and pointless prose sketches with verses intermingled. The verses are usually commonplace, but something a little more than that is offered by the lines entitled "The Idealist."

"Somewhere beyond the ocean's melting rim,
Beyond the level surface of the waves,
He dreams of islands, in whose echoing caves
Rest and eternal music wait for him.
Behind, long billows seem to touch the brim
Of low white cliffs, and looking back he craves
To stand once more at his forefathers' graves,
Hard by the cottage-door and garden trim.
Too late he turns the prow; through fretful spray
The keel slips homeward, and the ominous roar
Of tumbling surf is nearer, till once more
Within the arms of his familiar bay
He hears the village bell from far away,
And lo! fierce wreckers line the fatal shore."

The "Odds and Ends" of Mr. R. Moutagu Tabor are parodies, exercises in classical and macaronic verse, political and social skits, and *vers de société* of the sort made familiar by numerous exemplars. "A Dissolution of Partnership" is a neat and effective example.

"When you played at Bridge with me,
When I saw you lightly make,
As my smiling *vis-à-vis*,
Every possible mistake,
I forgave you, though I paid
Dearly for the slips you made.

"When you played at Golf with me,
When your efforts made the ball
Through the green or from the tee
Into every bunker fall,
I forgave you, though it cost
Many a pang each time we lost.

"When you played at Love with me,
Ah! what science then, what skill
Drew me to your feet to be
Now discarded at your will;
Shall I still forgive you? Yes!
Nothing ever grieved me less."

Mr. Tabor's touch as a parodist may be shown by a couple of brief examples.

"The Trippers came down to the sea in their hordes,
And their raiment was gorgeous with gewgaws and gauds,
And their brass was as brazen, their manners as free,
As when they lark nightly through Shoreditch, E. C."

"What means this flimsy paper blue,
With hints of all the ills I'll rue
Be my return not full and true?
The Census.

"What strikes me with profound dismay
At what my maiden aunt will say
When pressed to state her natal day?
The Census."

A few more extracts would go far to prove that the author was in line to qualify for the laurels of C. S. C.

In "The Rough Rider, and Other Poems," Mr. Bliss Carman's lyre is attuned to themes suggested by his adopted country. New England legends, Puritan ballads, tributes to our national heroes, and songs in commemoration of our national festivals, make up this pleasing little volume, and show the writer to have fairly earned citizenship with us. We are not quite sure that his description of "The Rough Rider" fits, but we cannot deny its writer's conviction.

"Who is the hardy figure
Of virile fighting strain,
With valor and conviction
In heart, and hand, and brain?
Sprung from our old ideals
To serve our later needs,
He is the modern Roundhead,
The man who rides and reads."

But we can accord him complete sympathy when he hymns "A New England Thanksgiving" in such strains as the following:

"Here lived the men who gave us
The purpose that holds fast,
The dream that nerves endeavor,
The glory that shall last.
Here strong as pines in winter,
And free as ripening corn,
Our faith in fair ideals —
Our fathers' faith — was born.

"Here shone through simple living,
With pride in word and deed,
And consciences of granite,
The old New England breed.
With souls assayed by hardship,
Illumined, self-possessed,
Strongly they lived, and left us
Their passion for the best."

The note of social idealism is predominant in this new collection of verse, but the author still hears the call of the open road, and has lost nothing of his sensitive response to the ministries of nature.

Last summer's celebration at Lake Champlain seems to have fared well at the hands of the poets. In our last article we quoted from Mr. Clinton Scollard's ode. Mr. Carman has a song upon this theme in the volume just discussed, and Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Ticonderoga" is given the precedence among his "Poems," recently published. It is a spirited composition, ending with these lines.

"So by my visionary shore
Soldier and saint and sagamore
Live in my shadow evermore:
Where, rapt in beauty, slopes Champlain,
Lulled are the passion and the pain;
The vision and the race remain."

A group of other pieces written for occasions follows, and their themes take a range wide enough to include Tennyson, the exploits of Mr. Wilbur Wright, the American University, the New Theatre of New York, and the death of Verestschagin. Then come the "Poems Lyrical and Descriptive" that fill the second half of the volume. We may allow the word "descriptive," but hardly the word "lyrical." The work is too jerky and prosaic to be called song. The following lines concerning Mr. Moody's dramatic success, offer a striking example of how not to write poetry.

"Henceforth we cannot be the same; for us
Americans, because of you, the tide
Dramatic turns to seek its heritage
Splendidly homeward to ourselves; our stage
Is cleft, between its pusillanimous
And daring goals stands now the Great Divide."

By way of contrast, and for the purpose of holding the scales even, we now give one of Mr. Mackaye's best poems, the sonnet to Norton's memory.

"Out of the 'obscure wood' and ominous way
Which are our life, to that obscurer sea
Whose margin glooms and gleams alternately
With storm and splendor of the shrouded spray —
He has departed. Our familiar day,
His elm-hushed, ivied walks no more shall see
That radiant smile of austere courtesy:
On Shady Hill the mist hangs cold and gray.

"He has departed hence, but not alone:
Still in his steps, where golden discourse burns,
To Virgil now he speaks, and now he turns
Toward Alighieri in calm undertone,
Holding with modest tact his path between
The Mantuan and the mighty Florentine."

Mr. John Myers O'Hara, who published some time ago a paraphrased version of Sappho, now gives us "Songs of the Open," a lyrical volume of his own. He has the true sense of the wild, and can be vividly picturesque upon occasion, as in "Night in the Woods."

"The trees brood rigid and stark,
Grey wolves in the brushwood bark;
A blast from the clearing sprays
The snow in powdery haze.

"The resinous pine boughs crack;
A wild-cat doubles its track,
Slinks cowed from the campfire's flare
O'er crusted slopes to its lair.

"The reach of the timber line
Auroral flashes define;
And edged with a dagger light
The pole-star pierces the night."

Here is surely not a word to spare, and the scene is sharply etched. Nor is the reflective note lacking, for we find it in this "Silhouette" and in several other pieces.

"Limned dark against the sinking disk of red,
One lonely tree
Lifts its lorn boughs in bare obliquity;

"Sad eremite whose arms despairing spread
And agonize
In dumb appeal to the responseless skies;

"Old twisted fingers of fair seasons fled,
Pointing in air
Worn palms that plead in long unanswered prayer."

Mr. O'Hara's measures are frequently too rugged to be purely lyrical, and he has a taste for forced adjectives that is a trifle jarring. One of his best lines is spoiled by the word "seismic," which he evidently thinks should have three syllables.

Mr. Robert Loveman's slender volume of lyrics is styled "The Blushful South and Hippocrene." There are three score and ten of them, save one, and all are simple and sincere. Our choice shall be the two stanzas called "Love."

"We lack love; if we have love
We have all in all,
Earth below and stars above,
And calm and carnival.

"Love makes the ringed world ours,
We are peers of God,
Love woos and makes the flowers,
Dew-drowsing 'neath the sod."

Now and then these songs are freighted with the burden of the world's woe, but most of them are such airy and charming trifles as the one we have quoted.

Art and nature, heroism and virtue, the delicate motions of the spirit touched by suggestions of the past, and the aspirations of the soul rapt by mystical intuitions — these are the chief notes of Miss Louise Imogen Guiney's song, now for nearly a quarter of a century escaping her to reach the public ear. She is one of the subtlest and most artistic of our lyristas, and many will be glad of the volume which she calls "Happy Ending" (may it be anything but an ending!) into which she has brought "the less faulty half" of her previously published verse. Although the poems are not new, they shall here be illustrated by one brief example — this "Deo Optimo Maximo" which reveals the singer's deepest self.

"All else for use, One only for desire;
Thanksgiving for the good, but thirst for Thee:
Up from the best, whereof no man need tire,
Impel Thou me.

"Delight is menace if Thou brood not by,
Power a quicksand, Fame a gathering jeer.
Oft as the morn (though none of earth deny
These three are dear),

"Wash me of them, that I may be renewed,
And wander free amid my freeborn joys:
Oh, close my hand upon Beatitude!
Not on her toys."

A rich freightage of both thought and emotion is borne with each new argosy launched by Miss Edith M. Thomas. The fleet has grown steadily in numbers for thirty or more years, and its collected cargo is a possession that we would not willingly miss from our literature. "The Guest at the Gate" is the latest volume to bear the name of Miss Thomas, and from its varied contents — dramatic, gnomic, and lyric — we select this tender invocation to "Domiduca," the goddess who watches over the wanderer's homeward journeyings.

"Lead home, for now the light descends the skies;
 Lead home, O goddess of the evening eyes —
 And voice of whisper dying off the leaves —
 And touch of velvet air on flowers that sleep
 (To-morrow to be slain amid the sheaves!)
 Lead home, O brooder of the brooding bird,
 With wings bedewed, in grassy covert deep,
 Sleep-lulled, with its half-uttered vesper-notes;
 Lead home, O guardian of the couching flock,
 By pools wherein the shadow lies unstirred;
 Lead home the toilers all, who scarce can keep
 Their pathway for encumbering drowsiness;
 Lead home, pilot of lonely skiffs that rock
 On yearning seas where bright the moon-path floats;
 Lead all these home, and of thy bounty bless —
 Lead home!"

"Lead home, O goddess of the evening eyes,
 And voice of dim response to twilight cries —
 Whom ever, since a child, I loved past all,
 Served past all deities befriending earth!
 Lead home! . . . And, if I have no home, then rise
 Before my way, and, with deceiving charms,
 Build me a dream of mine own roof and hearth,
 And thither in remembered accents call;
 And lull me, sobbing, in remembered arms:
 Lead home!"

Mrs. Helen Huntington's volume of simple lyrics,
 "From the Cup of Silence, and Other Poems," may
 be illustrated by quoting these stanzas "To Snow."

"Strange divinity of snow,
 Eager other worlds to know,
 Spotless spirit, not of earth,
 What wild power invoked thy birth?"

"All the stars to thee have told
 Raptures of eternal cold,
 All the silent, ice-bound streams
 Made thee keeper of their dreams.

"Phantom victor over all,
 Robed in white, transplendent pall,
 Mighty in thy shining power,
 Dazzling vision of an hour,

"None thy mystery may know
 As thou camest thou must go, —
 Fading god, by earth outworn,
 Lo, in mist, to heaven upborne."

They are pretty verses, if not deeply inspired.

Something like this may also be said of the
 "Lyrics of Life," by Mrs. Florence Earle Coates.
 The idealism of this writer is fine and true, and she
 has an eye for themes that invite poetical treatment.
 Her best work is represented by such a poem as
 "The Christ of the Andes."

"Far, far the mountain peak from me
 Where lone he stands, with look caressing;
 Yet from the valley, wistfully
 I lift my dreaming eyes, and see
 His hand stretched forth in blessing.

Never bird sings nor blossom blows
 Upon that summit chill and breathless,
 Where throned he waits amid the snows;
 But from his presence wide outflows
 Love that is warm and deathless.

"O symbol of the great release
 From war and strifes! — unfailing fountain
 To which we turn for joy's increase
 Fain would we climb to heights of Peace —
 Thy peace upon the mountain!"

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Diversion of
 a genial trifler.*

Mr. Max Beerbohm, in an appreciative essay on "Whistler's Writing," offers an ingeniously impersonal plea for himself — for the artist who uses two mediums of expression but cannot get himself taken seriously in both of them. Mr. Beerbohm does not commit the unforgivable sin — in an essayist — of taking himself too seriously. He is entertained by himself, after the manner of his friend, Mr. Shaw; he exploits his own foibles, at times with almost Chestertonian ceremoniousness; but he is essentially of neither Chesterton's nor Shaw's cult. As a caricaturist he is truly humorous; as an essayist he knows how to trifle with life as genially as did Lamb and Stevenson, and far more compellingly than does his contemporary, Mr. E. V. Lucas. The occasion of these remarks is the appearance of an American edition of "Yet Again" (John Lane), the fourth volume of Mr. Beerbohm's collected essays. Open fires, train-time goodbyes, the invisible President of the Swiss Republic, a sensible substitute for "rest-cures," the horrors of leader-writing, the tragic spoilation of a beautifully labelled hat-box, British humor, street-names, and the House of Commons manner, are some of the subjects on which Mr. Beerbohm, gravely, daintily, and wittily, frees his mind. Mr. Beerbohm is a bystander, an observer, endowed with the keenest possible sense of the art of life, but amiably detached from all its practical issues. He poses a little; he deliberately cultivates interesting prejudices and significant predispositions. And whatever he chooses to talk about, in a style intimate, elaborate, quite sincere beneath its polish, takes on a new meaning — and keeps it. We shall never, we are sure, listen to a verger in Westminster Abbey without remembering Mr. Beerbohm's vivid account of the poor man's slavery to sameness, and his apt suggestion that parrots, comfortably perched on each bust and statue, might easily be taught to relieve "these sad-faced men of their intolerable mission." When we see a friend off for a journey we shall recall the professional "seer-off" of the Anglo-American Social Bureau, and the reading of the editorials in the morning paper will be enlivened by the recollection of the "pathetic imposture" involved, according to Mr. Beerbohm, in the effort to comment effectively, to order, at top speed, on the news of the day.

*Some early
 appreciations
 of Meredith.*

Schopenhauer's assertion that the number of years that elapse between the appearance of a book and its acknowledgment gives the measure of time that the author is in advance of his age, has given rise to much discussion *à propos* of the writings of Mr. George Meredith. Was Mr. James Thomson correct in asserting that Henley's article on "The Egoist" (published in "The Athenæum," 1879) was the first public utterance on Meredith "evinced the critic's familiarity with all the writer's works"?

According to Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman, Mr. Thomson was mistaken; and, in order to give the student of Meredith an insight into the contemporary criticism of that author, he has chosen twenty-three articles representing critical judgment on Meredith from the year 1851, when his first book was published, till 1883, when he issued his "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth." These articles appeared originally in English reviews — some anonymously, and others over such signatures as William Michael Rossetti, Kingsley, Swinburne, Richard Garnet, George Eliot, Mark Pattison, William Ernest Henley, and James Thomson. Mr. Thomson was perhaps, on the whole, Meredith's staunchest champion, admiring more unreservedly than the rest, and calling less attention to his "objectionable subtlety of style" and his "faults of construction." Mr. Swinburne's famous and poignant reply to "The Spectator's" review of "Modern Love" came out boldly with the announcement that "a more perfect piece of writing no man alive has ever turned out than the sonnet beginning 'We saw the swallows gathering in the sky.'" George Eliot unhesitatingly pronounced "The Shaving of Shagpat" a work of genius. Mr. Henley compared Meredith to Shakespeare, in that he was "a man of genius who was a clever man as well." Meredith's writings were obviously not sensed by the many of his time, not even by the critics generally; but the foregoing examples show that he was appreciated by the few somewhat earlier than has been generally supposed. In Mr. Forman's collection of these "Early Appreciations of Meredith" (Scribner), there is much good reading for those who are curious about that great author. In many of them there is a combination of perceptiveness and lack of discrimination curious in itself. One might dispute even with Mr. Thomson (who says so many fine things) that Meredith is distinctly a man's writer. And why is there no mention of the *Essay on Comedy*? It appeared in 1877, but, up to 1883 had apparently provoked no comment worthy of repetition. It is interesting also to note that, although contemporary criticism of Meredith's novels and poems was in many respects radically different from that of to-day, the quotations from his writings in both cases are much the same. It would seem as if certain beautiful and pertinent passages had aroused from the beginning the intelligent reader's admiration.

Vital problems, economic and sociological.

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin's volume on "Latter-day Problems" (Scribner) is a presentation of certain social and economic questions in untechnical language, and is designed for popular reading. The material originally appeared, largely, in various magazines, and was then published by way of comment upon issues that are figuring in the political contests of the present day. The essays cover a wide range, including some primarily social or sociological matters, such as "Socialism, a Philoso-

phy of Failure," "The Abolition of Poverty," "Social Settlements," and the like; and also some strictly economic topics, such as "Guaranty of Bank Deposits," "Government vs. Bank Issues," and others of kindred character. Professor Laughlin's essays have the great merit of bringing to the solution of current problems the results of analyses made by a clear and practical mind. They are conspicuously meritorious in that they nowhere fall into the common errors of sentimentalism or Utopian dreaming. They have the additional and unusual virtue of conviction and of clearness in exposition. No one need be in doubt, after reading these chapters, either about the author's conclusions or the line of reasoning by which they have been arrived at. Professor Laughlin can never be charged with falling between two stools. He is, throughout, consistent and determined in his adherence to a definite economic philosophy. A criticism which, however, will certainly be brought against his discussion of those topics that have a larger social bearing is the apparent lack of sympathy, or allowance for differences in points of view, in training, and in capacity. Many will perhaps feel that he has too positive a belief in the stability and permanence of the present economic order, or one closely similar to it; and that he lays too little stress upon the possibility of improvement as the result of combined social, rather than of individual, effort. If these criticisms are brought against this volume of essays, however, they must stand as an impeachment, not so much of the author's work, as of the school of thought to which he belongs. It is likely that the essays which will be most valued are those dealing with Banking and Currency questions, where the author speaks as our foremost academic specialist in such matters. The ideas he puts forward may well serve as an antidote to some of the dangerous schemes that have lately received sanction in high quarters.

Wanderings about Rome, old and new.

Actually to wander about the wonderful country lying around Rome is one of the most delightful of possible experiences: to make the same trips through the pages of a book with Signor Rodolfo Lanciani as a guide is a pleasure scarcely less. In "Wanderings in the Roman Campagna" (Houghton) Signor Lanciani, as in his previous books, shows himself a master of the art of arranging material which in other hands might be dull, so that, for the time being, we all become archaeologists and share his enthusiasm in all his "finds." The most characteristic features of the Campagna landscape, as we see it to-day, are the remains of aqueducts and reservoirs stretching over the crumpled plains and ruins of tombs lining the roadsides. In this book we are taken back to the happy days when the Campagna resembled a great park, studded with villages, farms, cottages, lordly residences, temples, fountains, and tombs; when these tombs contained not only a funeral banqueting-hall level with the road, but also a crypt below, where the ashes were

*Life-history
of Quantrell,
the guerrilla.*

The Rev. John White said that a large part of the first settlers of Massachusetts Bay were "rude, ungovernable persons, the very scum of the land." Such is always the case in new settlements; and it was especially true of the western frontier at the time of the Civil War. The worst of the "scum" was Quantrell, whose life has recently been written by Mr. William Elsey Connelley (Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Ia.). Mr. Connelley originally acquired a collection of Quantrell papers, made by the late W. W. Scott, who was a newspaper editor at Canal Dover, Ohio, and an early friend of the Quantrell family. These papers he has supplemented by indefatigable research, and by conversation with persons who knew Quantrell at every stage of his career. The result he has somewhat loosely put together in a large book, which gives the life-history of the notorious guerrilla in great detail. So many contradictory statements have been made about Quantrell that it is well the work should be done. The book throws a lurid light upon conditions in Missouri at the time, and adds a chapter to the psychology of the degenerate. It strips Quantrell of the glamour that has sometimes attached to his name, and shows how inevitably in real life the wages of sin is death.

NOTES.

Mr. Arthur Rackham has selected Wagner's "Ring" as the subject for his next illustrative work.

The authorized English translation of M. Edmond Rostand's new drama, "Chanticleer," will be issued in this country by Messrs. Duffield & Co.

A set of Dickens's works, in thirty volumes, will be added this spring by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. to their attractive series of standard authors in complete editions.

George Meredith's last novel, "Celt and Saxon," now appearing serially in an English periodical, will be published during the coming summer by Messrs. Scribner's Sons.

Two new volumes will be added this spring to Messrs. Holt's "Leading Americans" series. These are "Leading American Novelists" by Mr. John Erskine; and "Leading American Essayists" by Mr. William Morton Payne.

A Nature-book of an unusual sort is promised in Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd's "A Cycle of Sunsets," soon to be issued by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. It is a sympathetic study of sunsets, interwoven with a pleasant little love-story.

Mr. O. C. Auringer, author of several volumes of verse, is about to issue a volume of twin tragedies of the Revolution, entitled "The Death of Maid McCrea, and the Lover's Tragedy." Messrs. Badger & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Two volumes are devoted to "The Great English Short-Story Writers" in "The Reader's Library" (Harper), edited by Messrs. W. J. and C. W. Dawson. Thirteen examples are given in each volume, half of the number being of American origin. The second

volume is supposed to be more "modern" than the first, but there is not much chronological difference between Stevenson, Mr. James, and Mr. Hardy, on the one hand, and Dr. Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, and Mrs. Deland, on the other.

A study of Maurice Maeterlinck, by Gerard Harry, translated by Mr. A. R. Allinson, including two essays by Maeterlinck hitherto unpublished in English, is announced. The book will have a photogravure portrait of Maeterlinck, and other illustrations.

Recently at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, a new play in ballad metre, by Mr. W. B. Yeats, "The Green Helmet," was produced by the National Theatre Company. The play is founded on a folk-tale of the Cuchulain cycle, and Mr. Yeats's experiment in the use of ballad metre is completely successful.

Three new volumes in the "Library of Living Thought," published by the Messrs. Harper, are the following: "Roman Law in Mediæval Europe," by Prof. Paul Vinogradoff; "Crete the Forerunner of Greece," by C. H. Hawes and Miss Harriet B. Hawes; and "Diamonds," by Sir William Crookes.

It is announced that with the April issue "Putnam's Magazine" will suspend publication, its subscription list having been transferred to the "Atlantic Monthly." "Putnam's" was conducted in a dignified manner, without resort to sensationalism in matter or methods; and we regret to hear of its disappearance from the magazine field.

The English "Who's Who" (Macmillan) grows thicker and thicker. The volume for 1910 fills about twenty-two hundred pages, and contains several hundreds of new names, while of the old ones "few die and none resign," to quote Jefferson on office-holders. The selection of American names seems to be as capricious as ever.

The prize of fifteen hundred dollars offered by the governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford-upon-Avon for the best play has been won by Miss Josephine Preston Peabody with "The Piper." Three hundred and fifteen plays were submitted in the competition. The successful work will be produced in the Memorial Theatre.

Two interesting titles are announced for spring publication in Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company's Riverside Press Editions. One of these is a reprint of "Pan's Pipes," among the most charming of Robert Louis Stevenson's essays; the other is entitled "A Poet in Exile," and consists of some early letters written by John Hay to his friend Miss Nora Perry, now issued under the editorship of Miss Caroline Ticknor.

The Yale University Press announces that it will publish during the autumn of this year, "The Records of the Federal Convention of 1787," under the editorship of Prof. Farrand, of the Department of History at Yale University. Until now the printed records have been scattered through a dozen or more different works, and there has been some unpublished material of considerable value. Evident need has thus existed for this new and complete edition, which brings together, in a single work, all of these scattered records. It is expected that the exhaustive search made by Professor Farrand will result in the present work's proving to be a definitive edition of the "Records of the Federal Convention of 1787." The records will appear in three royal octavo volumes, with a special limited subscribers' edition on English hand-made paper.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF SPRING BOOKS.

THE DIAL's annual list of books announced for Spring publication, herewith presented, forms an interesting epitome of American publishing activities for the present Spring and coming Summer. All the books listed are presumably *new* books—new editions not being included unless having new form or matter. The season's output of forty-two publishing houses is given here in classified arrangement, prepared from advance information secured especially for this purpose.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- The Life of Lord Kelvin, by Sylvanus P. Thompson, 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc., \$8. net. (Macmillan Co.)
- Life and Art of Richard Mansfield, with selections from his letters, by William Winter, 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc., \$6. net. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)
- Recollections of a Varied Life, by George Cary Eggleston, \$3. net.—Leading Americans series, edited by W. P. Trent, new vols.: Leading American Novelists, by John Erskine; Leading American Essayists, by William Morton Payne, illus.; each \$1.75 net. (Henry Holt & Co.)
- Bygone Days in Chicago, recollections of the Garden City in the '60's, by Frederick F. Cook, illus., \$2.75 net.—The First Great Canadian, the story of Pierre Le Moynes, Sieur D'Iberville, by Charles B. Reed, illus., \$2. net. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
- Memoirs of the Duchess de Dino, 1836-1840, \$2.50 net.—The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu, by H. Noël Williams, illus.—A German Pompadour, the extraordinary history of Wilhelmine von Gravenitz Landhofmeisterin of Wirtemberg, by Marie Hay, illus., \$1.50 net.—Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years, by Richard Hoffman, with memoir by Mrs. Hoffman, illus., \$1.50 net. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
- George Sand, some aspects of her life and work, by René Doumic, trans. by Alys Hallard, with portraits.—Fifty Years in Camp and Field, diary of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, edited by W. A. Croft, with introduction by William T. Harris, with portrait, \$4. net.—The Life of Garret Augustus Hobart, twenty-fourth vice-president of the United States, by David Magie, with portraits, \$2.50 net.—Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico, the master builder of a great commonwealth, by José F. Godoy, illus., \$2. net.—The Rise of Louis Napoleon, by F. A. Simpson, illus., \$3.50 net.—An Old-Fashioned Senator, Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut, the story of a life unselfishly devoted to the public service, by Louis A. Coolidge, illus., \$3. net. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- The Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, reprinted from the scarce edition published in 1825, 2 vols., illus., \$8. net.—Lady Charlotte Schreiber's Journals, confidences of a collector of ceramics and antiques, edited by Montague Guest, illus. in color, etc., 2 vols., \$12.50 net.—Robert Dodsley, poet, publisher, and playwright, by Ralph Straus, illus. in photogravure, etc., \$6.50 net.—Robert Herrick, a biographical and critical study, by F. W. Moorman, illus., \$5. net.—John Lathrop Motley and his Family, edited by his daughter and Herbert St. John Mildmay, illus., \$5. net.—Eton, Cambridge, and Elsewhere, memoirs of sixty years, by Oscar Brownning, illus., \$5. net.—Jane Austen and her Country House Comedy, by W. H. Helm, illus., \$3.50 net.—
- Simon Bolivar, "El Libertador," a life of the chief leader in the revolt against Spain in Venezuela, New Granada, and Peru, by F. Lorraine Petre, illus., \$4. net.—The Life and Times of Martin Blake, Vicar of Barnstaple and Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral, by John Frederick Chanter, illus., \$3.50 net. (John Lane Co.)
- Recollections of Alexander H. Stephens, containing the prison diary, 1865, edited, with biographical introduction, by Myrta Lockett Avery, illus., \$2.50 net.—From the Bottom Up, an autobiography, by Alexander Irvine, illus., \$1.50 net.—The Book of Daniel Drew, by Bouck White, \$1.50 net. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)
- An Admiral's Log, by Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, illus., \$5. net.—The Real Francis Joseph, the private life of the emperor of Austria, by Henri de Weindel, trans. by Philip W. Sergeant, illus. in photogravure, etc., \$4. net.—Queen Christina of Sweden, by I. A. Taylor, illus. in photogravure, etc., \$4. net.—The Last Days of the Emperor, by Paul Frémeaux, \$3. net. (D. Appleton & Co.)
- The Life of Daniel Coit Gilman, by Fabian Franklin, illus., \$3. net.—The Hygiene of the Soul, a memoir of a physician and philosopher, by Gustav Pollak, \$1.20 net. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- American Crisis Biographies, new vols.: Henry Clay, by Thomas H. Clay and Ellis Paxon Oberholtzer; William B. Seward, by Edward Everett Hale, Jr.; each with portrait, \$1.25 net. (George W. Jacobs & Co.)
- Napoleon in his Own Defense, by Clement K. Shorter. Makers of History, from Julius Cæsar to Edward VII., by A. E. McKillian. (Cassell & Co.)
- The Life of Mary Lyon, by Beth Bradford Gilchrist, illus., \$1.50 net. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
- Commodore John Rogers, captain, commodore, and senior officer of the American navy, 1773-1838, by Charles Oscar Paullin, illus., \$4. net. (Arthur H. Clark Co.)
- My Army Life on the Plains, and the Fort Phil. Kearney Massacre, by Frances C. Carrington, illus., \$2. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)
- A Stepson of Fortune, by Henry Murray, with frontispiece, \$2.75 net. (Baker & Taylor Co.)
- Karl Marx, his life and work, by John Spargo, \$2.50 net. (B. W. Huebsch.)
- The Life of Governor Johnson, by Frank A. Day and Theodore M. Knappen, \$2. (Forbes & Co.)
- The Diary of a Daly Debutante, \$1.25 net. (Duffield & Co.)
- Edward MacDowell, his life and work, by Mrs. Elizabeth Frye Page, \$1. net. (Dodge Publishing Co.)
- Marion Harland's Autobiography, a personal history of four-score years, \$2. net. (Harper & Brothers.)
- Stories of Authors, by Edwin Watts Chubb, illus., \$1.25 net. (Sturgis & Walton Co.)

HISTORY.

- Social England, edited by H. D. Traill and J. S. Mann, new illus. edition, containing the latest materials and the newest revision, 12 vols., illus. in color, etc., each \$3. net, per set, \$35. net.—The Institutional History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century, an inquiry into the religious, moral, educational, legal, military, and political condition of the people, by Philip Alexander Bruce, 2 vols., \$6. net.—The Roman Republic, by W. E. Heitland, 3 vols., \$10. net.—The Ohio Country, between the years 1783 and 1815, by Charles Elihu Slocum.—A History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West, by R. W. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle, Vol. II., The Political Theory of the Roman Lawyers and Canonists in the Middle Ages up to 1250, \$3.50 net. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

ANNOUNCEMENT LIST OF SPRING BOOKS—continued.

- The History of the Confederate War, its causes and its conduct, by George Cary Eggleston, 2 vols., \$4. net.—West Point and the U. S. Military Academy, a brief history, by Edward S. Holden, illus., \$2. net. (Sturgis & Walton Co.)
- The Cambridge Modern History, edited by A. W. Ward and others, Vol. XII., The Latest Age, \$4. net.—The History of Mexico, by Justo Sierra and H. N. Branch, illus.—Social and Industrial Conditions in the North during the Civil War, by E. D. Fite.—Stories from American History, new vols.: The American Merchant Marine, by John R. Spears; Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road, by H. Adington Bruce; The Last American Frontier, by Frederick L. Paxson; each illus. (Macmillan Co.)
- The Diary of James K. Polk, edited by Milo Milton Quaipe, 3 vols., with photogravure frontispiece, \$15. net. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
- The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century, by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, trans. by John Lees, with introduction by Lord Redesdale, 2 vols., \$10. net.—The War in Wexford, an account of the rebellion in the south of Ireland in 1789, by H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley, illus., \$4. net. (John Lane Co.)
- George Grenfell and the Congo, by Sir Harry Johnston, 2 vols., illus., \$7.50 net.—A History of the People of the United States, by John Bach McMaster, Vol. VII., illus. in color, etc., \$2.50 net.—Republican France, by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, with portraits, \$3. net. (D. Appleton & Co.)
- The Making of Australia, by John Foster Fraser.—The Home Life of the Ancient Greeks, by Blummer, trans. by Alice Zimmern, third edition.—The Dictionary of English History, edited by Sidney J. Low and F. S. Pully. (Cassell & Co.)
- Original Narratives of Early American History, new vol.: Wonder Working Providence of Zion's Savior in New England, by Captain Edward Johnson, edited by J. F. Jameson, illus., \$3. net. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
- Colonial Mobile, by Peter J. Hamilton, revised and enlarged edition, illus., \$3.50 net. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
- The Elizabethan People, by Henry Thew Stephenson, illus., \$2. net. (Henry Holt & Co.)
- Prehistoric Rhodesia, an examination of the historical, ethnological, and archaeological evidence, as to the origin and age of the rock mines and stone buildings, by Richard N. Hall, illus., \$3.50 net. (George W. Jacobs & Co.)
- Documentary History of American Industrial Society, edited by John R. Commons and others, to be complete in 10 vols., Vols. III-IV., Labor Conspiracy Cases, 1806-1842, by John R. Commons and Eugene A. Gilmore; Vols. V-VI., Labor Movement, 1820-1840, by John R. Commons and Helen L. Sumner; illus. with portraits, facsimiles, etc., per set, \$50. net. (Arthur H. Clark Co.)
- Sectionalism in Virginia, by Charles H. Ambler. (University of Chicago Press.)
- South American Fights and Fighters, by Cyrus Townsend Brady, illus., \$1.50. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)
- Harper's Library of Living Thought, new vols.: Crete, the forerunner of Greece, by Charles Henry Hawes and Harriet Boyd Hawes; Roman Law in Mediæval Europe, by Paul Vinogradoff; each 75 cts. net. (Harper & Brothers.)

GENERAL LITERATURE.

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- A History of English Versification, by Hofrat J. von Schipper.—Early English Proverbs, by W. W. Skeat. (Oxford University Press.)
- Gathered Leaves, by Mary E. Coleridge, with memoir by Edith Sichel. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

A Letter from a Father to his Son, by John D. Swain, 50 cts. net. (Yale University Press.)
The Happy Life, by Charles F. Raymond, 75 cts. (Dodge Publishing Co.)

DRAMA AND THE STAGE.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE BANKRUPTCY OF LITERATURE . . .	227
BERNARD SHAW IN FRANCE. <i>Lewis Nathaniel Chase</i>	229
CASUAL COMMENT	233
Mr. Sanborn as his own publisher.—"The greatest physicist in America."—The king of cartoonists at ninety.—A difficult task in manuscript-deciphering.—The need of a neutral pronoun.—The Mankato Public Library.—The rapid growth of the English language.—Librarian Lummis's resignation.—A renewal of the fight for Greek at Oxford.—A periodical relapse.—A grain of Shakespearian wheat from a bushel of chaff.—A gathering of the descendants of great poets.	
AFLOAT AND ASHORE WITH A YANKEE ADMIRAL. <i>Percy F. Bicknell</i>	236
NOVELS OR NOVELISTS? <i>Edward E. Hale, Jr.</i> . . .	237
THE LORE AND ROMANCE OF THE FAN. <i>Edith Kellogg Dunton</i>	239
PRINCIPLES OF ARCHITECTURAL EXPRESSION. <i>Irving K. Pond</i>	240
RECENT FICTION. <i>William Morton Payne</i> . . .	242
Mrs. Voynich's An Interrupted Friendship.—Miss Stevens's The Veil.—Mrs. Barclay's The Rosary.—Martin's The Man Outside.—Clouston's The Prodigal Father.—Mrs. Atherton's Tower of Ivory.—Miss Robins's The Florentine Frame.—Octave Thanet's By Inheritance.—Eggleston's Irene of the Mountains.—Nicholson's The Lords of High Decision.—Maartens's The Price of Lis Doris.	
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	245
Man's conquest of the mosquito.—Echoes of the Darwinian centenary.—Aspects and contrasts of American life.—The Professor out of school.—The future life from various points of view.—Memorial edition of the works of George Meredith.—A collection of literary anecdotes.—Legends and folk-lore of the City of Mexico.	
BRIEFER MENTION	248
NOTES	249
TOPICS IN APRIL PERIODICALS	250
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	250

THE BANKRUPTCY OF LITERATURE.

"What would happen," asks M. André Beaunier in a recent review, "if all the customers of all the bakers should set about baking bread themselves?" It is hardly necessary to reply that the bakers would go into bankruptcy. This quaint reflection comes from a dismayed observer of the plethora of modern books, more solicitous, perhaps, than he need be concerning the welfare of their writers. More fitly than in most cases, the plea of this class that they must live may be given the answer of the familiar anecdote. What is the necessity, indeed, for this continued activity in a world that groans beneath the burden of their literary production, a world upon which they wantonly bestow so questionable a gift? The eminent critic who, a few years ago, in a petulant mood declared science to be bankrupt, might with greater justice have sought to establish a case for the bankruptcy of literature.

If bankruptcy be the failure to meet just obligations, there is a good deal to be said for the view that modern literature is dangerously close to the insolvent state. When financial disaster of this sort is near, its proximity is usually indicated by a frantic straining for the extension of credit. Every manner of makeshift is resorted to for the purpose of staving off the crisis and regaining the prestige that is on the point of irrecoverable loss. No terms could more exactly describe the devices by which a large proportion of our modern writers seek to relieve a situation which they feel to be desperate; no metaphor more exactly fits their case than that of a credit strained almost to the breaking-point. No other explanation can account with any degree of satisfaction for the fashion in which their vocabularies are tricked out with technicalities and neologisms, for the reckless way in which they riot in the bizarre and the paradoxical, for the intellectual and ethical audacities in which they indulge. To achieve novelty at whatever cost is the sum of their ambition, for thus alone is their poverty-stricken estate to be for a time concealed. If they can make themselves sufficiently startling, they may hope to seem impressive. That the hope is not altogether futile may be gathered from a glance at the vogue of such men as

Nietzsche and Gorky and d'Annunzio and Whitman and Chesterton and Shaw. It may also be gathered from a study of many of the reputations that have recently been made in the domain of philosophical speculation, and in the futile fields of pedagogical and sociological and psychical theory.

Neither these men nor these opinions are to be ignored, for they obtrude themselves too prominently into the foreground of contemporary thought. Nor do they deserve to be wholly disregarded; because, apart from their symptomatic significance, they embody a real stirring of the waters which they make so turbid. But by just so far as they depart from normal forms of expression and normal modes of thought they become objects of rightful suspicion, and the more startling the departure the greater the probability that they are offering mere irrational vagary as a substitute for orderly cerebration. It amounts to a practical confession of judgment in the bankruptcy court for a writer to offer for his stock in trade such unrealizable assets as the "precious" vocabulary and the unfettered period, such evidences of intellectual ineptitude as glaring paradox and unrestrained sensibility. These ways of doing a literary business may be defended by fine-sounding phrases — "enriching the language," "increasing the flexibility of utterance," "liberating the spirit from tradition," and "unsealing the springs of sympathy," — but the argument rings hollow. Neither the substance of thought nor the form which it contrives for its expressive service is as wholly a matter of fashion as our modern sophists would have us believe; the human spirit has accumulated a certain amount of fixed capital in fairly permanent embodiment during its three thousand years, more or less, of unwearying effort.

The trouble seems to be that our modern speculative fever has got into literature and other places where it does not belong, and the methods of "frenzied finance" are found profitable (for the time being) by many of our poets and novelists and dramatic purveyors, even by our educators and sociologists and philosophers. So we have "booms" in such specialties as rhapsodical prose and degraded speech and the exploitation of sensual situations, in such revolts (sometimes revolting enough) as march under the red banners of new thought and free love and pragmatism. We are terrorized by educational ideals that take small account of the soul, and social ideals that would overthrow the very citadel of individualism, and political ideals that

are subversive of most old-fashioned notions about the sanctity of human rights. All these are perhaps passing phenomena, but they press upon our attention to somewhat trying effect, and the whole wildcat movement is pretty discouraging to those who know enough of history to understand the value of credit and stability in the operations of the intellectual market.

The case of literature, while by no means hopeless, is far more serious than the case of science, as the latter is viewed through the spectacles of prejudice by M. Brunetière. The recent progress of science is marked by really definite and brilliant achievements, and its outlook was never more promising. But literature, if not on the verge of bankruptcy, is at least threatened by an impairment of credit for which the natural remedy would be a drastic overhauling of its securities and a general retrenchment in most directions. There are no evident signs that this remedy is likely to be applied. The number of people who write flimsy novels and perpetrate bad poems and bad plays goes on steadily increasing, and the number of editors and publishers who encourage these misguided persons seems to grow at nearly the same rate. Then in addition to all this legitimate if ill-advised competition on either side, there is the disturbing element supplied by the host of aspirants for literary fame who are so assured of their own merits that no rejection deters them, and who print at their own expense the immortal works that can find no one else to stake money upon their success. Clearly, the threatening *débâcle* will not be averted by a sudden growth of self-restraint.

During the last half-century the world has passed through one of the golden ages of literature; but the age in which we now live is at best one of silver, if not one of lead or plated metal. The most enthusiastic spokesman of modernity would not claim for the best score of living writers anything like a parity of importance with the best score of those whose deaths we have been called upon to chronicle with such painful frequency since 1880. We welcome new writers like Mr. De Morgan and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Alfred Noyes, but the best we can say of them is that they reflect something of the glory of their great predecessors and exemplars. And those who do not thus shine by a borrowed light are pretty apt to force themselves upon our attention by their shrill or falsetto voices, and by their bad literary manners, rather than by any display of the literary graces. "Politics

and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat," said Emerson in 1837; and it would not be a bad diagnosis of our present condition. Both of the de-spiritualizing influences that he then named are now even more active among men the world over, and they make themselves felt in literature as in every other really vital human concern. And the many disillusionments that the later years have brought us have in some measure choked the springs of hope that sustained the faith of our forefathers a century ago.

BERNARD SHAW IN FRANCE.

Although the name of Bernard Shaw is, in a popular sense, all but unknown in France, — less known, indeed, than it is in America, and according to accounts than it is in Germany and Austria, — yet his work has been examined with great thoroughness by the students and critics who have interested themselves in it, with the result that their comments are notably free from traces of that idle chatter which has been a dominating element in his reception elsewhere. The Shaw movement, as it may now be called, seems to be confined to university consideration on the one hand, and to the discussion arising from the production of one of the plays in Paris on the other. Last winter no less than four Shaw courses were given to university audiences — at the Sorbonne, at Brussels, at Bordeaux, and at Geneva. Considering the fact that it is less than four years since the first extended article on Shaw appeared in a French review, the assumption may be made of a genuine extension of interest.

The author of the article referred to was M. Jean Blum, a native of Paris, who has been a professor of German at Turcoing and at Oran, and is also interested in contemporary English letters. He modestly admits that he could not literally have been the first to introduce Shaw to his countrymen, as several notices had appeared in print previously, some of them as early as 1897 or 1898. Nevertheless, to M. Blum beyond doubt is due the credit of being the first to write on Shaw at length, at first hand, and quite independently of his reception in England. It may safely be said that such an introduction has had not a little to do with keeping the Shaw movement free from the absurdities of faddism; for M. Blum's presentation, instead of being indiscriminately eulogistic, was thoughtful and moderate.

The man who has written and spoken most on Shaw in France, and the one most widely known as his expounder, is M. Augustin Hamon, who with his wife has recently completed the authorized French version of Shaw's works. M. Hamon, when asked by the author to undertake the translation of his entire work, accepted for the socialistic and poli-

tical tracts, but not for the plays, regretting that as he himself was not a dramatist he did not feel qualified for the task. Shaw would not accept the excuse, writing: "I know well what I am doing. The vivacity of certain accounts of yours of Socialistic Congresses has convinced me that you are the man to write a French version of my comedies. You know modern society and human nature, and that is the important part in the work which I ask you to undertake."

The translator was a Paris student, and is now a Brussels Professor. He is a copious writer, and a contributor to influential periodicals in half a dozen countries. The drift of his mind may be inferred from the titles of his books. He joins hands with Shaw in anti-militarism; and his work on "The Psychology of the Professional Soldier" got him into serious trouble. It is said that because of this book, and after the affair of the anarchists Henry and Caserio, the author left France for some months, for England, where he contributed to the "Free Review" and "Liberty," and wrote "The Psychology of the Socialistic Anarchist." With such a record, it is perhaps less strange that M. Hamon should find in Shaw one who shares his views than that he should see anything else in him. M. Hamon seems, in fact, to be the only French critic of Shaw who is a socialist, or who has been drawn to Shaw by this bond of sympathy. He is the most zealous, the most enthusiastic, the most eulogistic Shawite in France. He regards Shaw's works as the dramatic expression of ideas which he himself had expounded in pamphlets and on the platform. M. Hamon delivered a series of lectures on Shaw at the Sorbonne the past winter, and their success is shown by the recent announcement of a second series for the current session.

M. Charles Cestre, formerly of Dijon and of Lyons, and recently appointed professor of English in the University of Bordeaux, delivered there a series on Shaw, which was better attended than lectures of like character have been for years. The publication of these lectures is called for; and it is probable that M. Cestre (who is a Harvard A.M.) will be his own translator into English. M. Cestre's previous books, dealing with French ideas of social democracy as they affected England at the time of the Revolution, have qualified him peculiarly for a discussion of this exponent of the modern spirit. The fact that the Bordeaux professor is not a socialist, and that, while sympathetic, his approval and admiration are qualified, enhances the value of his work, and at the same time shows the rational character of the Shaw movement.

M. Henri Odier, a graduate of the University of Berne, with a thesis on the psychology of words and a work in prospect on Hawthorne, lately gave a short series of lectures on Shaw at the Athénée of Geneva; and these lectures are now in press. M. Palante, professor of philosophy at St. Brieuc, has also lectured on the same subject; and Shaw has been commented upon in the periodicals by such

men as MM. Henri de Régnier, Adolphe Brisson, Henri Bidou, Firmin Roz, Ernest Charles, Gaston Rageot, Régis Michaud, Raymond Recouly, and others. Only those writers who are taken seriously have the sources of their ideas investigated; and there has hardly been a French reviewer who has not suggested a philosopher or dramatist as a test of comparison with Shaw. That the names thus brought out are so often the same shows at least the existence of a standard. One critic, M. Michaud, says that, as a revolutionary, Shaw is to be thought of with Byron, Shelley, Ruskin, and Morris; and he is credited with familiarity with Darwin, Spencer, and Schopenhauer. In the apology of faith versus works, of spontaneity and sincerity against the formalism of institutions, of individuality against appearances, M. Roz finds signs of Shaw's ideals in Bunyan's great allegory. But the two names invariably brought forward in the longer reviews are Ibsen and Nietzsche, — and this in spite of Shaw's retort to his English reviewers regarding his debt to Charles Lever, Samuel Butler, and others still less known. Ibsen held that our modern conception of virtue holds us in real slavery. The quintessence of Ibsenism, according to Shaw, is in the destruction of this conception, of this ideal; this, according to M. Blum, is the bond between the two, the foundation on which Shaw builds his philosophy. M. Rageot notes that Shaw's mission is comparable to that of Ibsen, as shown in their fondness for moral problems and in their treatment of anguish of conscience. On the dramatic side as well, Shaw is said to have learned from the Norwegian the art of joining exposition to action. Points of dissimilarity, on the other hand, are not wanting. Chief of these is that Shaw is essentially comic, while Ibsen is mainly tragic. Shaw's optimism contrasts with Ibsen's pessimism. M. Odier calls Ibsen individualistic, Shaw social. M. Hamon claims that from the social point of view, Shaw's work is richer and deeper than Ibsen's; that in Shaw's work the lower classes play a more important part; that he is not interested, as Ibsen is, in social pathology; and that woman is considered by Shaw more realistically, in contrast with the comparative idealism of Ibsen's treatment.

Upon the appearance of Shaw's "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," the Germans discovered the author's affinity with Nietzsche, whom he then began to study. The result is held to have been a recognizable obligation and similarity as clear as that with Ibsen, and followed likewise by points of disagreement. Nietzsche explained European nihilism by the intermingling of masters and slaves, by the disappearance of castes; he believed the Superman to be realizable by a small number of masters rigorously separated from the troop of slaves. Superman is the aim and ideal of his thesis, *caste régime* but a means; if this means be ill-chosen, it must be changed.

Shaw's divergence from an older conception of socialism lies in distinguishing between the emotional element and what has clumsily been called the

scientific element. The first he regards as unnecessary, and even as unworthy of socialism. By means of the second he attempts to sever the old union of moral romanticism and socialism. For this purpose he borrowed from Nietzsche both the word and idea of Superman, declaring that the aspiration to the Superman and its preaching by Nietzsche accords with the religious precept, "Ye must be born again." But as opposed to what might be called the class philosophy of Nietzsche, Shaw holds that the two fundamental institutions of our society, property and marriage, are unfavorable to the advent of Superman. The opposite opinion arose from the fallacy that men could be bred for the development of particular traits, just as cocks are bred for their combative qualities. On the contrary, what in man is really important we do not yet clearly understand. It is the "inconscious" which is the living source of all his energies. After selection we must trust to instinct. Shaw then falls back on communism for methods and means for the attainment of the ideal of Superman. In other words, his synthesis combines real communism with the fundamental tenet of Nietzsche. The leading critics are in the main agreed on this point. M. Cestre arrives at practically the same conclusion from another viewpoint, hinting that Nietzsche is a variation of Carlyle; and he adds that Shaw is a democratic Carlyle.

The only one of Shaw's plays that has yet been acted in the French-speaking world is "Candida," and that was first played, not in the French but in the Belgian capital. It seems to have been a substantial success — due partly to the fact that it was well acted, but doubtless still more to the intelligent interest aroused by a discourse on the dramatist's work, and an exposition of "Candida" in particular, which M. Hamon delivered immediately before the performance. M. Brisson regrets that the Paris production had no such preliminary explanation; the *dramatis personæ*, he comments, escape classification, are incomprehensible to the Frenchman, and disconcert him. "The atmosphere chills; we feel that we are not in touch with the author. Eugene exasperates, Burgess seems caricatured. Yet there is a creative force, a desire to ignore the superficial and to dig down to the naked truth; there is a beauty which I only perceive in spots, and I more than regret my lack of comprehension. Candida is not ours. An effort is necessary in order to fathom her. In many of our plays we see a woman obsessed by a husband and a lover, hesitating between the two, or resigning herself to both. The moment we understand her character we foresee the conclusion. Candida does not belong to any of our categories; she is apart." M. Bidou calls Candida an embodiment of charity, reason, and love. "She has the good sense that belongs to our race. Does she not get her reasonableness from the Celtic spirit, which is as practical as it is imaginative? An Ibsen heroine would have acted otherwise." Another critic calls attention to the "Doll's House" as being anti-social in comparison with Candida. MM. Hamon and

Cestre are of conflicting opinions in regard to the wife's motive for staying with her husband, — the one holding that it is from love, not from duty, the other contending that Candida believes it her duty to remain with the man who needs her most. M. Recouly, speaking of Morell, asks: "This need of setting forth so candidly his conjugal felicity, and associating the kingdom of heaven with the joys of married life, this mania of preaching to the young celibate, urging him to take his part of a God-given happiness, — is it not for all the world like a British clergyman?"

The Paris production of "Candida" was a distinctly literary enterprise, and on the whole was coldly received. The piece was generally regarded as too remarkable to be laughed at, and many confessed that its originality gave them pause; but also that they did not understand it. Frenchwomen, it has been said, understand Candida but do not accept her. Some think that the play which should have been presented first is "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and this notwithstanding its resemblance to Maupassant's "Yvette." But from this M. Michaud dissents. There is no danger, he says, that from a given situation Shaw will draw conclusions that either seem to be logical or that are ever twice the same. He seems to take pleasure in this, and in inserting in the same play ideas most opposed to each other. In this art he excels; and it is apparently the most substantial profit that he gets.

Allied to the question of feminism, of which Lady Cicely and Mrs. Clandon are but two out of many examples, is the question of love and its treatment in ways that are novel to the French public. Shaw's ignoring of the unpleasant aspects of realism, in contrast to Ibsen or to Tolstoi, has been the subject of no more comment than the absence of physical passion. This gives rise to types absolutely unknown to the French stage, such as the chaste bachelor, the Philanderer. There is not in Shaw the sentimentalism of corruption of which Murger's "La Vie de Bohème" is an instance. Schopenhauer, according to M. Cestre, influenced Shaw and his theory of love, in that with him love has a physical basis and moral effects. The idealism with which love is surrounded is only a trap which nature sets for us to ensure the perpetuation of the race. Love, while thus losing its poetry in a way, none the less has a noble moral beauty, binding us to nature and revealing our responsibilities. The special manner in which Shaw treats love as a duel between the sexes is quite new to the French. Exultation in love is the summit of strength, of courage, the triumph of impulse over individualism. Valentine, for example, in "You Never Can Tell," feels that the triumph of love in him is a defeat of his nature, a surrendering of individualism. The duel is found in "Man and Superman," the genius of producing life in the woman versus the genius of producing thought in man. Quite different also is the Shaw way from that of Dumas, in whose work a plot hangs on a custom or legal detail. "Divorce" deals with a

special point of legislation; whereas with Shaw there is a thesis of general psychology, of love in general, and of marriage considered as a psychological event. This aspect of his work is, however, not the only point of interest. The employment of three kinds of background is noted: (1) the historic, as in "The Devil's Disciple" and "Antony and Cleopatra"; (2) an exotic setting, a world of surprise, accepted by the English, too extravagant for the French; (3) a setting not exotic, but strange, as the Ibsen Club in "The Philanderer," or the transformation of the upper circle in "Major Barbara." The variety of the minor or episodic characters is unchallenged, but there are diverse views in regard to the major ones. M. Cestre may not voice the current Anglo-Saxon opinion when he says that Shaw's men are portraits of Shaw himself. The women too, the lecturer adds, do not have the same complexity or the same conformity to the conditions of life that women of the French theatre have. Shaw's successful character-differentiation is the accident of fertile invention, not the outcome of interest in the individual.

Notwithstanding the *entente cordiale*, the French still delight in jibes of the olden time; and Shaw's caustic remarks to his native audience delight their hearts. Here is one explanation of how he captured London: in a country where the theatre was chiefly given to dancing, a man appeared whose plays made people think. Intelligent and literate spectators, like people who have fasted for too long, threw themselves on the new food, carrying along with them the snobs who abound there in greater numbers than anywhere else in the world. In this way was Shaw's success made. Another critic adds: thus Shaw, with almost excessive but sincere audacity, an almost heroic perseverance, a fantasy and an ingenuity ceaselessly renewed, is the English writer who has best shown the practical and moralizing genius of this nation of shopkeepers, which is never in want of principles to justify her interests. This explains the resistance and the favor met with in England by this too clear-sighted, indiscreet, and amusing moralist. Still other explanations follow: Shaw's London audiences had difficulty in understanding him, because his vision of things was not like theirs, perverted by prejudices, by obscure sentiments, and by ill-formed ideas. He was indifferent to what seemed to them capital questions, and curious about others which they wondered were asked. He has revealed to his compatriots the French disrespect; and if not the only one, is at least the one who has proclaimed most loudly that all is not for the best in the best of empires.

This attitude of mind brings forth such an interpretation of "Candida" as M. Rageot's. The play gives us a glimpse, he says, of what we shall like in Shaw, and what will, he believes, always escape us in his vigorous and combative talent. Above all a satirist, he observes the vices of English social life, and excels in expressing the secret restlessness of certain minds which suffocate in that puritan atmos-

phere, under the national mask of respectability. The English mind lives in an atmosphere of falsehood and illusion. "Candida" is a vigorous attack against false religion (English), against clergymen who live by it, and against hypocritical adepts who keep it up. It is the more telling because of its precision and moderation. What stings the English to the quick is hardly felt by the French, who remain strangers to the foundation of Shaw's works, social satire.

The French are, of course, convinced that Shaw has an excellent subject in satirizing English life. They are equally sure that whatever in him is remarkable is French, and that they should recognize him as one of themselves. M. Blum frankly states that in his opinion it will be Shaw's fate to fail, by reason of the very French qualities which have secured his success in England. M. Odier—who, it should be remembered, is Swiss—writes that Shaw's seemingly light wit may prevent the French from appreciating his common-sense, and will cause him to be regarded by most serious people as a charlatan. M. Odier holds, with M. Blum, that there is in France to-day such a large element of readers and playgoers who are enamoured of the exotic and the revolutionary in literature, that Shaw may be the object of an artificial vogue like that of Ibsen, who has never really taken with the French public. M. Brisson writes that it is as inevitable that there should be Shawites as that there have been Ibsenites, but that such a phenomenon has at least the advantage of enlarging taste. M. Blum presents a detailed comparison of Shaw and Beaumarchais; and M. Hamon a much fuller one between Molière and Shaw, heralding the latter as the successor of the former, and as the scorner of nineteenth century models, Scribe in particular. M. Hamon finds Shaw's work un-English, and has no doubt of its ultimate acceptance in France. M. Rageot says there is real intellectual relationship between Shaw and the French; for if fundamentally he resembles Ibsen, and seems to have been influenced by Tolstoi and Nietzsche, by the form and turn of his mind he is related to Voltaire and Anatole France. Like them, he handles irony, which is the only weapon of satire, and which is essentially French. M. Michaud's words are to the same effect. Translated into our tongue, he notes, Shaw will belong to us by more than one right: equally by the social, intellectual, and Utopian elements in his work. Although he does not admire our stage,—he rates Duse above Sarah Bernhardt, does not enjoy Musset, still less Sardou, Coppée, and Rostand, and seems to prefer the Théâtre de l'Œuvre to that of the Boulevards,—yet he knows that we are of the country of Molière and of Coquelin, that our greatest lyric poet is the author of "Les Misérables," and that our purest esthete placed "Monsieur Bergeret" side by side with the English Lake Poets and with Tennyson.

Discussion of Shaw as a philosopher is apt to stop with mere acknowledgement of his suggestiveness. M. Blum calls him dramatist and philosopher in

equal degree; but doubtless the most eulogistic claim comes from M. Roz. Shaw styles himself a philosopher, he writes; that is true, provided this word calls to our minds, not Descartes or Spencer, but rather Anatole France. In effect, if Anatole France had been inspired by Schopenhauer, Ibsen, and Nietzsche, rather than by Voltaire and Renan, thus being or appearing to be more profound, and let the wings of his fancy float in metaphysics, he could almost give us the idea of Bernard Shaw. Though cognizant of the formidable obstacles which must be overcome if Shaw's reputation is to cross the Channel, M. Cestre is none the less hopeful of ultimate success. Summing up the essential factors of the situation, he says in substance: One of the leading characteristics of Shaw, which ought to call for sympathy in the French mind, is the combination of the power of observation and of portraiture with the philosophical imagination and the reformer's enthusiasm. We are not likely to take so much interest in the metaphysics of the third act of "Man and Superman" as in the psychology spread throughout the play. We do not have the longing of Germanic peoples for the solution of the riddle of the universe. We are content to take the cosmos on credit, and are rather attracted by artists and thinkers who search far and deep into the complex world of emotions and motives. Shaw puzzles French readers by the (to them) outlandishness of the characters and manners of his plays. They are not shocked by his onslaughts on respectability and piety, for these bogies have long been exploded in France; but it is their sense of literary propriety, their inborn regard for sentiment, that are uncomfortably shaken. Shaw needs to be explained to them; but I dare say his intellectuality, his keenness and boldness in handling moral questions, his art and his wit, will in the long run be appreciated. Apt as the French are to worship literary canons, they will have to be gently initiated into a new form of problem play. Alexander Dumas and his disciples opposed on the stage the individual passions or collective prejudices whence spring social evil, or they dramatized the conflict of feelings which arise from the marriage laws. But no French dramatist has yet done what Shaw so well succeeds in doing,—describing the ethics of a future state of society involved in a picture of present-day manners, and attributing to his characters unwonted feelings and unusual motives of action, while making them living and likable, in so many ways of our own kith and kin.

It may be too early to predict whether or not Shaw's name in France will be known only to the few, like Swinburne's or Meredith's, or become a veritable household word like Kipling's or like Wells's. A hopeful interpretation may be put on the comparative disregard of his superficial qualities, such as paradox and verbal brilliancy, to the advantage of psychologic and social phases. To think of Shaw, even tentatively, as the English Anatole France, seems to have a certain attraction for the latter's compatriots. It would be quite

unfair to say, although the comparison has been frequently remarked, that it has been made too much of. The fact itself suffices to show how respectful the consensus of French opinion is. The contrast in the two estimates could not perhaps be more glaringly illustrated than in the reflection of the probable effect in America, if not in England, of a serious discussion of the author of "*L'Île des Pingouins*" as the Bernard Shaw of France.

LEWIS NATHANIEL CHASE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

MR. SANBORN AS HIS OWN PUBLISHER offers good value at a small price in the third edition of his "*Life and Letters of John Brown, Liberator of Kansas and Martyr of Virginia*." Henceforth publisher as well as author of this authoritative biography of his one-time friend and associate, Mr. Sanborn, in a circular addressed "to librarians and others," tells how the book was begun in the stress of the Civil War, how he spent a large part of twenty-five years in collecting material for it, and had access to all the family papers in its preparation. "Opinions about Brown will long be divided," he says in a characteristic passage of his circular, "but opinions are not history, and ought not to be the main stuff of biography. Facts of uncontested value make the staple of my book, and though I have not avoided the expression of opinion, that part of the book has been based on the careful examination of conflicting evidence." The first volume of the author's recent "*Recollections of Seventy Years*" contains much additional matter concerning Brown and his friends; likewise his "*Memoir of Dr. S. G. Howe*," published nineteen years ago, gives further particulars; and the final volume of his edition of Theodore Parker's works, to appear soon, "will set forth, more fully than elsewhere, the connection of that eminent man with Brown and his plans." But the biography itself, a work of about 650 pages, is indispensable to the student of John Brown and his times, and the greatly reduced price at which it is now offered should secure for it many new readers.

"THE GREATEST PHYSICIST IN AMERICA," as President Stanley Hall termed the late Professor Dolbear, was possessed of a modesty that stands in pleasing contrast with the overweening self-confidence and unabashed assertiveness of so many other possessors of brilliant gifts. Not a few anecdotes illustrating Dolbear's literary likings, his idealism, and the unaffected charm and simplicity of his nature, have found their way into print since his death. A friend, calling on him one summer morning three years ago, when he was already stricken with the disease that ended his life, found him sitting on the piazza of his house, overlooking the college campus, with a table near him on which lay a single book—a spiritual interpretation of nature—

Mr. Charles G. Whiting's "*Walks in New England*." "I'm reading this book you kindly sent to me," he remarked, "and I am much interested. I find that it fits my present need better than anything else. I can read it backward or forward, just as I used to read Emerson." Invited to walk across the campus with his host to his laboratory, the friend paused on the way to point to a cluster of chicory in full bloom, and to say: "I find myself coming to the conviction that the biologists are wrong in their conception that the bloom of a plant is related simply to the propagation of the species. To me it seems that beauty is the real object and purpose of the world of flowers." To this heterodox utterance the scientist most unexpectedly and impressively replied: "You are right." So modest was his estimate of the value of his own contributions to science that he parted with an important invention in telegraphy to the Western Union Company for less than one-seventh of what that wealthy corporation was fully prepared to pay the inventor. He had simply named the amount that would lift a mortgage then resting on his house, and perhaps leave him a little over, and counted himself fortunate to have his price accepted. With his many important inventions in connection with the telegraph and the telephone—including telegraphing without wires, now so widely and successfully used—the one referred to seemed but a little thing, and he valued it according to its cost to him, not by its usefulness to others. . . .

THE KING OF CARTOONISTS AT NINETY lives quietly with his sister at West Kensington, his pencil now forever laid aside, and his sight wholly gone, but his step still firm and his form but slightly bent. Sir John Tenniel, who so graphically told the political history of half a century, did all his work with only one eye to guide the movements of his rapid pencil. An early fencing bout with his brother, without masks, ended disastrously for the artist. Of all the hopeful band who were associated with Sir John on the staff of "*Punch*" in its early days, fifty years ago, Mr. Henry Silver is the only survivor. In his home there hangs one of the cartoonist's water-color drawings, with the signatures of those congenial spirits who used to sit around "*The Table*" and enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of soul, as well as more material nourishment, every Wednesday evening. There are to be seen the names of John Tenniel, Mark Lemon, Thackeray, Tom Taylor, John Leech, William Bradbury, Fred Evans, Percival Leigh, and Henry Silver. Besides such famous cartoons as "*Dropping the Pilot*" and "*The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger*," Sir John is entitled to our lasting gratitude for his apt illustrations to "*Alice in Wonderland*" and "*Through the Looking-Glass*"—masterpieces that now (since the expiration of copyright) may be obtained in editions costing no more than ten cents. It would be almost a crime to bring up a child without these two books, illustrated by Sir John Tenniel, in the nursery.

A DIFFICULT TASK IN MANUSCRIPT-DECIPHERING, comparable with the arduous achievement in turning Pepys's voluminous and cryptic diary into common script, has been completed by the Rev. Nehemiah Curnock, D.D., for many years editor of "The Methodist Recorder" (London). John Wesley's journals, some written in Byrom's shorthand, some in an abbreviated long hand, and some in a secret cipher of Wesley's own devising and subject to frequent changes, have been at last made accessible in full to all readers, in an annotated edition filling six substantial volumes. The first volume, just published, deals with the American travels of him who said, "I look upon all the world as my parish." For simple, vigorous, idiomatic English, setting forth the life-history of one whose missionary experience and acute observations were richly worth recording, there is nothing to be compared with the Wesleyan journals. George Fox's record of his sufferings and his missionary labors is a wonderful work, but lacks the variety and vivacity of Wesley's story. When one recalls that the founder of Methodism travelled, by his own account, more than four thousand miles a year for about sixty years — or a quarter-million miles in all — it is no wonder his journals possess life and embrace a wide range of topics. The editor's four years of puzzling over the mysterious cipher, and the happy solution of the problem that came to him in a dream, contribute to make this first complete edition of the journals a memorable work.

THE NEED OF A NEUTRAL PRONOUN, or pronoun of common gender and applicable to either man or woman, boy or girl, is vaguely felt by even the least reflective speaker or writer. Every now and then an arbitrary formation (like *thon*, for instance) is desperately put forward for adoption by some language-mender; but the great general public, and even the smaller learned and literary and philological public, refuse to have anything to do with the queer-looking thing — perhaps suspecting it of being an emanation of reformed spelling, rather than a new word. Our English cousins bluntly meet the emergency, when it arises, by throwing grammar into the North Sea and letting "they" and "their" and "them" stand for "he or she," "his or her," and "him or her," respectively. Authors of repute calmly write such sentences as this: It is everybody's duty to love their country. It may be that this use of a plural pronoun in place of that neutral singular which half a thousand years or more have failed to evolve for us, is the best that can now be hoped for. Made-to-order words, like made-to-order spellings, are things that the public has little stomach for.

THE MANKATO PUBLIC LIBRARY is probably unknown to ninety-nine general readers out of a hundred — possibly to an even larger proportion. In fact, Mankato itself might not be quickly and correctly located by more than two out of every twenty-five of these same "general readers." It is

a Minnesota city, of about twelve thousand inhabitants, eighty miles or so from St. Paul, in a south-westerly direction; it is the reputable seat of a highly reputable State Normal School; and its citizens maintain a good and useful and wide-awake library. But what especially strikes one, in reading the librarian's sixteenth annual report, is the liberality of the Mankatoans to their library employees in respect to vacations and leaves of absence. "The extension of vacation from three weeks to a month," we read, "and the extra week allowed for attendance at the A. L. A. conference, were very much appreciated by both librarian and assistant, as was also the privilege granted the assistant to attend the state meeting at Duluth." Moreover, an examination of the "Financial Report" of the Mankato Library seems to reveal a praiseworthy liberality in the matter of salaries — for so small a city. Much is being written and said about the inadequate pay of library workers and their too close confinement. Encouraging, therefore, are these signs of a better order of things at Mankato, whose enlightened policy may well be adopted elsewhere.

THE RAPID GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, in number of words and in new meanings for old words, is reflected in the increasing size of our dictionaries. The indispensable "Webster" reappears at short intervals in more and more plethoric form; and now the publishers of the "Century Dictionary," which first appeared in 1891, are about to offer two supplementary volumes containing nearly a hundred thousand new words, new uses of old words, and new items in the proper-name division, with nineteen hundred new illustrations, and other less important additions. Owners of the previously issued volumes are to be favored in the distribution of the new ones, and then the price will be advanced for the public in general. The reason why our language contains more words than any other European tongue is obvious enough. Its wide distribution over two hemispheres, among peoples of invention and resource, who are constantly making discoveries in science and enlarging the bounds of knowledge, could not but insure its rapid growth. Moreover, its genius favors the formation of new compounds and the attachment of new meanings to old terms. It can be no restricted vocabulary that serves the needs of Briton and American, Australian and South African, East Indian, West Indian, and Philippine Islander.

LIBRARIAN LUMMIS'S RESIGNATION of his Los Angeles position would be a matter for greater regret did it not involve the restoration of a highly original and useful worker to the fields of scientific and historical research and authorship. Mr. Lummis's five years' management of the Los Angeles Public Library has proved him a most resourceful, original, and energetic librarian. With a substantial basis of scholarship, but no false reverence for hoary tradition, he has made innovations that at first made his worthy associates gasp and stare. Who else

could ever have introduced the roof-garden idea into librarianship, or the poison-label for untrustworthy books? The roof-garden has proved a success, a crown of success, on the Los Angeles library. The poison-label is still on trial as to its practicability in libraries unequipped with a staff of experts in all departments of learning. Mr. Lummis's varied adventures and extended travels over a large part of the western hemisphere, and his books describing those experiences and researches, would furnish matter for a long and unusually interesting article, or volume, which will doubtless some day be written. At present we have to note with regret his relinquishment of a task which he has shown himself well fitted to perform, and to hail with satisfaction his re-entrance into the domain of authorship. After all, the pen is mightier than the Dewey Decimal System.

A RENEWAL OF THE FIGHT FOR GREEK AT OXFORD reopens the interminable debate over the comparative claims of the humanities and the sciences. An essay on "How to Save Greek," from the pen of a Mr. Snow, fellow of St. John's, is made the text of a few approving comments by Dr. Gilbert Murray, the well-known Grecian; and although he had hitherto been inclined to relinquish compulsory classics at Oxford, Dr. Murray now acknowledges the force of Mr. Snow's argument, and would have both Oxford and Cambridge remain true to the old traditions. These two old universities, he well observes, "indisputably excel in a certain kind of literary, philosophic, and historical education based on the knowledge of antiquity," and therefore he would leave to other and less ancient seats of learning the development of a school of English literature not grounded on the study of classical antiquity. Dwelling on this point further, he asks: "Ought there not to be one place where English literature is taught, as a matter of course and necessity, with regard to its spiritual origins?" This is well. Yet it may be that in the progress of the centuries, and in the increasing strenuousness of modern life, Greek and Latin will be forced to yield to the stress even more than they have yet done — much as Hebrew has to-day become an all but unknown tongue even to theologians.

A PERIODICAL RELAPSE might perhaps serve as a not unfit phrase to apply to the late abandonment of the journalistic struggle on the part of "Putnam's Magazine." Originally founded in 1853 by Mr. G. P. Putnam, the founder also of the Putnam house of publishers, and edited by George William Curtis, the magazine received the support of such able pens as those of Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, Stoddard, and Stedman; but it suspended publication after only four years. Recalled to life half a century later (1906) by Mr. George Haven Putnam, the present head of the Putnam house, and given a rejuvenated appearance, with abundance of pictorial embellishment and special features, and absorbing into itself "The

Critic" (which had already assimilated "The Literary World") and also "The Reader," the combined enterprise has, like the old "Putnam's," enjoyed a four years' existence. And now the new "Putnam's," with the predigested publications above-named, is swallowed at a gulp by another magazine of more vigorous constitution, "The Atlantic Monthly." Fervently do we hope that the absorbing and merging process will go no further — that the one distinctive magazine which makes its appeal on the ground of literary merit, and on that alone, will long be spared to the civilization which it does so much to promote and adorn.

A GRAIN OF SHAKESPEARIAN WHEAT FROM A BUSHEL OF CHAFF is well worth the labor of winnowing, to the scholar in quest of any slightest scrap of new information about the great poet. Professor Charles William Wallace of the University of Nebraska has beguiled a summer holiday by some toilsome researches in the Public Record Office at London, where mountains of ancient legal documents await the scrutiny of the antiquary and the historian. What the Nebraskan professor has gleaned affects not at all the question of the authorship of the Shakespearian plays; but it makes clear that Shakespeare at one time lived with a wig-maker's family of the name of Mountjoy in Silver Street, that he was interested in its affairs, and that he appeared in a law court for these Mountjoys. Furthermore, a new signature is added to the few now ascribed to Shakespeare's pen. This is sufficiently careless and lacking in clearness to be undoubtedly genuine. It reads "Willm Shaks" — evidently a sort of personal mark rather than a complete signature, and throws but little light on the problem of whether or not the poet really knew how to spell his own name.

A GATHERING OF THE DESCENDANTS OF GREAT POETS, soon to be held in London, should be a rarely interesting occasion. The secretary of the Poetry Recital Society, which is moving in the matter, has said: "Among the most cheering facts that have come to light in our correspondence is that nearly all these descendants are comparatively well-to-do folk. The poets may have starved in their own day, but they have left their posterity in quite a number of cases remarkably well provided for. The greater proportion belong to the upper middle class. As regards the great poets themselves, there are, of course, some regrettable gaps. There is no actual descendant of Shakespeare, though we have found descendants of his grandparents on both sides. Milton is yet wholly unrepresented, and the name of Keats seems to have vanished as though it had, in very truth, been 'writ in water.' Shelley has no living descendant, though of course the present Sir John Shelley and others of the family are distant cousins." The prospective banquet will be held, it is expected, on Wordsworth's birthday, April 7.

The New Books.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE WITH A YANKEE ADMIRAL.*

Admiral Evans's account of his naval service up to the close of the Spanish war has been followed by a volume of similar size and character, continuing the narrative to the author's retirement from the navy, at the age of sixty-two, in 1908. "An Admiral's Log" is written in the same frank and straightforward style as the previous volume, sometimes humorous and mildly sarcastic, but always holding the reader's willing attention. After a brief opening chapter on "The Sampson-Schley Controversy," in which the writer's sympathies are, as before, heartily on the side of Admiral Sampson, he tells the story of the ridiculous trial of the Governor of Samoa. Admiral Evans presided over the court-martial, as ordered by the Secretary of the Navy; and after relating the honorable acquittal of the accused, he permits himself this concluding comment:

"In all my experience with courts-martial I have never known a case so weak as this one was, nor one where there was so little ground for charges. Upon my return to Washington I ascertained how the whole matter came about. The general impression was that the charges, or the complaint on which the charges were based, had in some way come from the missionaries, but this was not the case. A letter in a woman's hand-writing was received by the Secretary of the Navy reciting certain bad conduct on the part of the governor. The Secretary cut off the name of the writer and then sent the letter to the proper officers of the Department, with an order to prepare the charges. Thus, practically on an anonymous letter, the expense of sending this court so many thousands of miles was incurred, not to mention the injury to the reputation and feelings of the officer, who up to that time had enjoyed a fine reputation."

But, as the writer observes later, in connection with an official condemnation of certain indispensable survey work he was conducting in Philippine waters, "swivel chairs sometimes have the effect of warping the judgment of those that occupy them." The author's voyage to Samoa afforded him an opportunity to visit Honolulu, and he remarks in passing that the whole question of the defence of the Sandwich Islands is a most difficult one, and that he is "puzzled to understand how anyone, particularly a professional man, can consider them any-

thing but a source of weakness to us in case of war with any naval power in the Pacific." In such event, the defending army, 50,000 strong at least, would have to be fed from the California coast, more than two thousand miles distant.

The most interesting events chronicled in the Admiral's Log relate, of course, to his cruise in Eastern waters (with landings in China, Japan, and the Philippines), and his conduct of the Atlantic Fleet from Hampton Roads to San Francisco, in its famous round-the-world voyage. Speaking of President Roosevelt's parting words to him just before the fleet left Hampton Roads on its long cruise, the author says:

"On this occasion it was plain from his manner that Mr. Roosevelt felt deeply the importance of the step he had decided to take, and which had centred upon the navy of the United States the critical attention of the whole world. . . . I was most gratified to have the President say to me, as he did, 'Remember, Admiral Evans, you sail with the confidence of the President more completely than any admiral ever did before. Your cruise is a peaceful one, but you realise your responsibility if it should turn out otherwise!'"

And a little further on, illustrating the material from which war-scares are so often manufactured, we find this entry:

"Before the fleet sailed from Hampton Roads, I had seen several letters giving information that we were to be blown up and sunk on our way to the Pacific, the first attack being promised for Rio and the second in the Straits of Magellan. All the letters that I saw were anonymous, dated in Canada, and named either the Japanese government or the Japanese as the ones who were going to do us up. It seemed to me strange that the Japanese government should tell these men without names in Canada when and how they were going to destroy the battleships of a friendly nation! And I am free to confess that I considered the whole story unworthy of notice."

The sojourn in the East came at a rather critical period. The Boxer insurrection had just been quelled, and the allied armies were encamped before Peking. An interview with the late Empress Dowager affords material for an interesting passage.

"The minister presented me in a few words to her Majesty, and, standing at a distance of about twenty feet, I repeated the speech I had sent her some days before—at least a portion of it. She replied with the speech she had sent me, and then an unusual thing happened. She said to the minister through her interpreter: 'Ask the Admiral to come near me; I wish to converse with him.' . . . Then I looked into the eyes of this woman who ruled over four hundred millions of people, holding their lives and the destiny of her country in the hollow of her hand. Beautiful, appealing brown eyes looked back at me out of a face that must at one time have been strikingly beautiful. Every line of it indicated firmness and strength; the mouth alone sug-

*AN ADMIRAL'S LOG. Being Continued Recollections of Naval Life. By Robley D. Evans. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

gested cruelty, if occasion called for it. A more striking face, one to be longer remembered, I have never seen. . . . The Empress Dowager spoke deliberately and with dignity. The interpreter received her words, bumped his head on the floor, raised his eyes, and repeated in English what she had said. I replied; another bump of the head, and with downcast eyes he conveyed my message to her Majesty. Thus, for about twenty minutes, the conversation continued, growing more interesting as she stated her side of the Boxer troubles, and the cruel punishment China had received, as a nation, for the doings of a band of outlaws. As the conversation progressed, the dark-brown eyes blazed, and I felt that it would be impossible for me to attempt to deceive the woman who was watching me so earnestly. Officially, she knew no word of English, but several times she started to reply before my words had been translated, which convinced me that she understood well every word I was saying. The rapid changes of expression on her face also led me to this conclusion. The interview concluded with these words from her Majesty: 'After all my country has suffered, I find she has but one friend in the world. That, Admiral, is the great country you represent.'

The author came away from the interview fully aware that he "had enjoyed the privilege of seeing the most remarkable woman in the world show her real feeling."

In approaching the city of Manila, Admiral Evans was curiously impressed by the sight of the stars and stripes flying in that part of the world. "It caused a curious sensation," he writes, "to see our beloved flag displayed over this foreign, tropical city, and I am not sure that I did not feel that it was out of place. However, there it was; it had cost many valuable lives to put it there, and it would cost many more before it could ever come down." This outcropping of sailor logic occurs again, even more characteristically, a few pages later, in describing a conversation with a malcontent native of influence and position. "One could not argue with such a fool," he concludes. "He, no doubt, represented a large class who were in a position to influence the feelings of the people. Education will in time remedy all this. If it does not, bullets and bayonets, I know, will."

With Admiral Evans's forced resignation (owing to illness) of the command of the fleet at San Francisco, and his retirement from the service soon afterward, we reach the end of the book—a tip-top yarn, one may be allowed to call it, in the vernacular familiar to the sailor-author. There are some interesting portraits and illustrations, of which the view of the fleet entering San Francisco harbor is the most impressive.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

NOVELS OR NOVELISTS?*

Professor Phelps's book on "Modern Novelists" is extremely interesting. It is about novelists some of whom are familiar and some unfamiliar except by name; so that there is a pleasant variation of feeling about them, and yet a constant entertainment. The author knows all about them, too; so that one feels confident, as one proceeds, that one will have no hasty though brilliant superficialities. He is original and independent; so that we get the ideas of the critic instead of the conventionalities of current criticism. He (probably) differs from us in some respects; so that we can have, as we read, the pleasing superior confidence that we know more than he does, in some things at least.

This last feeling I have in one matter to an extreme degree: I feel that I know better than the author how his book should have been written. This is an idea not uncommon with critics and college professors, and in others I am apt to esteem it foolish. In this case, however, I think that Professor Phelps should have written on *Modern Novels* instead of *Modern Novelists*.

The biographical view of art or literature is very common nowadays. The reason is that almost everybody is interested in people, and very few in art, whether art in poetry, painting, music, or anything else. Hence a thousand persons, at least in America, like to hear what sort of man a given novelist is, for one who cares what sort of novels he writes. Of course Mr. Phelps does not carry his biographical tendency so far as to fill his pages with personal gossip such as one reads in the literary magazines of the day. He is generally interested in the ideas and standpoints of his author, his philosophy of life and his *Weltanschauung*; and he is so occupied with these things that he says very little about his novels as novels. You could read several of his essays, and, except by accident or other knowledge, you would not know that you were reading about a novelist rather than a dramatist, or even a poet or essayist. It is just as though critics wrote about Shakespeare without giving an idea that he was a writer of plays: indeed, that is the way they generally do write about him. Shakespeare's view of life is what people like: of his way of expressing that view, they care little and know less. Of course Mr. Phelps is not like that; he often alludes to the art of the

* ESSAYS ON MODERN NOVELISTS. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Co.

novelist,—but he is so absorbed in the intellectual personality of his subjects that he says but little about it.

Now this position may be proper enough in some of the essays in this volume, but it is clearly inadequate in one—namely, that on Mrs. Humphry Ward. Of most novelists, Mr. Phelps is content to lay chief stress on the ideas. But Mrs. Ward he holds to be a poor novelist, and therefore he must direct his attention to her novels. But it appears to me that although he makes it clear enough that Mrs. Ward is not a keen or original observer, nor a deep thinker, he does not show that she does not write good novels.

A little more on this point will be to the present purpose. Mr. Phelps gives the impression that Mrs. Ward's reputation is only an immense vogue among women, and especially among the superficial readers of "best sellers"; and that it is founded mostly upon the social respectability of her books and her own journalistic socialism. I am sure that this idea is incorrect. Mrs. Ward is read and admired by many of the most cultivated and acute novel-readers of this country. I have read only two of her later novels, but I know a number of people of taste and appreciation who have read more and thought highly of them. From "Lady Rose's Daughter" and "The Marriage of William Ashe," I have come to a different idea of her reputation from Mr. Phelps. I believe that while people like to read her partly because (as Mr. Phelps indicates) she flatters their idea that they are reading something very intellectual, dealing with great problems, etc., the chief reason that they read her is because she writes good novels; more particularly, because her novels are not only good, but in some especial directions extremely good. Mr. Phelps, with his eye on the novelist, does not perceive this.

It is hardly to the purpose to give here a critique on the art of Mrs. Ward, especially as it would have to be based on a recollection of two of her many books. I merely wish to point out that Mr. Phelps says almost nothing about it. He seems to think that she has no art, at least not enough to enable her to write "supremely well," and stand up to the test when "compared with the great masters of fiction." I feel sure that, however correct this view may be in its results, Mr. Phelps in stating it is neglecting a very important element in the study and criticism of fiction. Anybody who talks even a little with novelists of the day will perceive that they think there is something about

novel-writing which is called "technique." They usually think, also, that they have more of this article than Scott, and doubtless other classic novelists, though Scott is the one with whom they usually compare themselves. Their idea is that Scott is a greater man, has a bigger view of life, a better grasp of character, a finer appreciation of nature, than they, so that his books are fundamentally more interesting than theirs; but that in technique he is inferior. In this view I think they are fairly correct; that is, there is at present a knowledge of a certain sort of technique in novel-writing that Scott did not have. This technique may be something really fine, or it may not be; but its result is to make a book interesting, to make people want to go on reading it when they have begun. It does not provide the novelist with ideas, but when he has any ideas it shows him how to handle them so as to be interesting.

Just what this "technique" is, I have never been able to find out; nor is it of any importance here, except to note that it consists largely of manipulation of plot so as to be interesting. This is only one element in the Complete Art of Novel-writing; but it is an important one. It has been analyzed in various ways by different critics, and more or less obscurely understood by many novelists. But however analyzed and however understood, it seems to me that there is a certain way of telling a story that is better than other ways, in that it is interesting to the human mind in general. I should say that the "way" that was most widely and lastingly powerful was the best technique. How lasting is the power of Mrs. Ward's method, I will not undertake to say. I fear it is not very permanent; but that it is very wide in its appeal, including cultured and uncultured alike, seems to me obvious. In other words, she has art in her way more than Mark Twain or Sienkiewicz, though they have in their ways more art than she, perhaps, or certainly more genius. And her way is more specifically the art of the novelist. Mrs. Ward is best to be compared with Sudermann. Both give superficial views on life in the guise of deep delvings in the mines of truth; both instinctively play to the galleries. But both are great masters of one element (and that the same) of the art of novel-writing.

Now all the preceding may be nonsense in detail. If it were my business to criticize Mrs. Ward, I should have to do it differently. But however wrong in detail, the main point is sensible enough—namely, that there is an art of fiction, and that Mrs. Ward knows something about it, and that

Mr. Phelps, in his interest in ideas and subject-matter, in life and criticism of life, has forgotten to say much of anything on the subject.

But, it may be asked, why should he say anything about it, if he prefers to write about something else? Why should not a man, even if he be especially well-read on something you think important, write on something that he thinks important? Why would it not be well for you to write about Novels if you wish, and let Mr. Phelps write about Novelists? The main reason is that Mr. Phelps himself really thinks that what I am talking about is the most important thing. He thinks that to concern oneself solely with novelists and their ideas is but a partial and incomplete way of studying literature. He says that "the two most beneficial ways to study a novel are to regard it, first, as an art-form, and secondly, as a manifestation of intellectual life" (p. 249); that "the real object [of university study of novels] is to persuade him [the student] to read them intelligently, to observe the difference between good novels and bad, and so to become impatient and disgusted with cheap, sensational, and counterfeit specimens of the novelist's art" (p. 248). It is true that this is said of a student's reading; but I believe it refers just as well to a professor's writing.

Not that Mr. Phelps says nothing of the art of the novelist. He almost always does say something about it. But he usually mentions it as though it were something to be taken for granted, something that everybody knew all about, something quite obvious. But the art of the novelist is just the reverse of all this. It is something very subtle, something that comparatively few people know anything about, something that would bear much explanation. If a novelist's art be good, it will usually effect its purpose without our knowing that it is there. And that is the reason why it would be immensely interesting if anyone so well-read as Mr. Phelps, in both theory and practice, would write criticism with a special view to it. We have had so much of criticism of life, of *Weltanschauung*, of *impressions de la vie*, that the other thing would be a delight. It might create a new epoch in the history of criticism.

But just now I note that a prominent journal calls this book "a volume that bids fair to form a distinct and permanent landmark in the history of fiction." I do not think so. But let everyone that cares which is right read the book and see. There is fun enough in that, anyway.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

THE LORE AND ROMANCE OF THE FAN.*

The flutter of a fan has often proved a momentous trifle. For the fan has been the pride and glory of kings and the plaything of queens; it has made and unmade ministers, airily disposed of great affairs of state. It has masqued a coquette's heart, beckoned a prince to try his fate in love, waved a general gaily off to war, inspired poets, hidden and evoked blushes, broken hearts and mended them. And all this it has been doing, if not ever since Eve walked in her garden, certainly since Cleopatra sailed up her Nile. A Spanish tale, recounted fittingly on a painted fan, declares that the first fan was a wing which Cupid tore from the back of Zephyrus, to fan Psyche as she slept on a bed of roses. The story has many variants, but all agree that Love created the fan, as he animates its most effective uses.

And now this trifle light as air has achieved due recognition of its real importance; modern research has turned a search-light upon it, and its complete history has been written. This fills a bulky quarto volume, whose royal proportions are fittingly dedicated to the Princess of Wales, gracious patron of fan-makers and owner of many rare examples of their art. The text is by Mr. G. Woolliscroft Rhead. There are many illustrations from plates made by the most skilled engravers; and the edition is limited, in proportion to the beauty of embellishment and the somewhat esoteric interest of the text.

Mr. Rhead makes the most of the varied appeal — archæological, artistic, human — of his airy subject. The earlier chapters are of a curious interest chiefly. In Egypt, Assyria, and India, the fan, like the other features of their ancient civilizations, was primitive, — a useful fly-whisk or a richly ornate sacerdotal symbol or royal standard. It was left for China and Japan — the two lands of fans — to re-shape the crude early models; to press into service ivory, silk, tortoise-shell, and mother-of-pearl; to carve, lacquer, gild, and paint these rich materials till they were more than ever things of beauty; to invent the folding-fan, — and finally to send their pretty treasures off to Europe in the ships of Portuguese traders, to set the western world agog over a new toy.

It was the Japanese who invented the dagger fan, in appearance an ordinary lacquered folding fan, but in reality a sheath containing a deadly

*HISTORY OF THE FAN. By G. Woolliscroft Rhead. Illustrated in color, etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

blade; and this brought their other invention, the folding-fan, into disrepute, so that a kind which only half closed was adopted as official court fan. There were special fans for every occasion in Japan. Indeed, so important a part did (and does) the fan play in Japanese life that the greatest artists were not above decorating it. Tadahira, it is said, painted upon a fan a cuckoo that gave forth its characteristic note whenever the fan was opened, and Tsunenori drew a lion so lifelike that other beasts fled before it.

Beautiful as were the old Japanese fans, it took France and the eighteenth century to produce the Golden Age of the art. *Conversations Galantes* furnished at once the best opportunity for adroit manipulation of the fan, and the ideal motive for its decoration. Spanish and Italian ladies got their fans from Paris; witness Goldoni's comedy, where the pother was all about a cheap little French fan, "not worth perhaps five paoli." Cano de Arevalo, a Spanish painter, took advantage of this vogue for Parisian fans to "fake" a number of them. His trick was discovered; but, by a logic that took small account of morals, he was thereupon hailed as a master and appointed fan-maker to the queen. If the French fan-painters were the acknowledged masters, the Spanish makers were wonderfully skilful in designing and decorating the sticks; and the Spanish cavaliers and señoritas were the first to invent a fan language, which was later translated for the belles and beaux of other nations.

During the first part of the eighteenth century the great vogue of fans led to the making of the engraved sort—the fan of the people, the poor relation of the aristocratic painted fan. This new type speedily became the newspaper of the day. Royal foibles and adventures, fashions, politics, ballooning, scenes from plays and operas, all are depicted, usually with satirical or humorous verses by way of comment, on the engraved fan-mounts. In France, Marlborough was lampooned, the woes of Louis were mocked at or sympathized with, Napoleon's ups and downs were chronicled. In England the marriage of the Crown Princess and the Prince of Orange was such a popular subject that Jonathan Pinchbeck's fan, which appeared first, was counterfeited, and the war between his Nassau fan and its New Nassau rival waged long and merrily in "The Craftsman's" advertising columns.

"Church-fans" appeared in England in the early part of the century, as a result of comments in the public journals on the unsuitability

of the fan mounts often brought to church. A good woman's heart divided among the cardinal virtues formed the chaste design of the first church-fan, which was speedily followed by a more pretentious one published under the patronage of the Bishop of London, and by "chapel-fans" for dissenting ladies. To the next century belongs the feathered fan of Hassein Dey, which actually caused a war; for Hassein hit the French consul over the head with his plumed fan, and refused to apologize, — whereupon the French promptly set about the conquest of Algeria.

Mr. Rhead's work is of course only incidentally anecdotal. Passing fashions, in size, shape, decoration, and carving, are chronicled in detail. Illustrations are carefully described, and the fans of various periods and schools duly appraised as *objets d'art*. For an art fan-making has been; and, after a period of sad decline at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it is an art still. Charles Conder's Red Fan, and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's Blue one, both reproduced in this book in full color, are comparable to any of the Italian masterpieces or the dainty marvels of the Great Age of Louis XV.

The collector and the connoisseur will not fail to appreciate this, the first comprehensive history of fan-making in English. We have tried to point out its interest for the casual reader. Its beauty of illustration cannot be overpraised. Twenty-seven colored plates, five times as many half tones, and innumerable little line drawings, reproduce fans odd, marvellous, unique, and beautiful, in generous profusion. Indeed, the work is an art treasure as truly as many of the famous fans it describes and depicts.

EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON.

PRINCIPLES OF ARCHITECTURAL EXPRESSION.*

It is with a sense of personal loss that the reviewer of the first volume of Sturgis's masterly *History of Architecture* opens the second volume to let his thoughts dwell upon its pages with critical intent. Before the proof-sheets of this volume were corrected, he who had travelled so widely, had seen so clearly and felt so deeply, and, returning, had interested, instructed, and inspired his fellows with his accumulated knowledge and enriched spirit, had journeyed to that

* A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE. By Russell Sturgis, A.M. Volume II., Romanesque and Oriental. Illustrated in photogravure, etc. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

bourne whence no traveller returns, and whose towers and palaces we must as yet be content to see through the inspired eye of imagination. It was not to discourage him, nor to undervalue the great work that Mr. Sturgis had undertaken, that the reviewer suggested the possible advantage, to the student of life's deeper and richer expression, of a certain line of attack in historical research and presentation. General history is written to-day from the ethnic and psychological standpoint; and why not also architectural history? In the preface to the present volume, almost the last word which Mr. Sturgis ever wrote is his acknowledgment of *THE DIAL*'s "suggestive" criticism (March 1, 1907) and the statement of his reason for not heeding the suggestion. The reason given does not altogether satisfy. It shows, not the bold imagination of the great explorer venturing out upon the main, but rather the studied caution of the coastwise trader. "The arts of design," says this preface, "are the result of the artistic impulse in man, of his disposition to record, to explain, what is beautiful in the world of nature, and to refine and beautify the work of man. That is enough for the artist to know. A lifetime of study and thought will not suffice to unfold all the charm and all the mystery of that simple creed. . . ? Artistic beauty lies in light and shade and color: artistic interest lies in the skilful combination of those simple elements." But artistic truth is measured by broader standards; and to know whether the artist is true to his age and environment one must know something of the life and thought and character of that age as well as the superficial aspects of its artistic expression. It is a profound subject, of high import to the student of life; and a history of architecture will some day be written in this spirit, but possibly not before many another critical history has been published.

The Oriental styles lend themselves to such treatment much more readily than do the phases of the Romanesque treated in this volume, and the author's lesser intimacy with the details of Oriental architecture has permitted his thought to run more parallel to the suggested channel. Throughout his exposition of the Moslem architecture of Persia, India, Egypt, of the architecture of Japan, China, and southwestern Asia, one feels the author's subconscious relating of the art to the life and environment of the peoples. The chapters on the Romanesque are handled very much after the manner of the first volume, with thorough understanding and appre-

ciation, which histories on kindred lines can do little more than augment. In the chapters on Oriental architecture there is too much matter in the text which performs the function of the footnote and should be relegated to that position. The volume is very attractive in its illustrations, typography, and mechanical make-up, maintaining the high standard set by Volume I.

The preparation of the third volume is to be undertaken by Mr. Arthur L. Frothingham, who, receiving his education abroad, has devoted his life to the study of architecture and archæology. With the full notes left by Mr. Sturgis, and the thorough sympathy in which Mr. Frothingham holds the original author's point of view, we may expect the third volume harmoniously as well as adequately to round out this great work. The history is on so large a scale that it would seem that its component volumes might well have been brought to more dignified conclusion. One turns a page in Volume I. expecting a summing up of the Imperial Roman period, and finds that the end already is reached. The last sentence of Volume II., while it relates to certain architectural ornamentation, might apply with equal force to the literary form of the history: a great period and a great volume are dismissed with a description of trivial detail. This may seem hypercritical, but the work is of such magnitude and of such inherent value that the impression carried from it should be commensurate with its dignity, and undoubtedly Mr. Frothingham will take cognizance of this in the literary structure of the third and last volume of the work.

IRVING K. POND.

AN important document from the Temple Library of Nippur has been deciphered by Professor Hilprecht, the indefatigable archæologist. From among the tablets which he has been the means of disinterring and preserving, and which are now in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania, he has found one containing a part of the "Babylon deluge story." It is the oldest extant written record of that event, antedating the Bible account of the deluge by at least a thousand years, and is about fifteen hundred years older than the similar fragmentary record from the library of Ashurbanapal. The tablet in question is of unbaked clay, measuring nearly three inches in length, somewhat less in width, and seven-eighths of an inch thick. Its date is assigned by its discoverer as about two thousand B. C. A translation of as much as is decipherable in this ancient document has been made by Professor Hilprecht. It briefly describes the threatened flood, and gives a few general directions for the building of a "houseboat."

RECENT FICTION.*

A novel ten years old is not often remembered at all. But those who read "The Gadfly," which was published about that number of years ago, not only remember it but think of it as a singularly impressive work. The announcement of a new novel by Mrs. Voynich is therefore calculated to arouse more than usual anticipations, and the statement that this new novel is in some sense a sequel to "The Gadfly" is enough to excite the liveliest interest. We say "in some sense" because the former novel brought the career of its hero to a close, and its successor harks back to an adventurous earlier career that was previously hinted at, but not disclosed. In "An Interrupted Friendship" we come across him as we accompany a French geographical expedition to the wilds of South America; and from the time when, a seemingly hopeless derelict, he becomes attached to the expedition in the character of interpreter, he attracts our attention until he becomes the figure of central importance in a group of which the other members are by no means devoid of interest. His enigmatic character, his amazing versatility, and his courage in the face of danger, make the men of his *entourage* seem almost colorless by comparison, and even the ostensible hero of the narrative recedes into the background. Thus far we have outlined something more than half the story; the lesser portion of it is concerned with the more familiar European scene, and ends with an account, sketched rather than described, of the Gadfly's career as a French journalist, and of his ill-fated share in the movement for the liberation of Italy. The story is intensely vivid from first to last, and grimly tragic as well; for the author has no mind to deal in sentimental consolations, nor does she invoke the conventional theory of poetic justice. An implacable and savage fate wreaks its will upon all the lives that seem best worth saving, and the clouds have no suggestion of a blue sky above them. But the book grips us, and, despite all its racking of our emotions, has the fascination of a true

*AN INTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP. By E. L. Voynich. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE VEIL. A Romance of Tunis. By Ethel Stefana Stevens. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE ROSARY. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE MAN OUTSIDE. By Wyndham Martin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE PRODIGAL FATHER. By J. Storer Clouston. New York: The Century Co.

TOWER OF IVORY. A Novel. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE FLORENTINE FRAME. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

BY INHERITANCE. By Octave Thanet. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

IRENE OF THE MOUNTAINS. A Romance of Old Virginia. By George Cary Eggleston. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

THE LORDS OF HIGH DECISION. By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE PRICE OF LIS DORIS. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

work of art. Such books offer a salutary corrective for the smug self-deception about life that ordinary novels tend to develop.

Miss Ethel Stefana Stevens has given us, in "The Veil," an extraordinarily interesting story of the intermingled life of Arab and European in French North Africa. The scene is Tunis, and the European characters are mostly Sicilians. The central figures of the book are two natives—a crafty prophet with the ambition of a Mahdi, and a beautiful dancing woman, his creature and spy, who fascinates us from beginning to end of the narrative. Beside her, indeed, the Sicilian heroine is a colorless creature, although a fair match for the Sicilian hero, who is interesting but hardly inspiring. The tale is replete with adventure and rich in romantic coloring. It has, moreover, an historical basis in the Mohammedan uprising which only two years ago sought to wrest the holy city of Kairouan from its infidel possessors.

"The Rosary," by Mrs. Florence M. Barclay, is not a novel for the trifling reader, nor for the reader desirous of escaping with unworried emotions. The author has created a difficult situation, seemingly piling up obstacles for the satisfaction of overcoming them, and forcing the reluctant attention to become interested in a theme that is almost repellant. In the first place, she gives us a hero who is a gifted young artist and a worshipper of the beautiful, providing for him a heroine who is several years his senior and conspicuously plain of feature. Beneath this exterior, the artist discerns a beauty of soul that makes her the one woman in the world for him, and he woos her with grave passion. She, taken all aback by this unexpected assault upon her citadel, is moved to the tenderest affection, but her judgment cannot give consent, and she rejects her lover for what she believes to be his own good. Then she journeys abroad, and remains away from England until she hears that her suitor has been the victim of an accident which has left him totally blind. Following the dictates of her heart, she returns in the hope that she may be helpful; but the man, still deeply wounded in his pride, and wholly unaware that the woman had loved him all the time, refuses her plea that she may be permitted to come to him. She thereupon resorts to the extraordinary expedient of getting herself sent to him as his nurse and attendant, and thus, as a supposed stranger, she becomes his intimate companion. The deception is successfully carried on for months, and the author contrives to convince us, against our will, of its possibility. The task then becomes that of bringing these two high-strung souls, loyal to each other but still more loyal to their ideals, to a true understanding. The thing is done, delicately and by slow degrees; and we work up to an emotional climax that is simply overwhelming. It is not often that a novelist grapples successfully with a self-imposed problem so seemingly insoluble, or is able to make tolerable and even beautiful the most intolerable of all individual calamities. Mrs. Barclay

has done all this, and in doing it has achieved an artistic triumph far out of the common.

Viscount Mountcastle, son and heir of the Earl of St. Vian, becomes engaged, and nearly married, to a girl who loves another man. Discovering the facts of the situation in the nick of time, he generously smooths the way for his rival. Then he determines to go out into the world as a plain commoner, and find out whether he can find a girl who will love him for his own *beaux yeux* and manly virtues. Possessing both, he does not look far. He takes quarters in a Bloomsbury boarding-house, and there discovers a charming American maiden. She is also the child of wealthy parents, and so a pretext has to be devised for her presence in this modest abode. He is fortunate in his first encounters, and rescues her from imminent peril within twenty-four hours of their first acquaintance. Then the scene shifts to Bruges, whither he follows her, and where he wins her heart by his prowess on the tennis-court, defeating sundry Belgian champions. Now is the time for the blow to fall, and it does so with a vengeance. An appeal is made to the girl to save her mother's honor by marrying a New York magnate, who holds some compromising letters. The daughter tearfully consents, and her lover is left *plants-là*. Thereupon he gets busy, discovers the secret, gets on the trail of the magnate (then cruising about in his yacht), captures the documents by a pretty bit of piracy, and sends them to the girl by registered post. The rest may be imagined, and the girl does not balk even when she learns that her lover is one of the proudest peers of the United Kingdom. It is a pleasant tale, crisply told, and without too many agonies; a trifling tale, but a vastly entertaining one. Its title is "The Man Outside," and it claims Mr. Wyndham Martin for its author.

Mr. J. Storer Clouston is a fantastic humorist of the type that "F. Anstey" made us acquainted with. His gladsome tale of "The Prodigal Father" tells us how James Heriot Walkinshaw, W.S., the crustiest of Scotch solicitors, the very personification of glacial dignity and correctness of bearing, found himself in failing health, and resorted to a practitioner whose methods were justly open to professional suspicion. The treatment given him had for its object the defeat of senescence by a restoration of his tissues to youthful vigor, and it proves so successful that the patient reverses his life, physiologically speaking, and grows younger at an alarming rate. As the process goes on, his actions become fairly scandalizing—he goes to London and plunges into a wild whirl of dissipation, he flings money right and left, he substitutes directness for circumlocution in his business, he makes love to a buxom widow and then jilts her as too old for him, and he abets the love affairs of his children, to which he had formerly opposed an unyielding front. When the story of his downward (or upward) career is broken off, he is left in a preparatory school where he stands first in the batting averages. Mr. Clouston tells this story in a vein of dry humor infused with

sentiment, and to highly entertaining effect. The narrative is rich in incidents, most of which are surprising, and displays a keen sense of character despite its fundamentally absurd motive.

When we first make the acquaintance of John Ordham, he is an idler in Munich, twenty-four years old. When we leave him, three or four years later, he bears one of the proudest titles in England, owns vast ancestral estates, and is a rapidly rising star in the diplomatic service. The external part of this transformation is wrought by the death of his elder brother; the more significant and spiritual part of it is the gift of tragic experience. This is the story told us in "Tower of Ivory," the latest novel by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. The *deus ex machina* of Ordham's fate is a woman thirteen years his senior—the divine artist whose Brünnhilde and Isolde have made her the idol of the Munich populace, and the favorite of the melancholy King. In her earlier days she had been Peggy Hill of the coal-mines in America, and a notorious character in the underworld of New York. But this is long since past, and we are given to understand that art has so purified and ennobled her that, as Margarethe Styr, she is wholly worthy of our admiration and of Ordham's love. The first meeting takes place in no less romantic a spot than Neuschwanstein, whither the artist has been commanded by the King for a midnight recital of his favorite music. We may here remark that from this time on discussion of the music-dramas of Richard Wagner occupies as considerable a part of the book as it does in the "Evelyn Innes" of Mr. George Moore, fulfilling here also the double purpose of being interesting as criticism and of revealing the character of the heroine. Ordham is admitted to intimate friendship with the singer, but their relations are irreproachable, and they do not realize what they have become to each other until separation has led to the self-revelation. The separation, in Ordham's case, means a return to England, and a fall into the trap set for him by an American heiress and the designing relatives on both sides. He thinks he is in love, thinks for a time after his marriage that he is happy, and then, when he realizes the contrast between his small-minded, selfish, and hysterical wife, and the true companion of his soul, realizes how fatal a mistake he has made. In a mad impulse, he rushes away to Munich, to be recalled almost immediately by the news of his wife's illness and of their still-born child. Soon after his wife's death, the story reaches its tragic denouement when the singer, as the only means of atonement for her own past, and of saving her lover's career from being ruined by a union with her, makes her last wild appearance as Brünnhilde, and turns the self-immolation in the closing scene of "Die Götterdämmerung" into an act of grim reality. This is the bare outline of a story which has so many of the elements of power that it seems ungrateful to speak of its defects. But it must be recorded that Mrs. Atherton's style is as stodgy as ever, that her passages of analysis and description are terribly long-winded, that she has hardly the faintest gleam of

humor, that her social commentary is too acrid to arouse sympathy, and that the garish coloring of "Ouida" is irresistibly suggested by her more ambitious pages. These are pretty serious matters, and they are all aspects of the artistic crudity out of which this strenuous novelist does not seem able to grow. Nevertheless, she can be impressive and almost convincing at times, perhaps never more nearly convincing than in the present elaborate setting-forth of the play of character under social and artistic pressure.

The freshness of treatment and the psychological insight which characterize "The Florentine Frame," by Miss Elizabeth Robins, rather more than offset the laxity of its style. The book is at least alive with thought, and displays much penetrative observation. There are only three characters that count — the opulent widow who is set apart from the common herd, not so much by wealth as by aristocratic temperament and refined instincts, her daughter, just budding into womanhood, and the young man who comes from the South to occupy a post in the University, and who develops into a dramatist of remarkable gifts. He is drawn with some difficulty into the companionship of the two women, becomes an intimate of their household, and benefits spiritually and materially by the association. His close relationship with the older woman resolves itself into affection, which would have led to its natural consummation had it not been for the girl, who imagines herself to be the object of Keith's worship, and ingenuously reveals to him the fact that he has but to speak. The mother, meanwhile, when her eyes are opened, shares in the daughter's self-deception, suppresses her own desires, and furthers the marriage to which reason points as suitable, although it means to her a heart-breaking sacrifice of self. This is literally true; for the wedded couple find their honeymoon brought to a sorrowful end by the news of the mother's death. Then comes the psychological climax, for the wife's intuition discovers the husband's secret, and she realizes that his heart has never been her own. The shock is so severe that it changes the face of life for her, and she is determined upon separation. In the end, this emotional tension is relaxed; Keith's genuine affection for his wife triumphs over her wild resolve, and she becomes reconciled to the life-bond which she has contracted, although the memory of the dead must forever dim the radiance of her romance. The title of this appealing tale is symbolical, the Florentine frame being a real frame, kept tenantless for many years by the older woman, because she could not find a portrait quite worthy of such a setting. She finds it at last, in the form of a Knight of Malta photographed from a famous painting — a striking anticipation of Keith's features — but the symbol is all that destiny has in store for her; the reality is framed in the heart of the child for whom her great renunciation is made.

Miss Alice French ("Octave Thanet") has taken to problem novels of recent years, and no less a problem than that of the American negro is the theme

of "By Inheritance," her latest work. But she goes about her delicate task very engagingly, and, although the problem is suggested in her opening chapter, it seems only incidental, and is not brought into the forefront of attention until we have become interested in a situation of the ordinary human sort, and in a group of such characters as the author has described many times before. The scheme of her story is based upon the transplantation of Miss Agatha Danforth from Massachusetts to Arkansas, her errand being that of ministering to the needs of a fever-stricken nephew. Miss Agatha, who is a wealthy spinster, has given much thought to the elevation of the negro race, and is imbued with the traditional New England idealism. She has known the sophisticated negro, and learned to think well of him, failing to perceive how fundamentally he is set apart in character from the white. When she comes to know the negro as the natural man in his Arkansas habitat, she suffers numerous severe mental shocks, and becomes slowly but completely disillusionized as the stern facts confront her. Much of her former theorizing is discovered to be thin and fantastic, and most of her former efforts are seen to have been misdirected. She realizes, among other things, that industrial training is much more needed by the negro than academic education, and that the "door of hope" is more likely than not, when opened to him, to lead to an *impasse* which will prove his ruin. Miss French does not pretend to solve the problem of the negro's future in this country, but she sees clearly certain things about his present status and prospects — things which nullify many of the aims of well-meaning philanthropy. Seeing these things, she does not hesitate to make them clear, and to draw the contrast between plausible theory and unyielding fact. There is nothing bitter or prejudiced in her account of the negro; she appreciates his good qualities to the full, and her touch is always generous and sympathetic. These remarks have led us away from the book in its aspect as a work of entertaining fiction, and we must not close them without reasserting its claim upon the interest of the reader who wishes a story and not a problem. He cannot quite avoid being made thoughtful now and then, but he is also furnished with a moderately exciting plot, and with the account of many vivid, dramatic, and human happenings.

There is a homely and wholesome air about the Southern novels of Mr. George Cary Eggleston that makes them welcome to the over-stimulated sense of readers of the kind of fiction now most in vogue. They are old-fashioned stories in both matter and manner, straightforward narratives in plain black and white, eschewing subtleties and problems, but developing a sentimental situation with blunt sincerity. "Irene of the Mountains" is a typical example, perhaps a little above the average of its predecessors, and we have read it with genuine satisfaction. It is the love-story of an untutored mountain girl and the scion of an old and aristocratic family, and the conclusion is happy. Its

scene is Virginia in the fifties or thereabouts, and Mr. Eggleston has a rich store of recollections of both place and period, from which he draws his incidents and constructs his descriptions.

Mr. Meredith Nicholson, having scaled the heights of commercial success and stood upon the peak of the "best sellers," seems now to have become ambitious to conquer the more difficult peak which signifies artistic success. He has made a considerable ascent upon this slope with the production of his "Lords of High Decision," which is a real novel of striking qualities, as far as possible removed from the romantic comedy of his "Port of Missing Men" and his "Little Brown Jug of Kildare." It is a story of Pittsburg, and the "lords" of its title are certain financial magnates of that rather begrimed city. Colonel Roger Craighill and his son Wayne are the central figures among the men,—the former a successful captain of industry and willing victim of the delusion of his own moral as well as financial stature, the latter a typical example of the American son of wealthy parents, self-indulgent to the point of drunkenness and a generally reckless course of existence. Since this youth is to serve as the hero, he must be invested with some good qualities, and the better self must overcome the worse as his career is unfolded. The redeeming influence, of course, must be that of a woman, and a suitable heroine is provided. We thus have one of the most conventional and hackneyed of situations, but Mr. Nicholson contrives to attach to it a sufficient variety of interesting incident, and to develop it with vigor and inventive skill. In several instances he has given us real characters—not symbols or puppets—and has invested their relations to one another with an uncommon degree of human interest. We hope that his work will be henceforth continued upon the lines of this energetic new departure.

When Cornelis Doris, a landscape painter by the grace of God, permitted a trickster to rob him of his just fame, and claim authorship of his inspired works, he carried self-abnegation considerably beyond the point at which it approves itself to the ethical sense. His motive was an overpowering emotion of gratitude for the trickster's wife, to whom from earliest childhood he had been bound by the ties of affection. It was she who, being several years his senior, had watched over his infancy, had encouraged his childish efforts to paint, had seen the artistic possibilities latent in his nature, and had contracted a loveless marriage with a man of wealth for the sole purpose of being able to provide for the training of her *protégé*. All this was cause for gratitude, no doubt, but the payment was out of proportion to the debt. It is the situation thus described that is developed in "The Price of Lis Doris," by "Maarten Maartens." The husband in question is a selfish and malicious person, an amateur of mediocre talents but eager for fame. He displays as his own the masterpieces that Lis has painted, and the artist acquiesces in the fraud out of love for his benefactress. He agrees, furthermore, to abandon landscape for portraiture, and in

that field of activity wins distinction and moneyed ease. The tragedy of his renunciation wrecks his life, but he keeps the faith, allowing no eyes to see the landscapes which he paints for his own secret delight. Even after the death of the man who has cheated him out of his birthright, he feels bound to save the man's reputation for the sake of the wife and son, and dies directing the destruction of the canvases which would have revealed his secret. It makes a moving and tender story, glowing with exalted feeling, and quivering with the sense of beauty, but its pathos is too unbearable, and one cannot justify a sacrifice, however heroically pitched, that involves the perpetuation of so base a fraud. After the death of Lis, the truth indeed comes out, but poetic justice requires that it should have come out before. The scene of this story is in the author's own land, a village and country scene for the most part. It is delightfully intimate in its depiction of both nature and life, and in its confidential running comment. In this latter respect, it reminds us a good deal of Mr. De Morgan, who warms us with a similar quality of sunny optimism, and has the same power to bring warm tears to our eyes. It is not only the principals in this story who deserve mention, for the writer's delicate art has drawn for us numerous minor figures that are strikingly individual,—the gentle and long-suffering dominie, his domineering wife, the "religious grocer" who was the hero's father, the impecunious drawing-master, and several others almost as convincing. This is the best book that "Maarten Maartens" has given us for many years. WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Man's conquest of the mosquito. The story of the successful fight which modern science, in the guise of preventive medicine, is making in the tropics against age-long foes of plague and pestilence, and the even more ineradicable enemies, not confined to tropics or barbarians, of superstition, ignorance, and prejudice, is ably told in Sir Robert Boyce's "Mosquito or Man" (Dutton). The author is Director of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, and as such has shared in and directed numerous sanitary expeditions to the fever-ridden coasts of Africa, Asia, Central America, and the Amazons. There is probably no one who is more familiar with the conquest of the tropics for modern civilization by means of mosquito control, and the prevention of diseases, such as malaria, yellow fever, and sleeping sickness, by the destruction of the insect carriers of their germs, than Dr. Boyce. The book is therefore a capital first-hand authoritative account of actual practice, and not a second-hand compilation, as are most popular books dealing with the subject. Photographs of the actual field-work, and copies of police and sanitary regulations, as well as summaries of methods and results, are freely used to illustrate the

method and progress of the work. The growth of sanitation in the tropics and elsewhere in recent years, and the obstacles of miasm, tradition, and prejudice, are discussed at length. The method of conduct of an anti-malarial campaign is well elaborated, as are also the preventive measures used against yellow fever. Much of the illustrative material for the latter is drawn from the late New Orleans campaign. Sleeping sickness, hookworm disease, goats'-milk or Malta fever, dengue, plague, leprosy, and tuberculosis, are also briefly treated in a popular way. The history of the discovery of the secret of malaria, and of insect transmission of its germ, is related but only partially, for no mention is made of the very essential pioneer discoveries of Grassi, the Italian zoologist, who shares with Dr. Ross the honor of the initial discoveries which have brought health to stricken peoples, and are destined ultimately to exterminate certain diseases from all habitable lands. Dr. Boyce has been most generous in according mention of work in our own land, and in Cuba and the Philippines; but he seems not to have heard of the American hookworm! Doubtless the second edition will relate the progress of the campaign against this germ of laziness, and will also afford the author an opportunity to eradicate a number of complicated and obscure sentences which mar an otherwise very readable book, and one of great practical interest to all communities where malaria lurks or mosquitos sing.

*Echoes of the
Darwinian
centenary.*

Of books called forth by the occurrence of the centennial anniversary of Darwin's birth, the end appears not even yet to be in sight. To the volumes officially issued in connection with both the English and American commemorative ceremonies, Professor Edward B. Poulton was a contributor. By dint of reprinting these addresses, and three others given in connection with the same events but not printed in the official volume, together with an account of the celebration of the Darwin centenary at Oxford and a few hitherto unpublished Darwin letters, this author is able to make a Darwin centenary book, "Charles Darwin and the Origin of Species" (Longmans, Green & Co.). Mr. Poulton is an orthodox Neo-Darwinist of the most extreme and reactionary type. With Wallace, to whom the present volume is dedicated, and Weismann, he stands as one of the very few who still cling to the fetish of the *Allmacht* of the cumulative selection of minute variations as the *vera causa* of evolution. All the results of the analytical and experimental study of the problems of evolution, which have made the decade just past the most fruitful of new knowledge and new viewpoints in this field of biology of any period since Darwin's own work was done, are to Poulton of no significance as regards fundamental problems. He holds that the "only fundamental changes in the doctrine [of evolution] given to us in 1858 and 1859 are those brought about by the researches and the

thoughts of Weismann." This, fortunately, is an opinion held by but very few people. Three of the addresses deal with Darwin's personality, the development of his ideas, and historical matters connected with his life. Two have to do with an exposition of Mr. Poulton's well-known views as to the origin and significance of the coloration of butterflies. The nineteen letters to Mr. Roland Trimen, here printed for the first time, form an interesting addition to existing Darwiniana. Full, as were all Darwin's letters, of the most acute and stimulating observations and opinions on the scientific matters which were under discussion, these also show the extreme modesty, genial and cordial anxiety to help others, and kindly, quiet humor, which appear through his correspondence. The following bit is characteristic: "Many thanks for your Photograph, and I send mine; but it is a hideous affair — merely a modified, hardly an improved, Gorilla." Four appendices, dealing with controversial matters, and an excellent index, complete the volume.

*Aspects and
contrasts of
American life.*

Sane and sensible, as a rule, and eminently readable always, are Professor Brander Matthews's occasional collections of essays on literary, dramatic, social, or practical themes. Nearly half a score of these attractive volumes have now appeared, the latest of which is entitled "The American of the Future, and Other Essays" (Scribner). The title essay in this collection of fifteen public addresses and other utterances is an optimistic forecast of our future in respect to our conglomerate but always preponderatingly patriotic population. Our ability to assimilate the foreigner is now, as it has been in the past, something remarkable; and the so-called alien element is proportionately no larger now than it has been for more than a century. In a chapter contrasting the Americans and the British, Professor Matthews calls attention to the Englishman's "habit of fighting for his own hand" which has developed "a certain hardness," an almost frankly brutal manner in word and deed. "The same desire to give pain," he remarks, "is visible in the long history of British literary criticism, from Gosson's 'School of Abuse' to Pope's 'Dunciad,' and from the quarterly reviewers of a century ago to the violent vulgarity of the *Saturday Review* to-day." Arrogant Dr. Johnson and urbane Benjamin Franklin, the loudly scornful Carlyle and the courteous and gentle Emerson, are offered as contrasting examples of the British and the American manner of bearing oneself, in life and in letters. Good chapters on American humor, the question of the theatre, reform and reformers, standards of success, and a dozen other topics, are to be found in the book. As was to be expected, Simplified Spelling comes in for a chapter; and the author has shown the courage of his convictions, and the indulgence of his publishers, by spelling in his own wild fashion throughout, even when making quotations. He has

also misspelled the middle name of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, giving it a superfluous *l*—surely not in the interest of simplified spelling. On the whole, the book is rich in thought, and treats of timely topics in a scholarly way.

The Professor out of school.

Wit not too erudite, and fancy not too riotous, have joined hands in Professor Grant Showerman's book, "With the Professor" (Holt), and they gracefully trip it as they go, on the light fantastic toe, through three hundred and sixty pages of delightful fooling (and some seriousness). *Desipere in loco* is an art of which this incumbent of a Latin Literature chair proves himself to be a master. With a resolute determination not to take himself and his colleagues and his profession too seriously, the author disports himself at the Professor's expense through twelve sprightly chapters dealing with various aspects of college life and of education in general. In the opening essay, "A Prelude on Pessimism," he strikes the keynote of the book, a sort of cheerful derision, or gleeful sarcasm, or good-humored pessimism, punctuated (as the cant phrase puts it) with all manner of droll conceits, odd quips, and playful sallies. But there's many a serious word said in all this jest; and it is so well said, with so apt and evidently unstudied employment of classic quotation and neat literary allusion, that the lesson of the book, so far as it has a lesson, is learned without sense of effort or anything but entertainment on the reader's part. Occasionally, in the laudable and admirably successful endeavor to throw off the professorial manner, the writer goes a little further than necessary in making his style familiar and colloquial. Twice in a single chapter he allows himself to use the barbarism "enthuse." Could complaisance in a finished classical scholar go beyond that? Sometimes, too, he is a bit hackneyed—as in his definitions of optimist and pessimist: one seeing the doughnut and the other the hole; one thinking all milk cream, and the other all cream milk, etc. If he had included the heraldic definition of *pessimist couchant* as one who has lived too long with an *optimist rampant*, he would have added freshness to his collection. Most of these chapters have already passed muster in various magazines, but are still of a breezy quality that revives the fagged brain.

The future life from various points of view.

The perennially interesting because persistently baffling question of the soul's immortality is debated by nine eminent authors in a volume entitled "In After Days: Thoughts on the Future Life" (Harper.) The several chapters have already appeared in print, but their collective issue is welcome. The manner of treating this engrossing topic falls, in each instance, under one of three general heads. Messrs. Howells and Higginson and Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward offer consolation to the bereaved, giving warmth and persuasiveness to

their words by the introduction of personal experience or personal conviction. Messrs. Henry M. Alden and Henry James are philosophical and speculative, as is also Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, with the addition of historical and literary illustration and reference. Dr. William Hanna Thomson and Mr. John Bigelow enforce their utterances with biblical citations and the vocabulary of devotion, Mr. Bigelow also giving abundant evidence of his strong Swedenborgianism. Mr. Henry James, writing at some length, is as tortuous and subtle and little conclusive as his fondest admirers could wish. Curiously suggestive of his brother's "Will to Believe" is the novelist in the following: "If one acts from desire quite as one would from belief, it signifies little what name one gives to one's motive. By which term action I mean action of the mind, mean that I can encourage my consciousness to acquire that interest, to live in that elasticity and that affluence, which affect me as symptomatic and auspicious. I can't do less if I desire, but I should n't be able to do more if I believed." Each chapter has prefixed the portrait of its author, the volume thus being a valuable collection of photographs of two kinds—mental and physiognomical.

Memorial edition of the works of George Meredith. The period following Meredith's death has naturally been prolific of books about him. Early appreciations have been reprinted, reminiscences and anecdotes have been recalled; we have had introductions to his novels, interpretations of his philosophy, analyses of his character-study, of his sense of humor, of his style. But as all this is only significant either as preface or incentive to the reading of Meredith himself, so the finest tribute paid him by any publisher is the inception, by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, in connection with his trustees and his English publishers, of a sumptuous "Memorial Edition" of his works, to be completed in about twenty-seven volumes. Two of these, "Richard Feverel" and "The Shaving of Shagpat," have already appeared. Fine paper (water-marked with the author's initials), large, clear type, and a plain and dignified binding of silk cloth, characterize the "Memorial Edition." A distinctive feature is the illustrations, three or four to a volume, all reproduced in photogravure. These will include scenes associated with the novels and poems, houses where Meredith lived and wrote, several portraits, and reproductions of many of the original illustrations, by Millais, Du Maurier, and others, which accompanied the novels and poems when they were first published in magazine form. The principal additions to the text will be the new novel "Celt and Saxon," and an unfinished comedy "The Sentimentalists" (now being played in London), besides incomplete essays and short stories, and, to the volumes of poems, some unpublished stanzas for "Love in the Valley" and an early draft of "The Head of Bran."

*A collection
of literary
anecdotes.*

It is the small but significant traits, the less-guarded actions, the involuntary gestures and acts of self-revelment, that most intimately engage our interest in the lives of great men and women. The formal biographies we read; and are glad to read, as preserving for us the grand outlines of noble and inspiring personalities; but the anecdotal gleanings of informal biography have a human flavor and a living reality that is often lacking in the studied narrative. "Stories of Authors" (Sturgis & Walton Co.), by Professor Edwin Watts Chubb, is a book designed to appeal to the young student and to the general reader, and to kindle in the breast that spark of literary enthusiasm, of passionate attachment to what is best in the world of books, which the more laborious manuals commonly fail of doing. The book contains seventy-one short chapters, touching on the characteristics of the great English authors from Chaucer to Mr. Kipling, and of the great American authors from Benjamin Franklin to Eugene Field. "Every article," says Professor Chubb in his preface, "has been written, selected, or adapted, because of some special value," though which of these three methods has been followed in each instance is not always expressly indicated or otherwise made apparent. In a certain sense, the plan of the book is better than its execution, inasmuch as the manifest difficulty of finding fresh and entertaining as well as authoritative matter for each chapter has often made it necessary to draw on the standard biographies and reprint what is already more or less familiar to the reading world. To the young and little read, however, the volume should prove interesting and stimulating.

*Legends and
folk-lore of the
City of Mexico.*

Mexico, with traditions both Indian and Spanish, both ecclesiastical and political, and with an unusually large class of people among whom folk-tales originate, develop, and are perpetuated, is especially rich in folk-lore. Mr. Thomas A. Janvier has made a valuable contribution to the treasures of the folk-lorist, in his "Legends of the City of Mexico" (Harper.) As stories for the general reader, they have been subjected to the *experimentum crucis* by publication in a popular magazine. In their present form, as a contribution to the scientific collection of folk-tales, their value is enhanced by the addition of an introductory chapter and an appendix containing explanatory notes. The legends, as Mr. Janvier says in his Introduction, have been found, not made, by him; and he has been exceedingly happy in the manner in which he has presented them to his readers, having taken them down from the lips of one of the class which is given to the preservation of folk-tales, in the colloquial Mexican-Spanish which is especially fitted to be their medium. In his translation of them he has preserved the *naïveté* of the Mexican narrator to a remarkable degree. To one familiar with the City of Mexico, the localization of the various legends give them a still deeper interest.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The Open Court Publishing Co. have just issued a translation of Francesco Redi's "Experiments on the Generation of Insects," by Miss Mab Bigelow. The work of this Jesuit physician, naturalist, and poet is interesting from the fact that he was one of the first to argue against the popular notion of spontaneous generation. The work now translated was published in 1668, and it is from the fifth edition (1688) that the present translation has been made.

Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler's series of anthologies devoted to the days we celebrate now includes a "Washington's Birthday" volume, made up of essays, poems, stories, and bits of historical characterization suitable for school exercises. The real rather than the mythological Washington is here delineated — "a lovable, fallible, very human personality, with humor, a hot temper, and a genuine love of pleasure." Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co. publish the volume.

Mrs. Florence Jackson Stoddard presents the first collection thus far made of the folk-tales of Cuba and the West Indies, "As Old as the Moon" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) In the first division of the book she gives the cosmo-genetic myths of the aborigines; in the second, the folk-tales that originated at the time of the advent of the Europeans; and in a third division, the folk-tales of the slaves of the later days. These do not differ materially from similar tales of the Indians under like conditions elsewhere; and what fascination the book may have for young readers, for whom it seems to be primarily intended, will depend much upon the individual taste. But the book will be of value to the student of folk-lore and suggestive of a field for further and closer investigation.

No matter how many editions of "The Compleat Angler" the lover of that ever-verdant classic may have upon his shelves, we can assure him that, if he be a proper Waltonite, he must find a way to possess also the edition recently produced at the Riverside Press under Mr. Bruce Rogers's oversight. In no other modern setting that we know of has the fresh and quaint flavor of the text been so happily embodied in the typographical arrangement and general form. By omitting the supererogatory second part by Cotton, it has been possible without sacrifice of large type and liberal margins to bring the volume into pocket dimensions — surely an important consideration in the case of so "pocketable" a classic as the "Angler." The woodcuts of fish in the first edition have been worthily re-engraved by Mr. Lamont Brown, and there are a few appropriate ornaments and initials. Five hundred copies only are offered for sale.

Every scrap of fact relating in any way to Shakespeare is of interest, especially when it concerns him so intimately as the matter published by Professor C. W. Wallace in the March "Harper." No such light is thrown upon Shakespeare in the pamphlet before us entitled "Globe Theatre Apparel," which Professor Wallace has privately printed for presentation only; but it brings John Hemynges, the business manager of his Company at the Globe, and certain members of the Duke of York's Company, into the range of our observation. The three legal documents that constitute the pamphlet are the papers in a suit brought in 1612 by Hemynges to recover £20 from Joseph Taylor of the Duke of York's Company, for players' apparel the

latter had got from the former. The dreary dulness of these documents gives us some idea of the brain-wearying, heart-breaking labor Professor Wallace must have done to make his discoveries.

NOTES.

An exquisitely printed volume of "Poems by Winthrop Mackworth Praed," selected and arranged by Mr. Ferris Greenslet, is published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

A volume on "Governmental Action for Social Welfare" has been prepared by Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks for Macmillan's "American Social Progress Series."

The book upon which the late A. J. Butler was engaged at the time of his death — "The Forerunner of Dante" — was nearly completed, and will be published shortly by the Oxford University Press.

"Tennyson" was the subject chosen by Professor William Paton Ker for the Leslie Stephen lecture at Oxford last November, and the essay is now published in a small volume by the Messrs. Putnam.

Eight "Indian Speeches" made by Lord Morley during the past three years are now collected by the Macmillan Co. into a volume, to which is appended an important selection of state papers bearing upon the same subject.

A "Handbook to the Works of Dante" is written by Mr. F. J. Snell, and published by the Macmillan Co. It is a useful little manual, analyzing the works in some detail, and containing critical and biographical chapters which give us most of the essentials.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw persistently refuses to let the reading public share in the pleasure of seeing his new plays. Instead, he will give us this spring a small volume entitled "Socialism and Superior Brains," with a frontispiece portrait of the author taken by himself.

A literary statistician calls our attention to the fact that out of the three hundred and seventy-five volumes (excluding translations) in "Everyman's Library," thirty-six, or almost ten per cent, are reprints from American authors. This is certainly a creditable showing for our youthful literature.

The excellent "Child's Guides" series published by the Baker & Taylor Co. has suffered somewhat from the limitations of its title; the books being in fact not addressed primarily to children but to amateurs and beginners generally. A change of title to "The Guide Series" has therefore wisely been decided upon.

The spring announcements of the Newold Publishing Co., New York, include "Greece in Evolution," ten studies by well-known continental writers, with a preface by the Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke; "Irish Song Lore," by Mr. James Redfern Mason; "The Garden at 19," a novel by Mr. Edgar Jepson; and a new work of fiction by Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt, author of "The Little Brown Brother."

"The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation," by Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, is now published at the Columbia University Press in a third edition, considerably enlarged and in part rewritten. It is eleven years since the original publication of the work, and much fresh material, especially in connection with municipal taxation, and the taxation of instruments of credit, has been provided for the investigator.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons publish a library edition of "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," which reproduces the work in its un mutilated form, as it was edited and published some thirty years ago by Mr. John Bigelow, the owner of the original manuscript. An interesting introduction tells how the manuscript came into Mr. Bigelow's possession.

"The Story of Opera," by Mr. E. Markham Lee is a new volume in the "Music Story" series, published by the Messrs. Scribner. There are many illustrations, including examples of musical notation. The same publishers, in their "Makers of British Art" series, send us a biography of Sir J. E. Millais, by Mr. J. Eadie Reid, also with many illustrations.

"The Tramp," a sixpenny monthly addressed to "all who are sick of stuffiness in art, life, literature, and magazines," has just made its appearance in London. An interesting miscellany of articles, stories, and verses is contained in the first issue. American lovers of the open, as well as their English brethren, should welcome this blithe new-comer in the periodical world.

The "American Addresses at the Second Hague Peace Conference," as delivered by Messrs. Joseph H. Choate, Horace Porter, and James Brown Scott, are now published by Messrs. Ginn & Co. for the International School of Peace. This volume, dignified in both appearance and contents, is edited by Mr. Scott, and is a credit to the country, the cause, and the authors.

The Marquis de la Mazelière's "Le Japon: Historie et Civilisation" (Paris: Plon) is now complete in five volumes, the two just received covering the period 1854-1910. The analytical study of modern Japan given us in these concluding volumes is of great value, being both precise in statement and intelligent in discussion. The volumes have numerous illustrations.

Gilder memorial fellowships in Columbia University, for the promoting of the cause of good citizenship and the honoring of an eminent worker in that cause, are to be established if the present endeavor to raise a fund meets with success. Research in political and social science will be pursued by the holders of these fellowships; and they will have, as incitement to good work, the memory of a fine example of civic usefulness. It is hoped to raise a fund of a hundred thousand dollars.

A "Life of John Brown of Harper's Ferry," by Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, one of the editors of the New York "Evening Post," is announced for early Fall publication by the Houghton Mifflin Co. Mr. Villard has devoted years to his task, and has made exhaustive examination of original documents, contemporary letters, and living witnesses, whenever they were to be found, utilizing materials never before drawn upon, and discovering others whose existence has heretofore been unknown.

Among the Spring publications of Messrs. Paul Elder & Co. are the following: "By The Way: Pleasant Travel Letters with Useful Notes for Tourists," by Mrs. Agness Greene Foster; "Obil, Keeper of Camels: Being the Parable of the Man Whom the Disciples Saw Casting Out Devils," by Miss Lucia Chase Bell; "Friendship: A Mosaic Essay on a Lofty Theme," compiled by Paul Elder, revised edition; "To Friendship: A Lyric Exaltation of Pure Friendship," by Mrs. Agness Greene Foster; and a new edition of "Quatrains of Christ," by Mr. George Creel.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

April, 1910.

Abruzzi, Duke, Adventures of. *McClure*.
 Addams, Jane, Autobiography of—*I. American*.
 African Game Trails—VII. Theodore Roosevelt. *Scribner*.
 American Art, The Story of—IV. Arthur Hoeber. *Bookman*.
 American Women in the Civil War. Ida M. Tarbell. *American*.
 Baseball, College, Evolution of. H. S. Pritchett. *Scribner*.
 Baseball, Our National Game. Walter Camp. *Century*.
 Baseball Players' Spring Training. H. S. Fullerton. *American*.
 Beckwith, Carroll, Portraits of. R. J. Wickenden. *Scribner*.
 Björnson, Poet-Reformer. Edwin Björkman. *Rev. of Reviews*.
 Blindness, Preventable. Carolyn Van Blaroom. *McClure*.
 Brenta, The Lost Glory of. Robert Shackleton. *Harper*.
 Bribery in Legislatures. S. M. Gardenshire. *No. Amer. Rev.*
 Brownell, W. C. George McLean Harper. *Atlantic*.
 Browning and Sainte-Beuve. G. Bradford, Jr. *No. Amer. Rev.*
 Canoe Route, A \$3,000,000. Rex Crossadell. *World To-day*.
 Chicago's Development. William B. Hale. *World's Work*.
 Classics, How to Read the. C. F. Richardson. *Bookman*.
 Congress, Insurgents in. V. Murdock. *North Amer. Review*.
 Conservation, The Other Side of. Geo. L. Knapp. *No. Am. Rev.*
 Corporation Tax Law, Constitutionality of. *No. Amer. Rev.*
 Cost of Living for Immigrants. *World's Work*.
 Courts, Our, Follies of. Charles B. Brewer. *McClure*.
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 England's Finances. F. A. Ogg. *Review of Reviews*.
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 Freshmen, Culture of. David S. Jordan. *North Amer. Review*.
 Fruit Culture, Western. A. C. Laut. *Review of Reviews*.
 Germany's Armament. George von Skäl. *Century*.
 Ghor, Across the, to Og. Ellsworth Huntington. *Harper*.
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 Woman and Democracy. Borden P. Bowne. *No. Amer. Rev.*
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 Woman's War, The. Mary Johnston. *Atlantic*.
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 Yucatan, Slavery in. C. Arnold and F. J. T. Frost. *American*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 90 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Dean Swift. By Sophie Shilleto Smith. Illustrated, large 8vo, 340 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.
 An Admiral's Log: Continued Recollections of Naval Life. By Robley D. Evans. Illustrated, 8vo, 467 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$2 net.
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HISTORY.

The Romance of the American Navy, as Embodied in the Stories of Certain of our Public and Private Armed Ships, 1775-1909. By Frederic Stanhope Hill. Illustrated, 8vo, 396 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.
 The Story of the American Merchant Marine. By John E. Spears. Illustrated, 12mo, 340 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
 Social and Industrial Conditions in the North during the Civil War. By Emerson David Fite. 8vo, 518 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3 net.
 Kaaskia Records, 1778-1790. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Clarence Walworth Alvord. Virginia Series. Vol. II. With portrait, large 8vo, 681 pages. Springfield, Ill.: Illinois State Historical Library.
 A History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War. By John Bach McMaster. Vol. VII. Large 8vo, 640 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50 net.
 A Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Edited by John E. Commons, Ulrich B. Phillips, and others. Volumes III. and IV. Illustrated, large 8vo. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co. Per set, \$50 net.
 A History of Medieval Political Theory in the West. By E. W. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle. Vol. II. Large 8vo, 373 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.
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The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Edited with notes, by John Bigelow. Unmutilated and correct edition; with photographic portrait, 8vo, 327 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS	259
OSCAR WILDE'S PLACE IN LITERATURE. <i>Lewis Piaget Shanks</i>	261
CASUAL COMMENT	263
Centres of book-buying activity.—The poetic inspiration of the simple life.—The passing of a noted naturalist.—A master of sane thinking.—The final disposal of Gibbon's library.—United States presidents in fiction.—Paul Revere's lanterns.—A Hale memorial project.—The inter-library circulation of books.	
COMMUNICATIONS	265
The Charm of Mrs. Humphry Ward's Novels. <i>William H. Powers</i> . "Who's Who in the World." <i>Roy Temple House</i> . Descendants of the Poet Keats. <i>John Calvin Metcalf</i> .	
FIFTY YEARS OF NEW JAPAN. <i>William Elliot Griffiths</i>	267
NEW STUDIES OF THE DRAMA. <i>Garland Greever</i>	268
BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES OF WILD ANIMALS. <i>Lawrence J. Burpee</i>	271
THE STORY OF NEW ENGLAND EXPANSION. <i>Clark S. Northup</i>	272
THE LIFE-STORY OF A GREAT MUSICIAN. <i>Anna M. Rhoades</i>	275
PROBLEMS AND TENDENCIES OF AMERICAN LIFE. <i>Frederic Austin Ogg</i>	276
Low's American People.—Croly's The Promise of American Life.—Van Dyke's The Spirit of America.—Francis's Americans, an Impression.—Brooks's The Wine of the Puritans.	
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	278
President Diaz and his work.—Jane Austen as revealed in her novels.—Universities and university life in ancient Greece.—Helpful hints to young lawyers.—A group of early nineteenth-century English essayists.—The gambler, his habitats and his habits.—The conquest of the Far West.—Lore and legend of England's patron saint.	
BRIEFER MENTION	281
NOTES	282
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	282

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Mr. William Winter occupies a unique position among our dramatic reviewers. For nearly half a century he has been steadily engaged in writing upon the interests of the stage and of the actor's profession, and his work has been unfailingly characterized by consistency of purpose and weightiness of expression. He has stood for dignity and self-respect, while his colleagues, in ever-increasing numbers, have deserted to the camp which flaunts the banners of frivolity and servility; he has defended principle against opportunism, and art against commercialism, with a stout if a saddened heart, amid the evil days and the evil tongues on which he has fallen in his advancing age. We have not always been in sympathy with his particular pronouncements, and we think that he has not always displayed the open mind—that he has found toxic qualities in work that is really tonic; but we have only unstinted admiration for the steadfastness with which he has upheld the dramatic ideal as he has envisaged it, and only gratitude for his lifelong devotion to the things which are lovely and of good report. Self-respect has compelled him to withdraw his services from the newspaper which for two score years honored itself by engaging them; but for this material loss he has for compensation the heightened esteem of all those whose approval is best worth having, and the knowledge that he is loved all the more for the enemies he has made. *Ubi libertas, ibi patria*. He has refused to wear the shackles of unprincipled journalism, and has won the franchise of the great commonwealth of those who seek and speak the truth. Incidentally, he has made himself one of the foremost among American men of letters, a distinction which no time-server can ever hope to attain.

Nevertheless, when we now hear his clear ringing accents the voice seems as of one crying in the wilderness, so far has the chorus of what passes for dramatic criticism retreated from the position which he now almost single-handed defends. The clamor of flippant vulgarity, the chatter that makes novelty its cult, the raucous praise bestowed upon every manifestation of glittering indecency and the sentimental gloss-

ing over of vice, now the sounds most prevalent in quarters where things of the stage are discussed, have gone far to drown the voice of this veteran as it puts forth its plea, now old-fashioned enough, for "joy and temperance and repose" as the remedies most needed by the diseased body dramaturgic. The plea falls upon deaf ears, so far has the theatre-going public gone in its rake's progress toward an ignoble goal, so dulled has its theatrical sense become from a diet over-seasoned with unwholesome condiments.

Our text for these remarks is afforded by an article contributed to "Harper's Weekly," in which Mr. Winter falls foul of the New York Theatrical Syndicate and its offendings. He is prompted to this deliverance by a defence of that organization undertaken by Mr. Charles Frohman in a metropolitan newspaper. Mr. Frohman has some good things to his credit, and is not personally answerable for all the sins of the Syndicate; but in standing as the apologist for most of its unconscionable proceedings, he makes himself a fair object for attack. After all, the man who could decide upon such an artistic outrage as that of presenting a woman, no matter how estimable and accomplished, and a diminutive woman at that, in the titular rôle of "Chanticleer," lays himself open to the imputation that he is *capable de tout*, like the prophet Habakkuk in Voltaire's witty saying. And since he defends the methods of the Syndicate, it is not improper, for the purpose of the argument, to lay them upon his shoulders.

Mr. Winter finds no difficulty in crushing "the most active and influential of contemporary theatrical managers" beneath the weight of his own admissions and sophistical reasonings. The claim that William Shakespeare, "more than four hundred years ago," was the originator of the theatrical "trust," offers a good opening; and the critic could not have asked a better text to go on with than is found in the following ingenuous words of Mr. Frohman:

"My impression was that within very recent years several men united to systematize the conduct of the theatre, put the actor's profession on a self-respecting footing, guard the playwright against piracy, protect the managers of theatrical companies against unfair competition, at the same time obliging them to keep faith with managers of theatres."

Several vulnerable points are noticeable in this statement, and Mr. Winter puts his finger upon all of them. The impudent plea that one of the aims of the Syndicate is to "put the actor's profession on a self-respecting footing" arouses his hottest indignation, and he draws upon his

extensive knowledge of theatrical history in America to expose the hollow pretence of such an assumption. It seems quite clear, on the whole, that we had self-respecting actors before the days of the palmy present had dawned; and the numerous modern instances of trickery and coercion which are adduced seem to indicate that Mr. Frohman's notions of what constitutes self-respect are curiously inverted.

The pretence that the Syndicate provides a safeguard against unfair competition is almost equally hollow and hypocritical. One thinks of Mme. Bernhardt playing in circus tents, and Mrs. Fiske in shabby second-rate houses, because they refused to submit to the insolent dictation of the monopolists. One thinks of the boycotting tactics practised upon Augustin Daly because he rebelled against the tyranny of the "closed shop." One thinks of the bulldozing policy which has marked such men as Mr. Mantell and Mr. Belasco and Mr. Faversham for its victims. One thinks of the exclusion from the Syndicate theatres of a critic like Mr. Metcalfe, and of the deposition from his critical post of Mr. Winter himself, for no other offence than that of daring to speak the truth and of maintaining the right of independent judgment. No, the theory of fair and free competition is not even specious; no man knows better than its hypocritical proponent that "the Syndicate is a despotic, arrogant monopoly, organized and conducted for the one purpose, and no other, of 'cornering the market' in theatrical affairs, and gathering wealth for the few speculators who have combined to batten on what they call public amusements."

In the matter of the recent flooding of our stage by the sewage of vulgarity and indecency, Mr. Frohman has nothing less feeble to urge than the plea that "what the public wants is what they ought to have." We have recently discussed this subject on our own account, and would gladly re-state, did space permit, using Mr. Winter's own words of indignant repudiation, the only view of the matter that has anything to do with ethical principle. Our critic's *reductio ad absurdum* of the shameful proposition is elaborate, vigorous, and picturesque. In more general terms, the only belief possible to a man who does not flout the very idea of the individual's responsibility for his acts is formulated by Mr. Winter in a statement that could not well be finer or more impressive.

"When a man assumes to employ any one of the fine arts as a means of 'doing business,' he is, likewise, undertaking — whether he knows it or not, and whether

he intends it or not — to mould and guide the public taste, to influence the direction of the public thought, and to affect the condition of the public morals: accordingly, such a man therein assumes a responsibility much higher, much more serious, than that which is incurred in the adoption of any strictly and exclusively *business* pursuit: and, while the obligations of honor and honesty rest with equal weight upon all workers, in all branches of human industry, those obligations are inexorable and peculiarly sacred in the ministration of intellectual, moral, and spiritual forces. It is one thing to deal in dry-goods and groceries; it is another and vastly different thing to deal in the dissemination of thoughts and feelings."

Turning back to our Ruskin, we find the same doctrine expounded with the same earnest conviction: "It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intelligent, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts." With all such men "their work is first, their fee second — very important always, but still second." Our theatrical interests can never be safe unless they are in the hands of men who are prepared to accept this principle with all its implications.

OSCAR WILDE'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

After a decade of noisy oblivion, the writings of Oscar Wilde have received the recognition of a definitive edition, worthy as to form and complete in contents.* No longer need we contend with the pornographic stock-broker at the book-auction, or shake our heads over the excessive prices of items listed in the catalogues under the dreadful caption of *Oscariana*. However, no one but the collector will complain that Wilde is no longer a rarity. Now at last we can fight in the light: we may "adopt an attitude," to use a phrase of Wilde's own, toward a definitely presented literary talent; and even the apologists who plead that Villon was a rascal and Shakespeare a poacher, may judge whether or not we shall forget that the "apostle of the English Renaissance" was an improper person.

Will Wilde survive? The answer lies in these substantial volumes; the evidence is all in, though it may be over-early to discuss it. What strikes one first is the range of the writings: there are plays, novels, poems, essays, art-criticism, book-

* This edition was planned and published some two years ago by the English firm of Methuen & Co., with the authorization and cooperation of Wilde's literary executor, Mr. Robert Ross. The set comprised fourteen volumes, beautifully printed on hand-made paper, the edition being limited to a thousand copies. By arrangement with the English publishers, Messrs. John W. Luce & Co. of Boston have used the plates of this edition for an American reprint, much less expensive in price, but naturally also less attractive in paper, presswork, and binding. Besides their limited *édition de luxe*, referred to above, Messrs. Methuen have within the past few months completed a popular-priced library edition of Wilde's works, printed from new plates, and issued in twelve volumes; this, however, does not contain all of the matter presented in the limited edition.

reviews, and autobiography; nothing is lacking but history and the "miscellaneous divinity" of the old-book stores! Wilde preferred making history to writing it (we are still trying to forget the lily!); and if he worshipped Pater's style, he did not care in the least for patristic literature. Here, therefore, we must content ourselves with the Pre-Raphaelite lyrics, filled with æsthetic religiosity as the poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti: charming decorative pieces surely, but insincere in spirit as most of our modern cathedral glass. Mediæval feeling, after all, can hardly be reproduced in a copy of a copy.

Rossetti is but one of Wilde's literary models; every great poet of the Victorian age finds a second immortality in his verses. They pass before us in "The Garden of Eros" — Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, Morris, and the poet-painter himself. But if we add to these self-confessed mentors most of the other great English poets, and to these Homer and the Greeks, and Dante, and a few of the lyrists of France, we shall get a better idea of the range of his reading and the strength of his memory. No academic ear is needed to detect this; echo follows echo as in a musical comedy. "The true artist is known," said Wilde in one of his reviews, "by the use he makes of what he annexes; and he annexes everything." So our poet modestly lived up to his maxim, aware that in literature at least there is no Monroe Doctrine. Had not Molière said, before him, "Je prends mon bien où je le trouve"? Like Molière, we are all plagiarists — though hardly, perhaps, with such an excuse; and some Elysian day, when all but the scholars have ceased to read the classics, judicious plagiarism may become a literary virtue, supported by a socialistic culture and justified by the pedagogic theories of Rousseau.

So perhaps might Wilde have justified his imitations. But his plagiarism was of the old-fashioned sturdier sort, like Shakespeare's or Molière's. He copied from other poets, hoping, as all plagiarists hope, that in the course of time others might copy him. He copied himself, to show that he was not unworthy of the compliment. Did not Homer repeat his adjectives, his similes? So in these books the best refuses to be hidden, and telling epithets, aphorisms, and puns reappear like comets in the cosmic life. Over a score of the epigrams in "A Woman of No Importance" are taken from "Dorian Gray." Like the bird in Browning's verses, Wilde

"Sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture."

One cannot see how much of the early verse can survive. We soon tire of hydromel, and a Keats devoid of genius becomes the most dreadful of literary diets. Alas for Wilde! he feasted too long on ambrosia, and drank too deeply of his "poppy-seeded wine." To read his verse at all is cloying, and to read much of it is like a literary debauch. The best things are the Sonnets, in which the imagery is definitely limited by the form: there at least the reader is sure of one thought for every

fourteen lines. Next to these come, not the "Pagan" verses, far too morbidly romantic to be Greek, but the pastel-like pictures inspired by Gautier, some of which have all the delicate impressionism of *Émaux et Cambrés*. What could be better in its way than this:

"LA FUITE DE LA LUNE.

"To outer senses there is peace,
A dreamy peace on either hand,
Deep silence in the shadowy land,
Deep silence where the shadows cease.

"Save for a cry that echoes shrill
From some lone bird disconsolate;
A corn-crake calling to its mate;
The answer from the misty hill.

"And suddenly the moon withdraws
Her sickle from the lightening skies,
And to her sombre cavern flies,
Wrapped in a veil of yellow gauze."

No minor poet in England ever attained a more thorough mastery of technique than Wilde: we see it in the sonnets, as nearly perfect in construction as the study of Milton could make them; we see it pushed to the extreme of *l'art pour l'art* in that bit of Byzantine mosaic, "The Sphinx." Yet of these early poems none are to be found in the anthologies save "Ave Imperatrix," which alone catches a breath of national feeling in an adequate chord. Most of them, to be sure, are esoteric; when we read them we wonder what is the matter, but when we have read them we conclude that there is n't any. Never did Wilde conform more closely to his maxim, "Youth is rarely original."

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol" was written fifteen years later. We all remember how it was received; we remember—alas!—how it was compared to "The Ancient Mariner." Such judgments show the evils of literary journalism: they indicate that the critic has had no time to read Coleridge since his college days. "Reading Gaol" has more limp-leather editions to its credit in the department stores,—but where in Wilde's ballad do we find anything like the conception, the imaginative power, and the classic simplicity of "The Ancient Mariner," whose every sentence is as full of meaning as the etcher's line? "Reading Gaol" does recall Coleridge, as "Charmides" recalls something of Keats; but the first poem is too brutal, the second too delicately indelicate, to carry out the comparison invited by occasional imitative lines. No realism, however poignant, can match the serene imaginative reality of the earlier poem; we want no paradoxes in the ballad, we want no ballad so artistic as to be artificial. And, after all, Wilde never forgets that the important thing in his poem is the manner.

The tyranny of technique is Wilde's real prison-wall. If art is not able to efface itself—*ars est celare artem*—better to write without regard for style than use the diction of "The Decay of Lying." Such prose makes one think that it is possible for an artist to be too articulate. "The world was created," said Stéphane Mallarmé, "in order to lead

up to a fine book." For Wilde, apparently, the cosmic processes led up to the paradox. "Pen, Pencil, and Poison" was built around an epigram, and "The Model Millionaire" was written for the sake of a pun. "Paradox is my doxy" is the basis of his artistic creed; and the principle of his method is simple contrariety. For example:

"After the death of her third husband her hair turned quite gold from grief."

"We live in an age that reads too much to be wise, and thinks too much to be beautiful."

What could be simpler than the *modus operandi*? Yet each of these phrases occurs three times in the volumes before us, with many another gem of rare and recurrent wit. Surely Wilde knew that the best of paradoxes will scarce bear repetition, and that the wittiest of epigrams loses its flavor when it becomes a refrain.

The least affected of Wilde's prose is to be found in the journalistic criticism which fills a volume and a half of the collected works; book-reviews of purely ephemeral interest, yet written with sprightly grace and wit, and full of literary judgments which will be turned against their author—when our would-be doctors fall upon the difference between Wilde's preaching and his practice! And to reward their labors, they will find some charming "purple patches"; the best of these were afterwards worked into the pages of "Intentions." Wilde might have become a critic of importance, had it been given him to outgrow his paradoxes and to chasten his style. He had a nice appreciation of all the arts, and a sense of the melodic possibilities of language that puts his best work beside that of Pater; and, unlike Pater, he never falls from music to mosaic. Truly, "Intentions" is a delightful book,—but how far below Pater, if we consider it as a collection of essays! How far below Lancelotti in its management of the dialogue form! Wilde's adversary is always the man of straw; there is none of the play of personality, the contrast of opposite standpoints, that we find in such books as Mallock's "New Republic." Wilde could not project himself into the intellectual life of another.

This is the fault of all his work. The very types in his plays, excepting those that call for a mere surface characterization, are at heart merely dramatic phases of the moods or poses of their author. He gives them emotions, but not minds or characters; he makes them real by their repartees. They are puppets animated by puns; they bedazzle our judgment with a pyrotechnic shower of epigrams. We are carried away by it all, but we are left nothing which we can carry away. The æsthetic "katharsis" of his dramatic theories is lost sight of; we must purge our souls with paradoxes, and in improper situations make them clean. After all, the characters of these plays are not characters, for all they have the tone of good society. They are sometimes society men and women, but more often only marionettes with manners.

Marionettes, too, are the men and women of "Dorian Gray." Lord Henry Wotton, brilliant,

autobiographic, the monocled Mephisto of an ineffectual Faust, may alone be said to live, and at times the reader finds him more lively than alive. Dorian simply does not exist; he has sold his conscience for an eternal youth, — and what man can exist without a conscience? Sybil Vane is a shadow, and the painter Hallward the shadow of a shade. He is never so living as when he is slain, and his corpse sits sprawling in the dreadful attic. Only a few of the minor characters, sketched in, like the unctuous Jew of the theatre, with broad realistic touches, may be said to live even as properties. No, "Dorian Gray" is a good subject spoiled. One can imagine how Flaubert would have told the story, how Balzac would have filled it with fiery-colored life. Yet some have compared this novel to *La Peau de Chagrin*!

The shorter stories need not detain us; they are less real than the fairy-tales. We turn with pleasure to "The Happy Prince" and "The House of Pomegranates," — for the luxuriance that cloy in the poems becomes delightful when submitted to the partial restraint of a poetic prose. No one, of course, would go to Oscar Wilde for the trenchant simplicity of the German folk-tale. His are merely artistic apologies, touching life with the light satire of the drawing-room. One forgets their author, excepting when he is sticking pins into his puppets to create an artistic pathos; only then do we rebel. However, Wilde did not take his heroes seriously, nor need we. Let us be thankful that he does not, that he drags in no pompous moral, for without it these fables have all the honesty of the frankly artificial, and in their very slightness of texture lies the secret of their charm.

The case is the same with the plays. The best of the comedies have a sort of frivolous unity; they are often terribly affected, but they never affect a moral. Sincerity makes Wilde inconsistent with his art; he becomes impossible when he assumes a purpose, and intolerable when he has a paradox to prove. Could anything be worse than the essay on Socialism? But no problems spoil his plays, and when we find that the least serious of them is incomparably the best, the inference is easy. He felt too much the charm of his material; he found it easier to play with constructions than to construct a play. As a follower of *l'art pour l'art*, a purpose would spoil him, and he admitted sincerity only in his attitude toward æsthetics. Yet the value of a fundamental seriousness is nowhere more apparent than in the superiority of his art-lectures to such work as "Pen, Pencil, and Poison."

The final necessity of subduing style and spirit in a deeper unity is shown in "De Profundis." Reading Gaol, and not Oxford, gave us the final development of Wilde's prose. It is said that prisons make men liars; but it was none the less a prison that made "De Profundis" sincere. Here first his art attains its final unity, — a unity of spirit and form which puts certain pages of his confession almost beyond criticism. All of his early work, in

comparison, seems little more than a promise; for here alone he attains the simplicity of great art.

When we add to this its value as a "document," we cannot doubt that "De Profundis" will survive. It is a pity that this is all we can be sure of. But "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" contains too much alloy; if it becomes a classic our classics will have lived. The art-criticism, the æsthetic "philosophy," will be stolen and rewritten, as it was originally stolen and rewritten by Wilde. The life of the plays is limited by the life of their paradoxes, as we can see from the puns in Shakespeare; and even the fairy tales need more human nature to keep them alive. Wilde's place in literature, in so far as he concerns us, is that of a precursor: he prepared the way for Shaw's paradoxes, and the success of Chesterton is to be laid at his door. He revealed to us a certain kind of wit, but he has made some of our critics tremendously trifling. Everything considered, Wilde's literary executors would have done better to give us a selection from his works — a careful selection, with all the cheapest epigrams expunged. Not even a reviewer can read a dozen volumes of this sort with impunity!

LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.

CASUAL COMMENT.

CENTRES OF BOOK-BUYING ACTIVITY, as of activity in general, are more numerous in northern than in southern countries. Norway and Sweden buy and read more books than do Spain and Italy. Minnesota is more intellectually alert than Mississippi. The London correspondent of the New York "Times," after some study of the British book-market, contrasts the northern and southern sections of the Kingdom, much to the advantage of the former. "It is when you get to the bracing north," he says, "that you find book-buying England in vigorous being." London, of course, is a great literary centre; but in proportion to its immense population it is a small book-buyer. Dr. Johnson affirmed that the high road to England and London was the fairest sight a Scotchman could look upon; but the road leading from England to Scotland is now one of the fairest to the view of an Englishman with books to sell. For no country of so small a population and so modest resources equals Scotland as a book-buyer. It is claimed, indeed, that she buys and reads more books *per capita* than any other country, "not even excepting America" — a country that is confessedly very self-denying in the purchase of books. "Just walk along famous Princes Street of Edinburgh," proceeds our authority, "and notice the number of bright, busy book-shops. Every other person you meet is carrying a book to or from one of those shops and libraries, and the whole sight is grateful and comforting." And it is the best books, too, that the Edinburgh folk buy, with a pardonable preference for her own famous sons, such as Scott and Stevenson. "The third old university town of Scot-

land, Aberdeen, buys books with every penny she can spare; for up there literature is pursued even if it has to be on a little oatmeal. . . . Book-buying is part and parcel of the economy of a Scottish household, and be they ever so poor Scottish people are educated. They have been for centuries, which is what makes Scotland literary, and, the Scots would probably declare, liberal in politics, meaning progressive." It is certainly in accordance with the fitness of things that the best books should find their best market in the country that has produced one of the greatest British poets, the greatest British romancer, and the most forceful and original of British prose-writers.

THE POETIC INSPIRATION OF THE SIMPLE LIFE, as contrasted with the thronging and often unwholesome suggestions of modern metropolitan existence, is hardly open to serious dispute. The question whether poets have themselves generally preferred to live the simple life as well as to sing it, is not quite so easy to decide. The London "Times," the English poet laureate, and Mr. Clement K. Shorter, editor of "The Sphere," have recently been engaged in a newspaper debate of this question. "The Times," in a well-written editorial on "The Fiction of the Simple Life," provoked the discussion, by venturing to affirm that despite all the pretty things said of the country by the poets, most of the poets have been only too glad to enjoy the comforts and amusements of urban life, Wordsworth standing out as a conspicuous exception. Mr. Alfred Austin made a vigorous rejoinder to this, but based his argument chiefly on the many and undisputed references in the poets to things rural and pastoral. "The Times" replied, and Mr. Shorter also wrote to that journal a letter of vehement dissent from Mr. Austin's opinions, saying truly that "it is not so much a question of what poets have written about the simple country life as of how far they have cared to endure it." Attention might be called also to the queer proclivity of literary persons to write, or at least to wish to write, about what they know nothing of from experience. The most entrancing stories of domestic bliss are often written by unmarried or unhappily-married men and women; the hall-bedroom boarder contributes society gossip and notes on the doings of the Four Hundred to the daily newspaper; and tales of horror and carnage and awful crime come from the pens of timid maidens and pale-faced young men.

THE PASSING OF A NOTED NATURALIST and a distinguished contributor to the literature of natural science is noted with regret in the sudden death, March 28, of Professor Alexander Agassiz, at the age of seventy-five. Gifted son of a gifted father, he shone not only as an original investigator in that father's domain of science, but also as a mining engineer and a remarkably able man of business. His work at Harvard, where he stepped into Louis Agassiz's shoes without getting lost in them, and where he built up a great museum of comparative

zoölogy and made the university his pecuniary debtor to the extent of half a million dollars, is well known. His success as superintendent and then president of the Calumet and Hecla mines is to be read in the astonishing rise of Calumet and Hecla stock from next to nothing until it is now quoted at six hundred dollars a share. The elder Agassiz used to declare, when invited to turn his scientific knowledge to his own and others' pecuniary account, that he had no time to waste in money-making. The son found time to make money and to spend it beneficently, besides continuing his special researches in his favorite branches of science. His original and unostentatious ways of giving were in marked contrast with the methods pursued by some other public benefactors. When, six years ago, he was offered \$75,000 for conducting some deep-sea soundings in the Pacific, on condition that the enterprise should be known as the Carnegie-Agassiz Expedition, he promptly declined the offer and found money elsewhere—chiefly in his own pocket. The life of such a man is full of inspiration to others; and it is to be hoped that a worthy biography of Alexander Agassiz may in due time be forthcoming.

A MASTER OF SANE THINKING, and a living exponent of that rational conduct that grows naturally and inevitably out of such modes of thought, has passed away with the death, early this month, of Professor Borden Parker Bowne, of Boston University. With a sure perception of things fundamental and essential, and an impatience with all that is in the nature of superfluous ornament, Dr. Bowne was a power in the lecture-room and also a deeply impressive and strongly convincing writer. His numerous writings on philosophical and theistic subjects have had a reading not confined to English-speaking lands, some of his works having enjoyed the distinction of translation into other tongues. "The Philosophy of Theism" and "The Immanence of God" may be mentioned as among his best-known works. What was perhaps his last published utterance, "The Present Status of the Argument for Life after Death," in the January "North American Review," was remarkable for its scholarly clearness and its combined hopefulness of outlook and sober restraint. Probably no one of his books ever attained a large circulation, but he had appreciative readers who will lament his death in what may be regarded as the very prime of an intellectual worker's life. He was but little over sixty-three when he died.

THE FINAL DISPOSAL OF GIBBON'S LIBRARY is made the subject of inquiry on the part of Professor James W. Thompson, of Chicago University. "Beckford, the author of 'Vathek,'" writes Mr. Thompson in a published letter, "purchased them [Gibbon's books] for £950 — 'to have something to read when I passed through Lausanne,' he says. 'I shut myself up for six weeks from early in the morning until night, only now and then taking a ride.

The people thought me mad. I read myself nearly blind. I made a present of the library to my physician' (Dr. Schöll). According to a note in the appendix to George Birkbeck Hill's edition of Gibbon's 'Memoirs,' p. 339, Dr. Schöll sold half of it to an Englishman named Halliday, living in Switzerland, who, in 1876, gave it to a gentleman in Geneva. 'The other half,' according to Mr. Hill, 'was dispersed by sale, 500 volumes going to an American University.'" The writer of the letter wishes the name of the university referred to by Dr. Hill. If the alleged transfer of books actually took place, it ought to be somewhat easier than finding a needle in a haystack to trace them to their present resting-place; and if the historian of the Roman Empire was a margin-scribbler, it might, as Professor Thompson observes, be interesting to note his *marginalia*.

UNITED STATES PRESIDENTS IN FICTION number considerably fewer than twenty-six, the full tale of our White House occupants up to and including the present tenant of that coveted abode. Washington, Jefferson, Zachary Taylor, Lincoln, and Grant have thus far proved the most picturesque figures for romance; while such types as Polk, Pierce, Buchanan, and Johnson have failed to move to the loftiest flights of historical fiction. Rarely, too, has a living president or ex-president been made the hero of romance. Some such honor, however, has now been paid to him who will not improbably be found by future novelists to be one of the most popularly interesting of our chief magistrates. In "The Angel of Lonesome Hill," by Mr. Frederick Landis, in the March "Scribner's Magazine," we have our famous exponent of the strenuous life, the conquering hero of African jungles and disturber of the calm of papal Rome, our energetic and versatile ex-President, figuring anonymously but unmistakably as a leading character. It would not be rash to predict that this will not be his last appearance in romance. But it probably has never before fallen to the lot of man, whether high or low in station, to be at once the star contributor to, and a fictitious character in, the same number of a magazine.

PAUL REVERE'S LANTERNS — or, rather, the lanterns of "his friend," which were hung as a signal "in the belfry arch" of the Old North Church — have shone down through the decades since 1775 with an undying light. It would be a pity now to have them extinguished by some prosaic-minded antiquary or unscrupulously scrupulous historian. Hence our pleasure in reading the following from the present sexton of the church in question. It is addressed to the editor of the Boston "Transcript," and is dated March 25. "My attention has just been called to an article recently published in your paper in which allusion is made to a statement in a Chicago paper to the effect that I had on some recent occasion expressed a doubt that the signal lanterns of Paul Revere were displayed on the tower of the

old Church in Salem street. Kindly allow me to state I have never expressed any such doubt, and that I have the fullest confidence in the old tradition. I do not see how any one who has gone into the matter impartially could entertain any other opinion. James J. Rudd, Sexton." Long may Mr. Rudd live to keep those lanterns trimmed and burning in the poetry of patriotism!

A HALE MEMORIAL PROJECT was made public on the first Sunday of this month from the pulpit of Dr. Hale's church, the South Congregational in Boston. The subject of a memorial to Edward Everett Hale has been already touched upon in these columns, and though the preservation of his late Roxbury residence, with its fine and characteristic library, as an inspiring memento of the famous philanthropist and author, seems now not likely to be the form that the memorial will take, it is gratifying to note that a thoroughly worthy and also useful plan of perpetuating his memory is at present under discussion. A great general "meeting-house," in even more than the old New England sense of that word, is advocated; and it would be devoted to the welfare of the people at large, of whatever denomination, and to the promotion of all sorts of good works. The scheme is one that Dr. Hale himself, who labored for church unity, would have heartily approved.

THE INTER-LIBRARY CIRCULATION OF BOOKS shows every year an encouraging increase. The ideal system of inter-library loans would enable any card-holder of any public library to obtain any book (allowed to circulate) from any public library in the land — or shall we say in the world? The Congressional Library is receiving and answering more and more calls upon its great collection, as are probably all the larger libraries of the country. The Newberry Library, of Chicago, reports for the past year the loan of seventy-three volumes to sixteen institutions — for the use of private applicants, we assume. A Public Library trust, as proposed by the late librarian of Columbia University, is not exactly to be desired; but a confederation for mutual service, such as now practically exists, is a gratifying development.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CHARM OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NOVELS

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have just been reading in your issue of April 1 the remarks of Professor E. E. Hale, Jr., on Mrs. Humphry Ward, in his review of Professor Phelps's recent book of "Essays on Modern Novelists." One may agree with Professor Hale's main contention, and yet think him rather wide of the mark when he makes technique account for the vogue of Mrs. Ward. The *immediate* hold of her novel may, it is true, be dependent upon the skill with which she puts together her story; but, although I am no great admirer of Mrs. Ward, I find that what holds me to her books, even over considerable

sandy tracts, is the desire to discover what is coming next. Yet although this might lead one to read one of her stories to the end, it would not account for the desire to take up another. For that kind of interest, we must look to the substance of the story. And I think in this matter the common judgment is to be trusted. To put the matter briefly, it seems to me that what Mrs. Ward has for us is a sort of gentlewomanly morbidity that suits a large public in these days of analysis and psychology. Book after book exhibits this characteristic, as life is disclosed, first in one aspect, then in another, — through Robert Elsmere in the field of religion; Marcella in the field of politics and toil; William Ashe in a study of politics and the family; Diana and Lady Rose in the workings of heredity and environment. This gentlewomanly morbidity involves, it seems to me, both the material of melodrama and the method of analysis. The melodrama explains the story interest, the analysis the feeling of self-approval with which the would-be serious-minded readers excuse their indulgence in fiction. Only one of Mrs. Ward's novels (I have not read them all, and have really studied none, so that my judgment is of the impressionistic sort) leaves with me the sense of vital passion — "David Grieve"; and one, "Sir George Tressady," is so flagrantly melodramatic in its conclusion that it has failed, I believe, of the popularity that has attended the others. At least I have never heard the book commended. The popularity of "Eleanor" I do not find accounted for by the explanation given above; at least to me the analysis was so in excess of the story that after a few chapters I was put to sleep and never woke up to resume the story and find out what happened.

WILLIAM H. POWERS.

Brookings, S. D., April 10, 1910.

"WHO'S WHO IN THE WORLD."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

There is no question that there is a place for a biographical dictionary which will give in one volume concise information about the living notables in all the leading nations of the globe. The original English "Who's Who" pretends to an international character; but it is only a pretense, and a very flimsy one. Since this lack is felt, it is unfortunate that the publication which has just appeared in London, under the editorship of a gentleman with the highly floral appellation of Hyacinthe Ringrose, fails so signally to supply the need.

The "International Who's Who" seems to have had an immense deal of trouble getting itself issued. Its compiler set out to employ a very easy and effective method, — namely, to cull a list of biographies from the English "Who's Who," the pioneer of all; the French "Qui Etes-Vous?" the German "Wer Ist's," the Italian "Chi E?" and our own "Who's Who in America." He was so indiscreet, however, as to mention in a circular letter, sent out in order to collect information, that he intended to use data published by these other works; and his forgetfulness of the fact that the national volumes were protected by copyright brought down upon his head — from the American publishers at least — such a volley of commination as convinced him of the necessity of finding a different method.

Checked by the threat of prosecution for infringement of copyright, the enterprising London editor at once dispatched another circular letter, informing the

notables that each must send him a complete biographical statement couched in different language from that employed in the American volume. But the notables were annoyed. "Who's Who in America" is a responsible and influential publication, and its fulminations had had their effect. A large number of the Americans addressed failed to respond, especially as the request was accompanied by a very frank assurance that a remittance of five dollars must be forthcoming in order to secure mention. The worst feature of the English compiler's method is that the eagerness of response is in exactly inverse proportion to the real importance of him who is to respond. Mr. Job Johnson of Turkey Center is very ready to exchange a five-dollar bill for a scrap of biography; but Mr. William Dean Howells does not rate a scrap of biography so highly. Thus it comes about that the name of William Dean Howells does not appear in the "International Who's Who," but that Job Johnson of Turkey Center is there in all his glory.

Aside from its defects of method, the work is unfortunate in execution. The proof-reading is execrable. Some of the notables will never recognize their names. Dozens of Americans will find the city of their residence given, but the state omitted. The French section is a chaos of misplaced or omitted accents and meaningless jumbles of letters; and the German and Italian sections are scarcely more accurate. One might venture the guess that the whole volume was corrected by an English reader with no language but English and a very limited knowledge of geography. The biographies seem to have been printed in just the helter-skelter, loquacious fashion in which the subjects sent them in; so that no two give exactly the same sort of information. There is no attempt at a table of contents or an alphabetical index; and as some of the names occur in most unexpected surroundings, there is no way of telling whether a name is there except by looking through the entire volume for it. The book, in short, is little more than worthless in its present form. It is to be hoped that the editor and publishers may find a more practicable working method for completing what might prove to be a useful volume, or that some one else may take up the task and do what they have failed to do.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Weatherfield, Oklahoma, April 8, 1910.

DESCENDANTS OF THE POET KEATS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In a paragraph in your last issue, on a gathering of the descendants of great poets in London this week, the statement is made that "the name of Keats seems to have vanished as though it had, in very truth, been 'writ in water.'" While it is true that there are no living descendants of the poet Keats, yet several of his distant relatives, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of his brother George, are living in New York, in Richmond, and perhaps elsewhere. George Keats, it may be recalled, came to America in 1818, settling at Louisville, Kentucky, where he made his permanent home. Among his descendants is Mrs. Emma Keats (Speed) Sampson, of Richmond, Va., a gifted woman, whose paternal grandmother was George Keats's daughter. I believe, however, there is no relative of the poet with the surname of Keats. Fanny Keats, the poet's sister, lived in Spain, where her grandchildren may still be found.

JOHN CALVIN METCALF.

Richmond College, Richmond, Va., April 9, 1910.

The New Books.

FIFTY YEARS OF NEW JAPAN.*

Between the supposed commercial interests of the American people and their more unselfish ideas and feelings there is a startling difference. While the men interested in selling their steel, pork, and other things called for in war contracts at Government prices, are busily engaged in planning war with Japan, there is on the other side of the water a disposition to turn the other cheek, as far as it is possible to do so without dishonor. Nevertheless, it is generally supposed that the Christians live on this side of the Pacific! If Americans could pay a little less attention to getting up hysterical fears of a military invasion of our western shores, and give more study to the real purpose of the modern Japanese, there would be less talk about building steel castles that cost more than university foundations. Then the "valor of ignorance" would take on a new significance.

Those who have known Japan best and longest realize that her one purpose and her chief problem is peaceful development. Hers is the desire, first, to provide food for her increasing millions; and then to compel China to reform and become modern, and thus to arouse all Asia to progress. Count Okuma, in this great book, of which he is the master spirit, expresses this idea clearly. "We desire by the coöperation of our Anglo-Saxon friends to engage in the glorious humanitarian work of civilizing and developing two Oriental nations [China and Korea] now deeply sunk in misery, so that they too may some day be able to write semi-centennial stories of progress as we are now doing" (Vol. I., p. 53).

This is the consuming purpose of the Japanese—to develop their own lands, from Formosa to Saghalien and Korea, over which they have assumed a protectorate with far more justification than we had in beginning the Spanish War and accepting its results. To do this, Japan has need of every able-bodied man. From vital necessity, she is as much interested in China as in the United States, if not more so. Her mighty peril is to have a mediæval power of such magnitude as her neighbor and frontager; while to have both Korea and China developed according to modern ideals will be to her permanent peace and advantage.

The present reviewer, who knew Count

Okuma in Japan forty years ago, as also the young men who were connected with him in forming the new government, knows that this ambition of the Japanese is no new thing, and that any feeling of innate hostility to Americans is purely imaginary—about as unthinkable as the ingratitude of Japanese children to their parents. The spirit of gratitude and acknowledgment of obligation to Americans breathes throughout this book. Count Okuma was himself a pupil of the American missionary Verbeck, who was the great trainer of Japanese statesmen; while many of the younger men in public life were taught by those of us Americans who were pioneers of the secular education, which in Japan was founded on American principles and methods.

Like the resourceful housekeeper, Count Okuma brings forth from the national storehouse things old and new. He brings into coöperation men who a generation ago were young like himself and strenuous in bringing in the new world of ideas. As a matter of fact, nearly all the men who created the new government of 1868 were under thirty-five, and numbered scarcely more than fifty. Out of this original company he has secured as contributors for his monumental history his comrades Count Soyeshima, Prince Ito, Prince Yamagata, Admiral Yamamoto, and others of "the old guard." He has even—he himself being the interviewer—secured a chapter of testimony from the last Shogun, who in 1867 nobly abdicated from power, ending the duarchy of nearly seven hundred years, and refusing to lift up his hand against the Mikado. He is still living in Tokyo. We count his opinions among the most valuable in the book, and we are inclined to accept the justice of his views. These show that there was no real revolution, but a restoration of the Imperial power, a return to ancient unity, for which the teachings and example of his house (Mito) and of his ancestors had prepared the way.

Space does not permit a detailed sketch of this intellectually new Empire. Almost everything that portrays external Japan is here set forth. The style is as clear as the matter is interesting. The original papers, by nearly threescore writers, were written in Japanese, and translated in masterly style by Captain Frank Brinkley, editor of "The Japan Mail." This is a feat worthy of admiration. Mr. Brinkley is a veritable Columbus in discovering idioms and equivalents. Specialists in their particular fields have discussed the Constitution, Political Parties, Army and Navy, Legal Institutions, Politics, Prisoners,

*FIFTY YEARS OF NEW JAPAN. Compiled by Count S. Okuma. English version, edited by Marcus B. Huish. In two volumes. With map. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Finance, Municipal Progress, Commercial and Industrial Progress. These and kindred subjects occupy chiefly the first volume.

In the second volume the writers deal with the things unseen, which the commercial and average foreigner, including the "globe-trotter" and the person who has "been there," in home and club and with the automobile, knows so little about. There is probably no country on earth concerning which the opinions of the mere traveller and resident visitor, or even quondam alien missionary, may or do count so little as Japan. No other people provoke such contradictory expressions of praise or blame. The reason is very simple. "Shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb." Japan does not, cannot, reveal herself all at once. There is no nation in Asia so young, or whose history, even the oldest part of it, is so modern, as Japan; while all the time foreigners go there and talk about it as though it had a "hoary" civilization like that of China. Yet while the Japanese cannot satisfy modern criticism as to their existence as a nation much before the twelfth century of our era, yet in one sense Japan is an epitome of all Asia. The Japanese are not a race. They are a mixture of races, Arian, Semitic, Malay, and Tartar. No people in eastern Asia have so large an infusion of Aryan blood in their veins. The commonest words in our language and in theirs are the same as to roots, while almost every word pertaining to things known to civilization are later than their era of initial writing, and of that great influx of letters and art and architecture which came in the train of Confucian ethics and the Buddhist religion in the sixth century. The opinions of people who know next to nothing about the Japanese language, art, literature, or history, are very nearly worthless. To know a people we must know what forces move and have moved them. There are cosmic and ocean currents that move the invisible nine-tenths of the Japanese iceberg far more than do the winds and surface currents the visible one-tenth.

This second volume is exceedingly rich in subjects pertaining to religions, culture, and education, the philosophies and sciences, philanthropy and the fine arts, journalism and literature, social intercourse and socialism; and it will richly repay both reading and study.

Of course Count Okuma is an optimist. There is no country and no people like those of Japan. The gifts of nature have been lavished there. With what Count Okuma declares in his buoyant and youthful optimism, one can find no more fault than with Sir Walter Scott,

who depicted a kind of Middle Ages that had no existence, unless one shuts one's eyes to the dark and dreadful side of them. The Count dodges scientific chronology and the cold criticism of the alien in regard to the prehistoric days when there were many Mikados, for he is loyal to the core, and neither Mikadoism nor the primitive documents can be handled rudely in Japan, where academic freedom is not yet very well known. Ancestral worship did not exist in ancient Japan. He says nothing about the awful famines, the millions of outcasts and the brutalities of feudalism. He drags no skeletons from their closets. He writes more out of his feelings than out of critically sifted facts or rigid perspective, when he sets forth the history of Japan. As a subjective, personal presentation of Japan's development, his three chapters are invaluable; but the cold-hearted alien wants more critical salt on his salad. Nor can we understand how any book giving a true history of the last fifty years can be written without a special chapter and pretty full accounts of the work done by the thousands of expert Europeans and Americans, including a regiment or two of teachers who from 1857 took hold of the boys who are now or have been the reconstructors of Japanese society and government. Some one must write the history of the yatoi (hired foreigners) who taught the Japanese the way out of mediævalism into modern life.

After reading the book through and finding what to us are omissions, but few inaccuracies, we commend the work most heartily to all who would seek to understand the real spirit of Japan. It confirms, if confirmation were needed, the fact that the supreme purpose of Japan is, and has ever been, next to her own self-preservation, the uplift and regeneration of Asia. Japan is a true pupil of the Anglo-Saxon nations.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

NEW STUDIES OF THE DRAMA.*

Those who have read the articles on the drama which Professor Matthews has contributed to the magazines within recent months, have looked forward with interest to his promised volume. The book has at last been published. It is written in that pleasing style which is both informal and informing. While the nature of the subject-matter precludes any startling novelty of ideas, there is a freshness

* A STUDY OF THE DRAMA. By Brander Matthews. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

of method and of approach. The illustrations are drawn from the playwrights of all time — from Æschylus to Ibsen, from Sophocles to Maeterlinck.

As we learn in the prefatory note, the work is "a study of the technic of the drama. It is intended, not for those who want to write plays, but for those who wish to learn how plays are written now, and how they have been written in the past. It is the result of a belief that the fundamental principles of the drama are the same throughout the ages. . . . It is devoted mainly to an examination of the structural framework," and "discusses only incidentally the psychology, the philosophy, and the poetry" which we admire in the great pieces that have reached us.

The author asserts in his initial chapter, "The Study of the Drama," that the art he discusses "does not lie wholly within the limit of literature." The playwright may call to his aid the arts of the actor, the musician, the painter, and the sculptor; and the "literary merit of a play does not reside so much in its mere wording as in its solid structure, in the logic of the plot, in the sincerity of its character-drawing." The reader of a play "should endeavor always to transport himself from the library into the theatre and to visualize an actual performance." Fine writing, as such, is of little importance; the thing to be emphasized is form and structure as adapted to presentation. This point of view Professor Matthews maintains throughout. It is at the root of his treatment of the themes of the succeeding chapters. Let us see, briefly, what these chapters contain.

The second, third, and fourth are given to a study of the influence exerted upon the playwright by the actor, the theatre, and the audience. The medium of the playwright is such that he "can never claim the right of solitary self-expression, which the lyricist may assert"; he must appeal to the public as a whole, "not to any coterie of dilettants." He must heed the performer's demand for action and character; and this demand is wholesome in so far as it tends "to stiffen the dramatic action, to intensify the passionate climax," and "to persuade the poet to a larger and deeper reproduction of human nature." He must bow to the exactions of the contemporary theatre; and, if he be a modern, realize that the scenery of our stage forbids the quick shiftings of place and the poetic descriptions of Elizabethan days. He must also reckon with the audience, with its

prejudices, its mental and social customs; for the drama is the most democratic of the arts, and cannot exist without the multitude. The journeyman playwright may pander to these influences, or be hampered by the limitations they impose; but the masters have found them a source of strength — have hearkened to the wants of the actor, accepted the current stage practices, and made themselves the most popular playwrights of their time.

"The Law of the Drama" and "A Chapter of Definitions" are the next two titles in the volume. Under the former, the author approves the definition of the drama as "a story in dialogue shown in action before an audience." Action, however, may not consist of "mere movement or external agitation." Brunetière has made it plain that "the drama must reveal the human will in action; and that the central figure in a play must know what he wants and must strive for it with incessant determination." It follows as a corollary that certain scenes are essential, and must be, not inferred or related, but represented on the stage; "they are the scenes in which we can see the struggle of contending wills." In "A Chapter of Definitions" we confront the bewildering terminology of the stage. The terms "chronicle-play" and "tragedy-of-blood" suggest special types of the drama; farce and melodrama, as opposed to high-comedy and the serious drama, permit the plot to dominate the characters; but the usage of the important words "comedy" and "tragedy" is far from fixed. From the French vocabulary of critical terms we may transplant three phrases to denote certain effects of comic dialogue: the *mot d'esprit* is a witticism existing for its own sake; the *mot de situation* takes its color from the incident that calls it forth; the *mot de caractère* springs from the individuality of the speaker.

"Traditions and Conventions" are next treated. "A tradition is an accepted way of doing things, which may or may not be completely 'natural.'" "A convention is a departure from the fact," an implied contract wherein neither playwright nor spectator "has a right to violate the conditions of the treaty." All conventions are also traditions; but the converse does not hold. Necessary conventions "are the result of three conditions of theatrical performance," — limited time, which compels a compact and luminous dialogue; observation by the spectator, which takes it for granted that the fourth wall of the room is removed; and an overhearing of everything said. The soliloquy, a convention

with an interesting history, is obsolescent as a means of conveying information about facts, but as a revelation of the hero's conflicting emotions at a crisis its use is higher and more defensible.

Under the head of "Dramatic Characterization" the author tells us that although "a sufficient story is a prerequisite to immediate success, it will [in itself] bestow only a fleeting popularity." "We reserve our warmest regard for the men and the women who carry it on. It is by veracity of character delineation, by subtlety of psychology, that the great plays are great." And "in the final analysis, it is by his power of projecting characters that the dramatist survives." Whether, in evolving his play, he begins with plot or with character matters little, so he gives the appearance of a plot subordinate to character. He must exclude those details in the history of his characters that have no bearing on the story, yet through his creative imagination endow them with a life so large and a personality so rich that variety and complexity will be their possession.

The next themes are "The Logic of Construction" and "The Analysis of a Play." A stringent constructive faculty is necessary to the playwright. In the strict limitation of his time, and in the need to make things clear as he goes, exciting curiosity perhaps, but never misleading, he is hedged by difficulties unknown to the writer of prose fiction. "He cannot rely on constructed decoration; he can only decorate his construction." In his exposition—that is, his conveying of the knowledge essential to a following of the plot—he must avoid on one hand those devices which are trite and outworn, and on the other that obscurity which is fatal. His plot must have beginning, middle, and end, showing a segment from life which is complete within itself. He must exclude chance and caprice altogether, or reduce them to a minimum and confine them to that part of the story which he does not present on the stage. The more nearly every action seems the inevitable result of the characters and the conditions, the finer and more enduring will his achievement be. But if his method of construction is not sternly logical,—if he does not present an essential struggle, consistent characters, happily-chosen scenes, large truth to life, etc.,—the spectator will know, though blindly perhaps, what an analysis will disclose as unavoidable, that the interest is not focused and therefore not maintained.

In the chapter on "The Elizabethan Dra-

matists" the author states that the literary form which happens to be popular in any given period is certain to attract men whose native gift lies elsewhere. So it was in the days of Elizabeth, for the talents of many of the playwrights were not primarily dramatic. The audience could be pleased without firmly-textured plots, and the playwrights did not trouble themselves about the readers of the future. Their work was better in parts than as a whole: Lamb's Selections show them at their best, and indiscriminate eulogies have given us too exalted an opinion of them. Their poetic merits are superb, but, excepting Shakespeare, "they are great as playwrights only occasionally, and almost, as it were, by accident." Linked with this chapter is its supplement, "The Poetic Drama and the Dramatic Poem." Here the author affirms that the closet-drama does not justify itself, because it is too easy; its writer lacks the stimulation of a grapple with difficulties. Moreover, those plays which have been intended for acting, but have included also a deliberately poetic strain, have failed in the theatre "because their authors did not keep an eye single on the stage. They may have had the impatient spectator in mind, but they had also the leisurely reader; and as a result they fell between two stools." "Whenever and wherever the poetic drama has existed, it has been primarily dramatic and only secondarily poetic."

The final chapter—for, unluckily for the reader, there are only thirteen—discusses "The Three Unities." It reminds us that the ever-valid unity of action is the only one to which Aristotle gave formal statement, and traces the hampering application of the unities of time and of place to the critics of the Italian Renaissance. Yet "there is, after all, something to be urged in behalf of the three unities." Of this there is evidence in two works of practical nineteenth-century playwrights—in the "Francillon" of the younger Dumas and the "Ghosts" of Ibsen.

This review attempts to give hints, rather than a summary, of what the volume contains. The brief and rather dogmatic statements fail to do justice to Professor Matthews, who puts his points fairly, without contention. The book as a whole is delightful and illuminating. An appendix contains pertinent "Suggestions for Study," together with some concise and helpful "Bibliographical Suggestions."

GARLAND GREEVER.

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES OF
WILD ANIMALS.*

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton entered the world of letters in 1883 with an article on the Striped Gopher. Three years later he read a paper before the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba, on the Mammals of Manitoba. This modest little article formed the nucleus of the present magnificent work, "Life Histories of Northern Animals." The bare statement hardly suggests the extraordinary possibilities of such an expansion. Roughly speaking, the same species are treated in both — forty-nine in the pamphlet of 1886, and sixty in the latter work. The former, however, covered but fifteen pages, while the latter fills two huge volumes of 1267 pages. The pamphlet was reprinted in 1887, in a slightly enlarged form, treating fifty-two species. This reprint contained six illustrations by the author. The new work is illustrated with 68 maps and 560 drawings, many of them full-page. Mr. Seton divides his work into two parts, or volumes, the first devoted to Grass-eaters and the second to Flesh-eaters. The former includes the Deer family, the Wapiti or Canadian Elk, the Northern Whitetailed Deer, the Blacktailed Mule-deer, the Moose, and the Woodland Caribou; the Prong-horned Antelope; the American Bison or Buffalo; the Squirrel family; the Canadian Beaver; eleven members of the wide-spread Mouse family; the Gray-gopher; the Jumping-mouse; the Porcupine; and the Hare family. The second volume embraces the Canada Lynx; the Kit-fox and Royal Fox, the Gray Wolf and Coyote; the Otter, Weasel, Mink, Spruce Marten, Fisher, Wolverine, Skunk, and Badger; the Raccoon; the Grizzly-bear and Black-bear; the Shrew family; the Star-nosed Mole; and the Web-tailed Bats.

Although the work is limited to the sixty species found in Manitoba, in tracing their life-histories Mr. Seton follows them into all parts of their ranges; and in this way the book is to a large extent an account of the mammals of North America. The author says:

"Thirty years of personal observations are herein set forth; every known fact bearing on the habits of these animals has, as far as possible, been presented, and everything in my power has been done to make this a serious, painstaking, loving attempt to penetrate the intimate side of the animals' lives — the side that has so long been overlooked, because until lately we have persistently regarded wild things as mere living targets,

and have seen in them nothing but savage or timorous creatures, killing or escaping being killed, quite forgetting that they have their homes, their mates, their problems, and their sorrows, — in short, a home-life that is their real life, and very often much larger and more important than that of which our hostile standpoint has given us such fleeting glimpses."

In addition to his own personal observations, covering nearly every State in the Union, and most of the Canadian Provinces, Mr. Seton has gathered together from widely-scattered sources the evidence of hundreds of other students of the animal life of the continent, the result forming a most remarkable series of animal biographies. For some years past Mr. Seton has been widely known as a writer of entertaining stories of animal life. Some readers, judging the form rather than the substance, and with very limited knowledge of the facts of wild animal life, have assumed a rather patronizing attitude toward these tales, and jumped to the conclusion that they were founded on nothing more substantial than the vivid imagination of a clever maker of fiction. Not the least important feature of the present work is the testimony it affords, in clear and scientific terms, as to the substantial accuracy of these animal stories. Here, as in so many other cases, the fact is shown to be often more wonderful than fiction.

Another important result of Mr. Seton's work is the correction of many popular misconceptions. One of these concerns the speed of wild animals. We have all heard marvellous stories as to the phenomenal speed of the coyote, the antelope, and several other animals. After gathering all the available data on the subject, Mr. Seton has reached the deliberate conclusion that the horse still holds his own. "There seems no good reason," says he, "for supposing that any creature on legs — two, three, or four — ever went for any distance faster than a blood race-horse. Salvator's mile in 1 minute 35½ seconds is the fastest pace reliably recorded for anything afoot." Tabulating the evidence, Mr. Seton puts the fastest four-footed animals in the following order: Race-horse, best speed for a mile at the rate of 84 miles an hour; Prong-horned antelope, 82 miles an hour; Greyhound, 80 miles; Texan Jack-rabbit, 28; Common Fox, 26; Northern Coyote, 24; Foxhound, 22; and American Gray-wolf, 20. It is interesting to note that a man's best speed for a mile is at the rate of 14 miles an hour.

A number of ancient errors concerning the Beaver are also exposed. It cannot and does not drive stakes; it never plasters the lodge with mud outside — all beaver-lodges are finished outside with sticks; it does not use its tail as a

* LIFE HISTORIES OF NORTHERN ANIMALS. An Account of the Mammals of Manitoba. By Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

trowel; it does not suck the air out of sticks to make them stay down; it does not cut or carry large logs or use them in the dam; when caught in a steel trap it does not deliberately amputate the foot, but twists about and pulls until it is torn off. On the other hand, Mr. Seton, in his very readable chapter on the Beaver, does much to rehabilitate the character of this sagacious animal. Time was when the Beaver was popularly endowed with almost superhuman intelligence. Of late years we have been inclined to rush to the opposite extreme, and deny it even moderate sagacity. The truth lies between. The facts here presented, and amply substantiated from the works of such careful observers as Lewis H. Morgan, Audubon, Bachman, and other naturalists, including the author, place the Beaver in the first rank among four-footed artisans. It is gratifying, therefore, to know that successful efforts are now being made to restore the Beaver to some of his old haunts, in Pennsylvania, New York, Ontario, and Quebec. "There can be no doubt," says Mr. Seton, "that the Beaver did more to open up Canada than any other creature or product. It was the pursuit of the Beaver that lured on the early explorers and that brought here the original colonists. It was Beaver fur that bought for white men the manufactures of Europe that were needed to make life tolerable when first our people took to the woods; and it is fitting indeed that this creature, the symbol of energy, peace, and industry, should be the emblem of the country for which it did so much."

One is tempted to quote some of the many interesting bits of animal biographies found everywhere between the covers of these two substantial volumes, but limits of space make this impossible. It is sufficient to assure the reader that he will find here an immense amount of trustworthy information on each of the animals whose life-histories are given; and the whole is presented in such fascinating form, and so attractively illustrated, that he will find it impossible to skip a single page.

Where every point has been covered with so much care and thoroughness, it seems almost an impertinence to suggest additional information. One or two facts may, however, be worth mentioning. On page 271 it is stated that the horse arrived on the great plains of the Northwest—the Buffalo range—about the close of the eighteenth century. In the *Journal of Anthony Hendry, 1754-55* (Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, 1908) the Blackfeet are described as being accomplished horse-

men in the middle of the eighteenth century; and there is reason to believe that the arrival of this powerful factor in the extirpation of the Buffalo must be carried back to the beginning of the eighteenth century. The same journal may be cited among early records of the Buffalo in what is now the Canadian Northwest; as may also Cocking's *Journal, 1772-73* (Transactions of Royal Society, 1909). Early mention of the Antelope will be found in Cocking's *Journal*, and in the narrative of Larocque (Canadian Archives Publication, 1910).

In addition to its many other merits, Mr. Seton's splendid work is equipped with an Introduction containing a sketch of the physical features of Manitoba, and an outline of the plan of treatment; a Bibliography; and a Synoptic Index.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

THE STORY OF NEW ENGLAND EXPANSION.*

The muse of history, it is well known, has of late been turning her attention in various new directions. Kings and parliaments have not ceased to have their interest; the lives of presidents and generals are still fascinating; but we are more and more becoming interested in the lives of common men, the unknown toilers whose names are only in rare instances handed down, yet whose influence lives in the institutions they helped to frame and perpetuate. The humble and illiterate have always been purveyors of comedy; we now concede that in their obscure lives there may also be supreme tragedies.

One is reminded of these things in reading Miss Mathews's volume, which has to do with the peopling of New England and the northern Middle and Middle-Western States by the sturdy, radical, God-fearing Puritans and their descendants. One is reminded, also, of the many-sidedness of history; since this book suggests not only the comic and tragic possibilities of pioneer life, but also its romance. The pioneer epoch has already become for us a remote world, in which both Arthur Dimmesdale and Natty Bumppo have their being. In these days of lightning communication with all parts of the country, we have quickly forgotten the time when a journey from western Massachusetts to

* THE EXPANSION OF NEW ENGLAND. The Spread of New England Settlement and Institutions to the Mississippi River, 1620-1865. By Lois Kimball Mathews, Instructor in History in Vassar College. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

central New York was a matter of weeks of difficult and dangerous travel.

Miss Mathews has, however, held resolutely to the less picturesque and romantic yet certainly more important aspects of her subject, and has produced a substantial contribution to the early history of the northern United States. The subject is fresh, and the treatment of it is fitting and adequate. In the preparation of her work the author has had to evaluate and digest a mass of town, county, and state histories. It may be remarked, in passing, that the value of such works of local history becomes evident when one begins to labor on a subject like this. The author's sense of proportion is commendable. Instead of piling up details which would only have swollen the volume without furnishing more light on the topics involved, she has frequently selected typical groups of facts, and thus constantly gives general impressions — a thing which is of the utmost importance.

What were the causes of emigration to the New World? Miss Mathews has well summed them up: lack of religious liberty (a condition due to excessive radicalism), church quarrels, the desire to retrieve fallen fortunes or make more money by trade or agriculture, the *Wanderlust* always characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon temperament. And the same causes which brought the English to the shores of America have spurred on the more radical and adventurous spirits to extend the frontier and experiment there with their ideas of education and government of church and state.

"The tendency of those portions of the country first peopled has been to grow conservative, and even to crystallize, as England had seemed to have done when the first emigrants left her shores. As the towns on the coast grew slower to change character and institutions, the more radical spirits began to chafe, and turn to newer sections where they might be unhampered by either tradition or habit. They have not, however, been wholly divested of either, and have turned as their fathers had done to the civilization of their birth-place for precedents, compromising, conceding, and readjusting because of new conditions and new elements, and thus shaping institutions which were neither wholly new nor entirely old. Again and again, with each succeeding generation, has the process been repeated, with England as the background, the older colonies as the 'middle distance,' and the newest of our states as the foreground."

The story of the settlement of New England is of great interest. Up to 1629 only a few villages were planted along the coast from Plymouth in Massachusetts to St. George in Maine. Then came the beginning of the English emigration due to the discontent aroused by the harsh and blind policy of Charles I.

John Endicott with 380 emigrants came in 1629 to Lynn and Salem. The next year a thousand more came, to found Boston and other towns; and by 1637 the eastern coast of Massachusetts had been settled as far south as Plymouth, and beginnings had been made at Springfield, and in Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. By 1660 the coast from St. George to Greenwich (Connecticut) had been practically all settled, and the settlements on the Connecticut River had largely grown. Two features characterize the earliest settlements: (a) the community always centred about the church; (b) education was generously supported. For example, "The Massachusetts Bay General Court passed an act in 1649 compelling every town of fifty householders to appoint a teacher for all their children; and further requiring a grammar school for every town of one hundred families or more. Connecticut and New Haven adopted the same system, as did Plymouth at a later time."

The period from the Restoration to the peace of Utrecht was one of rapid development of the colonies, though a terrible setback came in King Philip's War. In 1675 there were perhaps 120,000 people in New England, of whom 16,000 could bear arms. The uprising under Philip, however, wiped out scores of villages, and the frontier receded to such an extent that by 1713 it had little more than made up the ground lost in 1675-7. Miss Mathews thinks she detects, by 1713, that difference between the frontiersmen and the inhabitants of the older towns on the coast to which we have alluded. Concerning tendencies on the frontier, where the more radical pioneers still struggled crudely though vigorously with the forces of nature, the author remarks:

"It was on the frontier that men from the various colonies mingled, and while they held in common the stern religious views and educational ideas of their ancestors, these were tempered by contact with others of somewhat different cast; so that while fundamentally the ideals of all were the same, — all were striving toward civil and religious liberty, and all were tenacious of their rights, — individualism still found its freest development out at the edge of civilization."

With the Peace of Utrecht the frontier began to be pushed northward and westward much more rapidly. The next forty years saw the Maine settlements carried north to Waterville, the New Hampshire settlements extended to Bristol (and on the Connecticut to Charlestown), and beginnings made in southeastern Vermont, southeastern New York, and northern and southern New Jersey. It was in this period that specu-

lation in lands became common, as it did in England about 1720. Owing to the repressive measures passed by England on colonial manufacturing schemes, the capital which had now accumulated in the colonies could find no other form of investment than in land. As the grants of land had to be settled within three or seven years, much pressure was brought to bear on families to move to new settlements. Influences tending to check emigration were fear of the Indians, and the difficulty of getting titles to new lands, largely because of the ignorance of geography, which resulted in overlapping grants or in setting too indefinite boundaries. This was one of the chief factors making against the settlement of Maine.

The three decades ending with the Revolutionary War were marked by rapid colonial expansion. The defective colonial charters were revised, titles were made secure, and as soon as peace was in sight the more restless and radical population surged to the north and the far West. Thirty-one new towns were begun in Vermont in 1776-81, many New Yorkers settling there. Eleven towns in Maine date from 1780-1, and the Maine frontier had then advanced north as far as Orono, Machias, and Calais. The number of Connecticut students at Dartmouth is interesting; 42.6 per cent of the graduates in 1770-90 were from Connecticut. Beginnings were also made in northeastern Pennsylvania.

The second half of this interesting book gives chiefly the story of the migrations from New England to New York and the Middle West, from 1781 to 1865. The great movement into Central New York began in 1783 and reached its climax by 1820, when the entire state except the Adirondack region had been settled. The census of 1850 showed 6.6 per cent of the inhabitants of New York to have been born in New England. By 1840 Ohio's frontier had disappeared, the northern part and some districts in the centre and southeast having been occupied by New England settlers. In 1850, 65,682 Ohioans, or 3.3 per cent of the population, had been born in New England. The numbers and percentages of native New Englanders in the neighboring states in that year were as follows: Indiana, 10,646, or 1.08 per cent; Illinois, 36,532, or 4.29 per cent; Michigan, 30,923, or 7.78 per cent; Wisconsin, 27,029, or 8.8 per cent. Concerning the settlement of Indiana, Miss Mathews remarks:

"Indiana was never a favorite stopping-place for the New Englanders, for the Southern element was strong here, and the Virginian or Kentuckian was apt to con-

fuse the shrewd, unscrupulous 'Yankee' peddler of cheap clocks with the substantial Connecticut farmer, and to treat the two alike."

Among the reasons for emigration to the Western frontier, Miss Mathews finds the most potent in general to have been the search for cheap and fertile land. Connected with this as a powerful motive has been discontent with existing social or religious conditions, and the reluctance to yield to the will of a hostile majority. With the emigrants went the institutions they had fostered in New England—school and church and town-meeting; yet these underwent certain changes.

"The church must become more liberal, it must take on the Presbyterian form if that would insure its growth; it must be divorced from politics, since one reason for the removal to the frontier had often been the union of church and state upon the coast. Far from escaping from the majority rule, the pioneer had become subject to it anew; but it was now his majority, and he could afford to yield to gain his ends. The school had to change also. Separation of the sexes had been the rule in New England; coeducation became the habit of the West. Partly due to lack of funds, partly perhaps owing to the intense feeling of equality not only between man and man, but between man and woman, the coeducational plan became the custom for the Western states. It was not always adopted willingly, for conservatism and tradition in such matters die hard; but in the end a shrewd business sense dictated the policy, and it won."

The reaction of the frontier upon the older parts of the country is an interesting phase of the subject, which the author might have treated at much greater length. We have already noted the divergence of views which was bound to arise between East and West. In some parts of the country it was on the question of paper money; in others, on the connection of church and state; at length it turned on the question of slavery in the new states—the most tremendous question, in all its ramifications, that has ever agitated the country. The election to the Presidency, in 1860, of Lincoln, a frontiersman, in the contest with Douglas, a native of conservative Vermont, was the answer of the frontier to the question as to which element in the country should have control.*

Miss Mathews's volume † must be pronounced an able and useful study of an important sub-

* It may be of interest to recall the popular vote of November, 1860. Lincoln, 1,866,452; Douglas, 1,375,157; Breckenridge, Kentucky, 847,953; Bell, Tennessee, 590,631. Lincoln carried the total electoral vote of the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, California, and Oregon.

† A few misprints may be noted: P. 152, l. 17, read Allegheny. P. 156, n. 1, l. 3, for Browne read Broome. P. 170, l. 12 f. b., read Roberts's. P. 182, l. 5 f. b., p. 190, l. 4 f. b., p. 194, l. 10 f. b., read Northrop.

ject. About thirty well-made maps embody pictorially the results of a vast number of independent investigations that had to be followed out before the book could be written. There are full bibliographical summaries; and the index, while not as full as it should be, is good as well as accurate.

CLARK S. NORTHUP.

THE LIFE-STORY OF A GREAT MUSICIAN.*

Musical biography is often sadly lacking in interest for the general reader, so intent are its writers upon questions of technique. A happy exception to this rule is found in a recent book on Handel, by Mr. R. H. Streatfeild, published in the New Library of Music. The author says in his preface: "I have tried to find the man Handel in his music; to trace his character, his view of life, his thoughts, feelings, and aspirations, as set forth in his work." This point of view is consistently held throughout the book; and though the critical study of Handel's work is thorough and painstaking enough to command the admiration of a student, we never lose sight of the man. He is vividly portrayed in all his vigorous uprightness, his genuine modesty and independence, at a time when servility was the rule. In summing up the story of Handel's struggles in London, the author says: "He was an incarnation of the spirit of revolt against the old system of patronage that had ruled the world of music so long. Here was a man who, while every other musician in the land remained at an angle of forty-five degrees in the presence of his princely patron, resolutely stood upright, went his own way, and snapped his fingers in their ducal faces." Mr. Streatfeild also heartily disagrees with those amiable early biographers who have tried to show that Handel was what is called "a pious man," adding that "his religion was eminently of the type which, as Disraeli observed, all sensible men profess but no sensible man talks about."

Nearly half of the book treats of the external events in the musician's life, his boyhood in Halle, his years of work and growing reputation in Italy, his struggles, defeats, and final success in London. The stories of his early precocity are critically examined to determine what elements of truth they contain; the discussion of the four years spent in Naples, Rome,

and Venice gives an excellent idea of his noble patrons and is full of the atmosphere of the times; and the struggles of his London years are described with a fairness and sympathy most refreshing. The breadth of view, so noticeable a feature of this book, is nowhere better shown than in the following interesting passage, describing Handel's triumph.

"The battle was won at last. The struggle had been long and severe, but Handel had come out a conqueror in the end. With everything against him, he had won by sheer force of personality. What Pitt was doing in the world of politics, Handel had done in the world of art. Different as were the spheres in which they worked, the 'Great Commoner' and the composer of 'The Messiah' had much in common. Both were poets in an age of prose, transcendentalists waging mortal conflict with the forces of materialism. In the Parliament of that day, Pitt stood alone; the depth of his conviction, his fiery energy, his poetic imagination, his appeal to the higher instincts of mankind contrasting strangely with the mercenary opportunism of the world in which he moved. England rallied round the man whose hands were clean in an age of corruption, whose life was pure in the midst of debauchery, and who loved his country with a passionate reverence. Handel's appeal was based on similar grounds. The turning-point of his career was when in 1747 he threw aside his subscription and appealed to the public at large. In the middle class he found the audience that he had sought in vain in the pampered worldlings of the court. The splendid seriousness of Handel's music, its wide humanity, its exaltation of thought, its unflinching dignity of utterance, had fallen on deaf ears so long as he appealed only to an aristocratic audience. It was in the heart and brain of the middle class that Handel found at last an echo to his clarion call."

The latter half of the book is devoted to a careful study of Handel's writings. With rare discrimination, and painstaking though never tedious accuracy, the writer traces the plot of each of the forty-three operas and thirty-four oratorios. He emphasizes in each instance that distinctive atmosphere so characteristic of Handel's music. He traces through various works his three distinct styles of composition,—the earliest, purely German, that he learned from Zachow at Halle; his operatic manner, almost wholly Italian; then the later English method, at first influenced by Purcell, "whom Handel's mighty strength of wing soon left far behind." Mr. Streatfeild emphasizes especially one characteristic of Handel's music, much neglected by earlier writers,—his feeling for Nature. The familiar *Largo*, for example, from the opera *Serse*, is sung by the hero, Xerxes, standing under the boughs of his favorite plane-tree. In its broad, rich harmonies and satisfying melody he who can may feel all the sense of shelter, content, and rest, inspired by the shade of a great tree. In speaking of Handel's setting

*HANDEL. By R. A. Streatfeild. Illustrated. "The New Library of Music." New York: John Lane Co.

for *L'Allegro*, the author says: "It is a series of exquisite *genre* pictures, sketched with the lightest touch and yet elaborated with the most intimate detail." Again, in the analysis of "Israel in Egypt," attention is called to the amazing picture of the "weary march of the Israelites through the desert. Then the serene loveliness of the land flowing with milk and honey is painted with a tranquil charm, intensified by the harsh discords of the preceding chorus. Handel appreciated the majesty and splendor of the sea as perhaps no other composer has done."

One very interesting feature of the book is the author's frequent comparison of Handel's work with that of other great musicians, especially with that of Bach. He thus effectively sums up in concluding the study of "The Messiah":

"Bach was unquestionably a more spiritually minded, or, as we now say, a more religious man, than Handel. When he wrote the *Sanctus* he was rapt away from earth . . . Handel's feet are always upon solid earth. His imagination opened all portals, but he passed none. When he wrote the 'Hallelujah' chorus he 'did think he saw heaven opened and the great God Himself,' but he was not, like Bach, caught up in spirit to the heaven that he beheld. Handel was an artist rather than a seer. . . . There was a good deal more of Titian than of Fra Angelico in Handel. For the rapture of spiritual ecstasy we ask of Handel in vain, but instead he gives us an all-embracing sympathy for every manifestation of human energy, that lifts his work far above sects and dogmas and makes it the common property of all mankind."

In this way columns might be filled with extracts from this most readable book. A work of this kind cannot fail to do valuable service in widening and rendering more intelligent the appreciation of music and its authors.

ANNA M. RHOADES.

PROBLEMS AND TENDENCIES OF AMERICAN LIFE.*

"America," wrote Mr. Bryce a decade and a half ago, "changes so fast that every few years a new crop of books is needed to describe the new face which things have put on, the new problems that have appeared, the new ideas germinating among

*THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. A Study in National Psychology. By A. Maurice Low. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.
THE PROMISE OF AMERICAN LIFE. By Herbert Croly. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA. By Henry van Dyke. New York: The Macmillan Co.

AMERICANS: AN IMPRESSION. By Alexander Francis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE WINE OF THE PURITANS. A Study of Present-Day America. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

her people, the new and unexpected developments for evil as well as for good of which her established institutions have been found capable." Within the past few months, while Mr. Bryce has himself been occupied with the preparation of a revised edition of his "American Commonwealth," there has flowed from the presses on both sides of the Atlantic a veritable stream of volumes, each of which has been intended, within the scope marked out by its author, to make some contribution to the ever alluring, never finished interpretation of American life and nationality.

Much the most ambitious project of the sort recently brought to light is that which has been undertaken by an English journalist long resident in this country, Mr. A. Maurice Low. His book comprises nothing less than an attempt to elucidate the psychology of the American people. Most of us would be inclined at the outset, perhaps, to pronounce such a task impossible of accomplishment. The psychology of any mass of eighty or ninety millions of men and women is an extremely elusive thing; and, furthermore, the people of America represent a conglomeration of racial elements such as would seem scarcely to admit of anything in the nature of composite characterization. Mr. Low, however, is devoid of apprehensions. "The psychology of the American people," he avers, "presents no miracle and is reducible to exact terms. We have here no unfathomable mystery. There are no gaps to be filled by speculative soaring." Recalling that for a good many years Mr. Low has been writing of things American with very creditable candor and discernment, one is constrained to possess himself in patience and await results.

A volume recently published, "The Planting of a Nation," is the first of a series in which Mr. Low proposes to trace the historical development of the American character, and, subsequently, to describe and appraise the principal traits of the present-day American citizen. Having set himself to write the biography of a people, it follows that he must begin with the incunabula of the race; consequently, the initial volume is largely taken up with a survey of population origins, and of the climatic and other physical conditions by which the earlier generations of European settlers in America were surrounded. This is a well-tilled field, and it cannot be said that Mr. Low's contributions to our knowledge of it have been considerable. If we are to judge by his bibliography and foot-notes, there has been small resort to authorities other than the more obvious secondary writers. Still, it is but fair to observe that Mr. Low disclaims any intention of writing history. His task, as he has conceived it, is rather to assume the facts and to proceed to an interpretation of them from certain novel points of view, principally the psychological. On this side, portions of the book are distinctly illuminating, more particularly those which deal with the contributions made to the American character by the Puritan.

The Puritan, Mr. Low regards as the real founder of American institutions; and the Puritan he declares to have been an Englishman of Englishmen, bringing with him to our shores English institutions, English morals, and the English mental attitude. Much stress is laid upon the proposition that the Puritan, while austere and fanatical and much given to morbid introspection, was neither without natural human affections, nor a sense of humor, nor averse to rational amusements; also that the Puritan colonist, far from living in squalor or poverty, was "in many respects better clothed and fed and housed than the mass of the English people living in England." That the men who first settled Virginia were drawn from a higher social scale than the Puritans, and that morally and intellectually the Cavalier was the superior of the New Englander, is pronounced a delusion, propagated only by inexact historians and careless writers. Ample justice, however, is done the Cavalier; and, in truth, the author in his later chapters comes dangerously near undermining the structure of Puritan supremacy which he has earlier set up. "The American," he declares, "is a blend of the Puritan and the Cavalier, to accept an inexact terminology so rich in contrast; a mixture of Massachusetts and Virginia; a product of the corn that ripened slowly under northern skies and the tobacco that sprung into life in the soil of the South. The influence of Massachusetts is there, but so also is that of Virginia; and great as is the influence of Massachusetts, that of Virginia is no less. It was tobacco that made Virginia so different from Massachusetts; it was Virginia that made the American so different from what he would have been had another Massachusetts taken root in the South." There is not, in the present volume, a great deal that is really new or striking; but with more or less familiar material a substantial foundation has been laid and the author's real opportunity lies yet ahead. If he shall be able to disentangle and to elucidate the psychology of the formation of American nationality after the achievement of political independence, his labors will have been well worth while.

Not much less comprehensive than Mr. Low's project in its chronological sweep is Mr. Herbert Croly's volume on "The Promise of American Life." What Mr. Croly has sought to do is to give us an exposition of what he conceives to be the "promise" of American life and institutions, together with some indication as to what the prospects are respecting the realization of that promise. The promise consists substantially, we are told, in "an improving popular economic condition, guaranteed by democratic political institutions, and resulting in moral and social amelioration." Consideration of so comprehensive a theme involves a survey of practically the whole of American political, economic, and social development. The larger portion of the book is therefore taken up with an historical sketch of American problems and American traditions from the days of Jeffersonian Republicanism to the presidency of

Theodore Roosevelt, together with a series of chapters discussing at much length a wide variety of national questions and interests of the present day. The principal thesis is that at the outset, a century and a quarter ago, America seemed clearly to our forefathers to give promise of becoming, almost inevitably, a veritable paradise of political freedom, economic opportunity, and social equality; but that, large as the realization has been, it is manifest that the promise is yet far from complete fulfilment, — that, indeed, the fulfilment must no longer be thought of as in any sense "an inexorable national destiny, but rather as a conscious national purpose" which may or may not attain its end. The problem upon whose solution the fulfilment of the promise mainly depends is declared to be, not political, or religious, but social. "The American problem is the social problem partly because the social problem is the democratic problem. American political and social leaders will find that in a democracy the problem cannot be evaded. The American people have no irremediable political grievances. No good American denies the desirability of popular sovereignty and of a government which should somehow represent the popular will. While our national institutions may not be a perfect embodiment of these doctrines, a decisive and a resolute popular majority has the power to alter American institutions and give them a more immediately representative character. . . . In the long run, consequently, the ordinary American will have nothing irremediable to complain about except economic and social inequalities. In Europe such will not be the case. The several European peoples have, and will continue to have, political grievances, because such grievances are the inevitable consequence of their national history and their international situation, and as long as these grievances remain, the more difficult social problem will be subordinated to an agitation for political emancipation. But the American people, having achieved democratic institutions, have nothing to do but to turn them to good account. In so far as the social problem is a real problem and the economic grievance a real grievance, they are bound under the American political system to come eventually to the surface and to demand express and intelligent consideration. A democratic ideal makes the social problem inevitable and its attempted solution indispensable."

In following out his analysis of American development and of current American problems, Mr. Croly ranges over a field that is truly enormous. Politics, constitutional law, international relations, industrial conditions, labor movements, reform programmes, educational questions, — all these and many other things, are brought under survey. Comparison of American with European experience is frequent, — there being in one place, for example, a fifty-page digression on democracy and nationality in the principal European states. Indeed, one puts down the book with the feeling that the author has undertaken too much, and that its usefulness to the America

reader would have been much enhanced by a judicious elimination of a good deal that is commonplace and unessential, so that its unquestionably vital message might have been made to stand out in bolder relief.

During the winter of 1908-09, Dr. Henry van Dyke, as Hyde lecturer at the University of Paris and at certain of the provincial universities, undertook to interpret to the French "the things that seem vital, significant, and creative in the life and character of the American people." The first seven of a series of twenty-six *conférences* given in this connection have been brought together for American publication under title, "The Spirit of America." Those who are familiar with the charm with which Dr. van Dyke invariably invests poetry and essay alike will not require to be assured that the present papers are readable. Seemingly but slight sketches, they are none the less crowded with evidences of deep insight, and with interpretative analysis which is very far from superficial. The "spirit of America" is shown to comprise something more than sheer energy — more than *la vie intense*, of which Europeans have in late years heard so much that their conception of Americans has perhaps suffered more than the customary distortion. Love of fair play, unflinching will-power, the sentiment of common orderliness, a keen appreciation of the value of individual development, — these are some of the factors which are described as entering, along with aggressive energy, into the make-up of our composite American spirit.

In the book entitled "Americans: An Impression" Mr. Alexander Francis has given us an English view of American conditions, especially social, industrial, and educational. The score of chapters comprising the book first appeared as a series of special articles in the London "Times," and are to some extent already familiar to American readers. During his year's residence in the United States, Mr. Francis spent the larger part of his time in college and university centres; and far the most valuable portions of his book are those in which he records his impressions (not unmingled with criticism) of academic methods and customs in this country. Admitting that the fundamental idea of elective studies is sound, he none the less condemns sweepingly the "crude and unscientific elective system" as it widely prevails; and, as is to be expected from a foreign observer, he unhesitatingly deprecates the conditions attending intercollegiate athletics.

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks denominates his work on "The Wine of the Puritans" a study of present-day America. The texture is altogether too thin to warrant so pretentious a sub-title; and yet in these happy-go-lucky musings of two American artists in Italy respecting the red wine of Puritanism, and the new bottles in which, under twentieth century American conditions, it is compelled to be treasured up, there are occasional touches of human philosophy in which more ponderous writers are apt to be barren enough.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

President Diaz and his work.

The strong man at the head of the Mexican Government, now rapidly approaching his eightieth year, is unquestionably one of the greatest personalities of the age. Much has been written about him of late, and there have been at least two attempts at a biography of him for American readers, both claiming to have high authority for their accuracy. Both, however, fail of their purpose, chiefly by failing to place their subject in proper relation to the history of his country. Perhaps the time for this cannot come while President Diaz is living and almost daily astonishing the world by his virile grasp upon the affairs of the republic which he has, during the last quarter of a century, renovated and advanced to a respectable place among the nations of the world. The most recent attempt at a biography is Don José F. Godoy's volume entitled "Porfirio Diaz, the Master Builder of a Great Commonwealth" (Putnam). It supplies much information regarding the life of its subject, particularly in the details of the reforms he has instituted in the government of Mexico. But its character as a biography is seriously marred by the inclusion of seventy pages of "opinions of public men," which are by no means needed to sustain the reputation of a man whose works will surely live after him. — Mr. Frederic Palmer F.R.G.S., devotes the first four chapters of his book on "Central America and Its Problems" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) to Mexico and her relation to her neighbors; in which he has much to say about Diaz. His comments are the reverse of eulogistic, though he grants that it is due to this man that Mexico has become "a stable, dependable, debt-paying, progressive unit among the nations of the world." Mr. Palmer is a traveller by instinct, and a newspaper correspondent, and his narrative of the journey from the Rio Grande to Panama is written in true newspaper style. He passed through the five countries which we collectively denominate Central America, and found in Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua conditions which, as he describes them, should arouse world-wide indignation and the application of something by way of corrective. The praise he has to bestow upon happy Costa Rica and what he finds in Panama under American tutelage serves to revive the reader's optimism in the Spanish-America of the tropics.

Jane Austen as revealed in her novels.

In "Jane Austen and her Country-House Comedy" (Lane), by Mr. W. H. Helm, one finds oneself invited to a pleasant and sympathetic, though in the main obvious, discussion, whose scope, as defined by the author, is "to show Jane Austen as she lives in her writings, and to suggest some at least of the many directions in which those writings may be explored." In so doing the letters are evidenced as well as the novels. The quality of the interpretation may be best indicated by citations from the book

itself. Miss Austen's field, Mr. Helm points out, is a narrow one, but she tills it perfectly. "Only genius could give a vital and enduring fascination to a record concerned with the ordinary experiences of a few respectable country people almost all of one class." Her "inability to be unintelligible," to adopt a phrase of Catharine Morland's, her natural dialogue, "the bright people being differentiated from the dull by their talk, and not, as in most novels, by the author's assurances"; her satiric humor, "rare among women," humor "of the essential kind, which is so nearly akin to wit that it is often almost identical with it . . . brothers who might be mistaken for one another by those who do not notice that the one has colder hands than the other"; her "wonderfully true presentation of the hearts and minds of girls," she herself "the most delightful of her own heroines," — all these characteristics combine to produce a "perennial timeliness" which Mr. Helm finds augmented by her avoidance of accessory descriptions. He is a no less temperately spoken or sincerely devoted lover than Mr. Knightley, and though a reader may discover on laying down the book that his sense of "one of the supreme literary artists of the world," as Mr. W. L. Phelps has styled the sprightly Jane, is less vivid than that induced by the few pages of the professor's introduction to the "Chawton" edition of the novels, he will not be averse to seeing some of his own thoughts affirmed in print. But when Mr. Helm denies to the chief characters both passion and sentiment many people will no doubt hold with Professor Phelps that he commits "the old error of assuming that only those persons have passions who are unable to control them." Yet the most ardent admirer must find it easy to forgive a difference of opinion to the man who writes of Godmersham: "The spirit of Jane Austen abides in the delicious air of this quiet and unspoiled valley, where, when the wind blows strongly from the south-east, the salt of the sea-breezes mingles with the perfumes of the grass and wood smoke as pleasantly as the Attic wit of Jane Austen mingles with the sweetness of her heroines and the thousand delights of her dialogue."

There is no lack of excellent histories of Greek and Roman education in French and German; and there is an over-supply in English of superficial compilations by "Professors of the History of Education." But Dr. John W. H. Walden's volume on "The Universities of Ancient Greece" (Scribner) is the first considerable English study of the subject written up from the sources. The title is slightly misleading, as there was nothing which can properly be styled a university before Greco-Roman times; and even then the publicly endowed chairs and private schools of Rome, Athens, Antioch, and Constantinople, were rather "faculties," as the French would call them, than universities. However, the intellectual content of their instruction was a direct development of the teaching in the schools of Isocrates and Plato in the Athens of the fourth century B. C.; and in the

later centuries "University Life in Ancient Athens" (to use the title of Professor Capes's interesting sketch published in 1877) presented striking analogies with the life of the modern collegian before the days of laboratory science. Mr. Walden gives a trustworthy and readable account of these later schools, of the Professors, their pay, their manner of teaching, and the life of the students. "Rushing," hazing, tossing in a blanket, "spreads," gowns, town-and-gown riots, and even muck-raking the colleges, he shows us are no new thing under the sun. The two chief subjects taught were a philosophy inclining more and more to rhetoric, and a rhetoric slightly tinged with philosophy. As was to be expected from the nature of his sources, Mr. Walden has most to say of the rhetorical schools of the later empire. Rhetoric was taught through the study of literature with a view to the attainment of a correct classic style and facility in oratory either for its own sake or in preparation for the law. The result would be anathema to Carlyle, but it was not notably inferior to the education given by the literary and "culture" courses of a modern university under the elective system. It was, in fact, better in so far as efficiency was ruthlessly tested by the ability to improvise an effective speech — perhaps a useless but certainly not an easy accomplishment. Mr. Walden has done his work well. A more philosophic treatment would have enlarged the earlier chapters dealing with pre-Roman times, and in particular would have emphasized with Von Arnim and Wilamowitz the opposition between the rhetorical teaching which finally prevailed and the Platonic and Aristotelian ideal of the organization of science and a truly scientific education.

In a beautifully printed volume entitled "Day in Court, or the Subtle Arts of Great Advocates" (Macmillan), Mr. Francis L. Wellman, of the New York bar, gives some good advice to those entering upon, or hoping to enter upon, the practice of the law. For the most part written originally in lecture form for delivery before college students, Mr. Wellman's chapters have a clear, ingratiating style, enriched with frequent anecdotes from his own court-room experience or that of others. He begins by explaining the difference between an advocate and an office lawyer, or, as the English would put it, a barrister and a solicitor. Then in successive chapters he treats of the physical endowments, the mental equipment, and the educational qualifications that an advocate should have, the opportunity and rewards awaiting him, what preparation should be made for the trial of a case, the scene in court, the selecting of jurymen, the "opening" to the jury, the fine points of direct and cross-examination, the handling of discrediting documents, and the summing up. The art of cross-examination he has already discussed more fully in his earlier book under that title. Noteworthy is the counsel on an early page to "read everything" if one would be a well-equipped advo-

cate; there is likely to be use for every scrap of information, and for every grace of mind and delicacy of feeling acquired by reading good books and quantities of them. The author takes occasion to quote Senator Ingalls's famous sonnet "Opportunity," to which one is tempted to reply by citing the more recent and quite differently conceived sonnet of the same title which graced the pages of the January "Atlantic." A statement concerning Lord Mansfield, that in his early poverty he all but renounced the pursuit of the law and "decided upon taking orders in the ministry," is likely, from its phraseology, to amuse or puzzle Mr. Wellman's British readers. A little later he gives a new form to the old adage attributed to Voltaire, by citing Napoleon as saying "that the Almighty always seemed to be on the side which had the heaviest artillery." The author's account of his first important case is one of the best things in this volume of unusually interesting legal reminiscence and advice.

A group of early nineteenth-century English essayists. Professor C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University, whose admirable biography of John Wesley has given pleasure to many readers, gathers into a handy volume entitled "A Group of English Essayists" (Macmillan) a half-dozen chapters which he describes as "for the most part, the result of many pleasant hours in a college seminary room." After a preliminary discussion of "the new essay," the critical and discursive article of which Jeffrey may be considered the inventor, he advances to the more inviting, more personal and intimate essay as written by Lamb and Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, by De Quincey and John Wilson; for these five masters of essay-writing are the subjects of Mr. Winchester's chapters after the somewhat tiresomely arbitrary Lord Jeffrey has been dismissed. In the treatment of Lamb it is to be noted that the author does not lament the genial Elia's India House bondage, but rather regards his regular employment and assured income as fortunate, and points to the long list of noted writers "who have managed to unite business and literature without detriment to either." His admiration for Lamb's style will satisfy the most enthusiastic. "No one else in Lamb's day," he asserts, "wrote such English, and to find anything so perfect you will have to go back to the best passages of the English Bible." Incidentally, he twice misquoted Lamb, writing "the desk's dull wood" instead of "the desk's dead wood." In the remarks on De Quincey he goes so far in commendation of his style as to say that "he is never verbose," that "he never repeats the same thought with needless fulness of phrase," though he is "the most prolix of mortals." Verboseness, however, or something exceedingly like it, is not so very hard to find in De Quincey's superfoetated periods. It may be permitted, in a review of a book by a professor in the English department of a prominent university, to criticize his use of financial" (he says of John Wilson's income that

it "placed him beyond financial anxiety") in the sense of "pecuniary." *Financial*, as Webster defines the word, has to do with finance or public revenue. Why not observe the distinction? However, an infinitesimal blemish of this sort hardly detracts from the excellence of a book which is so manifestly the product of careful thought and ripe scholarship.

The gambler, his habits and habits.

From the files of English sporting journals, apparently, and from other miscellaneous sources, Mr. Ralph Nevill has brought together a considerable amount of betting and racing history and anecdote, with appropriate illustrations from old prints, under the title, "Light Come, Light Go" (Macmillan). The last decade of George the Second's reign was a period of impassioned and reckless gambling among persons of quality, and from that time down to the close of the last century the author follows the history of dicing and card-playing and other forms of gaming, chiefly as practised in his own country. His narrative has no lack of entertaining anecdote; in fact, it is almost all anecdote, mostly amusing, but not seldom sounding a tragic note. Some of his illustrations of the gambling mania are strikingly odd. In 1813 a literary man of sporting tendencies, who had been an assistant master at Rugby, laid a wager of five pounds that he could make two thousand pens in ten hours; and the pens were made satisfactorily to the umpire, nearly two hours within the stipulated time. Another story, less edifying, tells of two gentlemen who undertook to drink against each other, one wine and his opponent water, on a wager. After a bottle and a half each, the water-drinker was forced to desist, being seized with illness which confined him to his bed for an unstated period. The writer's experience at Monte Carlo, and his favorite method of wooing the goddess Fortune at that famous resort, will prove interesting, perhaps too interesting, to some readers. In his closing chapter he expresses himself in favor of licensed gambling as opposed to the illicit practices so difficult to suppress. A sentence in his first chapter, where he speaks of gambling as "a conscious and deliberate departure from the general aim of civilized society, which is to obtain proper value for its money," would seem to indicate, on the writer's part, a not very exalted conception of "the general aim" of civilization. The nine colored pictures and the fourteen in black and white are spirited and appear to reflect the manners (and costumes) of high society a century and more ago.

The conquest of the Far West.

"The Last American Frontier" (Macmillan), by Professor Frederic Logan Paxson of the University of Michigan, tells the story of the westward movement, chiefly from 1821 to 1885, in the settlement of our great trans-Mississippi domain. "The last frontier" referred to in the title may be indicated by a line running nearly north and south through Kansas

City. Here, at the bend in the Missouri River, which had thus far furnished a water highway toward the sunset, the westward movement was stayed for a while. The author gives the history of various overland trails, of Indian wars and the government's treatment of the dispossessed redskins, of the formation of new territories, and of the final triumph of the railway over this seemingly impossible stretch of desert and mountain. The significance of the frontier in American history was the subject of a paper by Professor Frederick J. Turner, in the "Annual Report of the American Historical Association" for 1893; and this the author of the book under review notes as containing "the fundamental ideas upon which all recent careful work in western history has been based." No full history of the trans-Mississippi region has yet been written; but Mr. Paxson, while modestly calling his own volume a "sketch," expresses in his preface the hope that before many years he may be able "to exploit in a larger and more elaborate form the mass of detailed information" upon which "The Last American Frontier" is based. That the sources for such a work are by no means scanty is made clear in an appended note of six fine-print pages. Illustrations and maps have been judiciously introduced, and an index is added. The book is emphatically a careful and scholarly piece of work.

Lore and legend of England's patron saint. A painstaking piece of hagiology has been executed by Mrs. Henry Hulst (Cornelia Steketee Hulst) in her "St. George of Cappadocia in Legend and History" (David Nutt, London). The origin of what may be called the St. George myth is lost in the haze of Aryan legend. The story is now regarded by certain scholars versed in such matters as an Aryan myth capable of a solar interpretation. But whatever its origin, and however important or unimportant to trace the dragon-slayer back to the very first mind that conceived his popularly attractive attributes, Mrs. Hulst has collected all that need concern most of us in regard to this legendary hero and saint. The common version of the story as accepted by the Roman church is first examined, then the version sanctioned by the Greek church; and then some account is given of the spread of the worship of St. George and of his influence, and the further evolution of the legend in allegory and romance. From the Persian legend of Mithra to a cartoon in "Lustige Blätter" entitled "St. Teddy in Combat with the Dollar Dragon" is a long journey; but Mrs. Hulst has accomplished it, and has enlivened the account of her progress with numerous pictures from many sources. In her concluding list of references—a hundred and twenty authorities are cited in the body of the book—one fails to find the Byzantine hagiologist Metaphrastes, whose account of St. George is substantially the one adopted in the Roman "Acta Sanctorum." The work is, nevertheless, a triumph of diligence. It is very attractively executed in its mechanical features.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"A Mother's List of Books for Children," compiled by Mrs. Gertrude Weld Arnold, is published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. It is the revision of a privately-printed publication, which the compiler first prepared for use in her own home. "The endeavor has been made to choose those fairy tales which are most free from horrible happenings, and to omit all writings which tolerate unkindness to animals." Colonel Higginson writes an introduction warmly commending the book. The titles are annotated, and are grouped according to the ages of their readers—from two to fourteen. The selection is one of the best we have ever seen, and no mother should be without it.

In a short monograph entitled "Was William Shakspeare a Gentleman?" Mr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum shows that a coat-of-arms was granted to John Shakspeare in 1596, and that the application in 1599 was not for an original grant of arms but for permission to impale with the Shakspeare arms those of the ancient and noble family of Arden. Hitherto it has been generally assumed that this second application was for an "exemplification" or "recognition" of what had been an alleged grant, and that Shakspeare used influence to gratify his heraldic ambitions. Thereby a blot, if such it may be called, is removed from the Shakspeare 'scentcheon, and all's gules again.

A monumental one-volume war record has recently been brought to completion in Col. Frederick H. Dyer's "Compendium of the War of the Rebellion" (Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press). Colonel Dyer has spent forty years in collecting data, tabulating and arranging it, and revising and correcting his material, until he has produced a compact repository of all essential facts and dates pertaining to the men and military organizations engaged in the war, and the actions, big and little, in which they took part. The sources are all official, thus insuring the greatest possible accuracy. The arrangement is in three parts: Organization—covering troops furnished, losses, brigade, division, corps, and army formation, commanders; Action—covering every battle, engagement, and skirmish, showing troops involved in each, and losses when they were officially reported; and History—giving the complete story of the regiments and companies participating in the struggle. To the statistician or historian of the Civil War period, the Compendium will doubtless prove invaluable; and as a reference work it will fill a constantly increasing demand.

"In English Homes," that sumptuous account of English domestic architecture, has now reached its third volume (Scribner). Mr. Charles Latham, as before, furnishes an abundance of clear and beautiful photographs, and Mr. H. Avray Tipping provides the textual comment. The period covered is that of Palladianism, introduced from Italy by Leoni, most skilfully practised by Inigo Jones, and exerting a dominating influence over English architecture up to the time of Sir William Chambers. A comprehensive introduction characterizes the period and gives brief biographical notes of its best-known builders and designers. Forty country houses are then depicted, with historical data and as much architectural comment as the merit of each warrants. Interior decorations by men like Gibbons, Verrio, Laguerre, Kent, Robert Adam, and Chippendale, receive due attention in picture and text.

NOTES.

A new edition of that perennially fascinating book, "The Buccaneers of America," by John Esquemeling, is published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. in handsome library form, with reproductions of the striking old illustrations.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. publish a third edition of "The Home Life of the Ancient Greeks," as translated by Miss Alice Zimmern from the German of Professor H. Blümner. It is an interesting and copiously illustrated volume.

A new edition, on thin paper, of the books of Mr. Thomas Hardy is now being published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. "The Return of the Native" and "Jude the Obscure" are the volumes now at hand. Each volume has a photogravure frontispiece.

"Sun Tzu on the Art of War," which is described as "the oldest military treatise in the world," has been translated from the Chinese by Mr. Lionel Giles, who also provides an introduction and many critical notes. Messrs. Luzac & Co., London, are the publishers.

A series of stories of colonial life, written for children, by Mr. James Otis, and designed for use as supplementary school reading, is published by the American Book Co. "Ruth of Boston," "Mary of Plymouth," and "Richard of Jamestown" are the volumes thus far issued.

"Reconstruction in Texas," by Dr. Charles William Ramsdell, is a bulky monograph published by Columbia University in the series of "Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law." Chapters upon the secession of Texas and its war history precede the discussion of the main subject of the work.

A new volume in "The Students' Old Testament," edited by Dr. Charles Foster Kent, is published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Its contents are devoted to "The Sermons, Epistles, and Apocalypses of Israel's Prophets," which it supplies abundantly with notes and other critical apparatus.

"English Composition in Theory and Practice" (Macmillan) is a manual made up almost wholly of illustrative examples, duly classified, and has been produced by the joint editorship of a group of five teachers in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, the name of Dr. Henry Seidel Canby heading the list.

Volume II. in the Virginia Series of "Collections of the Illinois State Historical Library" is devoted to the publication of the "Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790," edited by Professor Clarence Walworth Alvord. Most of the material contained in this important volume is now for the first time put into print, and its value is, of course, very great for the student of Illinois history.

A group of recent issues in the various series of the Field Museum of Natural History includes two publications of great importance: A catalogue of the bronzes in the Museum (copies of the originals in Naples), by that thoroughly competent scholar, Prof. Frank B. Tarbell, and a bulky volume upon "The Birds of Illinois and Wisconsin," by Mr. Charles B. Cory. Both publications are richly illustrated.

A series of booklets coming from Cambridge, and published by the Harvard Cooperative Society, are devoted to modern versions of comparatively unfamiliar works in early English and Continental literature. The two now before us are "Beatrice," a fourteenth century legend written in the Netherlands, and now trans-

lated by Mr. Harold DeWolf Fuller; and "Sir Orfeo," adapted from the Middle English by Mr. Edward Eyre Hunt.

"Venice and Her Treasures," by Mrs. Hugh A. Douglas, is an art guide to the city of the doges, with condensed descriptions and a great many illustrations. It is just the sort of volume to take with one on a tour of inspection of the churches and galleries. With Baedeker in one pocket and this in another, the tourist who runs as he reads should be well equipped. The Messrs. Scribner are the publishers.

The death of Professor William Graham Sumner, which occurred on the twelfth of this month, deprives Yale University of one of her oldest and most useful teachers, and the country of one of its clearest and most authoritative writers in the fields of social and political science. Born in 1840, he graduated at Yale in 1863, and continued his studies at Oxford and Göttingen. After a few years of tutorship at Yale, he was ordained as a clergyman of the Episcopal faith, and for some time was rector of a church in New Jersey. In 1872 he returned to Yale as professor of social and political science, and remained there until his death. Professor Sumner was an earnest and effective advocate of free trade and other economic and social reforms. His best-known books are "Protectionism," "A History of American Currency," and "What the Social Classes Owe to Each Other."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 104 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- Recollections of a Varied Life. By George Cary Eggleston. 8vo, 354 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$3. net.
- The First Great Canadian: The Story of Pierre Le Mayne, Sieur D'Iberville. By Charles B. Reed. Illustrated, 8vo, 265 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2. net.
- Edward Bulwer, First Baron Lytton of Knebworth: A Social, Personal, and Political Monograph. By T. H. S. Escott. With portrait, large 8vo, 348 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.
- The Diary of a Daly Débutante. Anonymous. With portraits, 12mo, 249 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.35 net.
- The Hygiene of the Soul: The Memoir of a Physician and Philosopher. By Gustav Pollak. 12mo, 209 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.30 net.
- Three Rivers: The James, The Potomac, The Hudson; A Retrospect of Peace and War. By Joseph Pearson Farley. Illustrated in color, 8vo, 277 pages. Neale Publishing Co. \$2. net.
- During the Reign of Terror: The Journal of My Life during the French Revolution. By Grace Dalrymple Elliott; translated by E. Jules Méras. With portrait, 12mo, 238 pages. "Court Series of French Memoirs." Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50 net.
- Bishop Potter: The People's Friend. By Harriette A. Keyser. With portrait, 12mo, 196 pages. Thomas Whittaker. \$1. net.

HISTORY.

- The Buccaneers of America: A True Account of the Most Remarkable Assaults Committed of Late Years upon the Coasts of the West Indies by the Buccaneers of Jamaica and Tortuga. By John Esquemeling. New edition; illustrated, 8vo, 507 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4. net.
- The History of England, from the Restoration to the death of William III., 1680-1702. By Richard Lodge. Large 8vo, 517 pages. "The Political History of England." Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.00 net.
- The Price of Blood: A Sequel to "Rasplata" and "The Battle of Tsushima." By Captain Vladimir Semenov; translated by Leonard Lemery and F. E. Godfrey. 12mo, 225 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Reconstruction in Texas. By Charles William Ramsdell. Large 8vo, 324 pages. "Columbia University Studies." Longmans, Green, & Co. Paper.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Promenades of an Impressionist. By James Huneker. 12mo, 390 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.
Shakespeare's Roman Plays and their Background. By M. W. MacCallum. 8vo, 665 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3. net.
On Everything. By H. Belloc. 16mo, 294 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.
East London Visions. By O'Dermid W. Lawler. 8vo, 305 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.75 net.
The Mystery of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By Robert Russell Benedict. 12mo, 120 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1. net.
Wise-Knut. By Björnsterne Björnson; translated by Bernard Stahl. With portrait, 16mo, 126 pages. New York: Brandu's.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Works of Sir John Suckling, in Prose and Verse. Edited, with introduction and notes, by A. Hamilton Thompson. 8vo, 424 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.75 net.
Jude the Obscure. By Thomas Hardy. With frontispiece. 16mo, 488 pages. Harper & Brothers. Cloth, \$1.25; leather, \$1.25 net.
Phaethon, and Other Stories from Ovid. Edited by G. M. Edwards, M.A. 16mo, 123 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cts. net.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MARK TWAIN	305
BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON	307
THE INTERREGNUM IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. Charles Leonard Moore	307
CASUAL COMMENT	309
The public library's vast accumulation of trash.—Over-capitalization in literature.—"How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day."—Mr. Galsworthy's dramatic theme.—The power of the apt phrase.—The steady demand for the favorite old books.—The possibilities of the 'prentice pen.—The printer's art as a branch of liberal culture.—Of interest to Stratford visitors.	
COMMUNICATION	311
Professor Agassiz and the Carnegie Fund. Weir Mitchell.	
THE "HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER" REVEALED. Percy F. Bicknell	312
SOME ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETS. W. E. Simonds	313
A CLASSIC OF BIOLOGICAL LITERATURE. Raymond Pearl	316
AN AMERICAN SOLDIER AND MYSTIC. Walter L. Fleming	317
CHICAGO BEFORE THE FIRE. William Morton Payne	319
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	321
German dramatic literature in the 19th century.—A plurality of Shakespeares.—Bibliography of Atlases.—Lord Byron's "last phase."—For the conquest of consumption.—Leading events in the history of our Navy.—The people's share in our law-making.	
BRIEFER MENTION	324
THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF "THE DIAL": LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	325
TOPICS IN THE MAY PERIODICALS	330
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	330

MARK TWAIN.

The report of Mark Twain's death on the 21st of April, this time not "greatly exaggerated" but sadly and literally true, was the occasion of heart-felt grief to the entire nation, we may almost say to the whole world. No American of our time was more widely known; no other American writer lately among the living had endeared himself to so large and cosmopolitan an audience. His life, ended midway in its seventy-fifth year, had been rich in human experience, had fulfilled the season of mellow fruitfulness, and had given literary expression, as few other lives have done, to the qualities of buoyancy and independence so characteristic of the typical American temperament. It was also a life which, in its personal aspects, revealed the qualities of manliness and sympathy, was admirable in its public and private relations, and bore with fortitude the buffets of ill-fortune. There are tests of character which few men can suffer without some show of weakness; his character they served only to sweeten and strengthen.

Mark Twain's life may be divided into two nearly equal parts. Of the first part, which includes his boyhood days, his experiences as a journeyman printer and editor, his brief career as a Mississippi pilot, his briefer career as a Confederate soldier, and his adventures in the mining-camps and rude settlements of the West, we have the most vivid of records in his books—in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" and "Roughing It," and in the countless short stories and sketches which began with "The Jumping Frog" and are probably not yet at an end, for only a part of the work which he humorously styles his "Autobiography" has been put into print. Those early days left him with a fund of recollections upon which his drafts were honored—as was similarly the case with Bret Harte—for long years after the experiences themselves had become old (although not unhappy) far off things. As the recorder of these phases of pioneer life which he knew at first hand, and of which he almost alone has preserved for us the very form and pressure, we are immeasurably in his debt. There are few things that we know as well as what it was to be a boy in a Missouri country town, a futile skirmisher in the early days of the Civil War, and a traveller on the lower Mississippi, few

bygone types that are as real to us as the miners and stage-coach drivers and politicians and bar-room loafers of the untutored West of the mid-century. The writings in which these things have been preserved for us are Mark Twain's best, because they are his raciest and least self-conscious.

The next best group of his books is provided by "The Innocents Abroad," "A Tramp Abroad," and "Following the Equator," the three extensive records of unconventional travel. Yet in these the touch of sophistication is seen, and becomes progressively pronounced with each succeeding narrative. The second is not as good as the first, and the third is distinctly weaker than the second, more artificial in its conception and more forced in its humor. When the author transplanted himself to the East for permanent residence in the seventies, he abandoned the primal sources of his inspiration, and never developed others of comparable importance. Going farther and farther afield in search of fresh material, he illustrated anew the myth of Antæus, and displayed a pitiable weakness. Over some of his later flounderings in the alien elements of literary criticism, history, and metaphysics, it were best discreetly to draw a veil. There was in him a streak of the Philistine which might have remained undetected had he "kept to his last," but which was sharply revealed when he infringed upon the domain of intellectual and scholarly concerns.

The present is not, however, the best occasion for dwelling upon Mark Twain's limitations, or for emphasizing the ephemeral character of a considerable part of his work. A fair share of that work, at least, stands upon a level so high as to be in no danger of passing out of sight. Up to an advanced point in his career, he grew steadily in power and wisdom; his sympathies became ever broader and deeper, and his expressive faculty kept pace with the larger demands that were made upon it. From the exuberant journalist who gave us entertainment in his earlier days he developed into something like a sage to whom we came to look no less for counsel than for amusement. We learned to detect in his homely speech the movings of a fine spirit, instinct with the nobler promptings of democracy, hating shams and ostentatious vulgarity, gentle and gracious in its quieter moods, but fanned to burning indignation when facing some monstrous wickedness, such as the corruption of our political life, or the dastardly act of the American soldier in the Philippines who betrayed his rescuer and shamelessly boasted of the shameful deed, or the infamy of the royal

libertine who distilled a fortune from the blood of the miserable natives of the Congo. Even more than by his strictly literary work, he earned our gratitude for the brave words which he spoke upon such themes as these, words that cleared the moral atmosphere and made us see things in the light of naked truth.

Nor should we, in our tribute to the man, forget the silent heroism with which he endured loss of fortune in his advancing years, and shouldered the burden of a debt incurred by the rascality of his associates, a debt for which he was only indirectly responsible, and which he might have evaded without serious impairment of his reputation. The strenuous labors of the years of lecturing and writing which enabled him to discharge in full the shadowy obligations which he then assumed took their toll of his vitality, but won for him an esteem higher than is ever the reward of the artist alone. This action ranks with the similar examples set by Scott and Curtis; it is one of those shining deeds that reveal the man himself, in contradistinction to the works by which most men of creative genius are contented to be known.

The attitude of criticism toward Mark Twain as a writer has undergone a slow but complete change during the past thirty years. From being thought of simply as a "funny man," of the kin of Josh Billings and Artemus Ward, he has gradually come to be recognized as one of our foremost men of letters. This is a profoundly significant transformation of opinion, and to account for it fully would require a more careful analysis than we here have space to undertake. The recognition has been unduly delayed, partly because so much of his output has been utterly unworthy of his best self, and partly because his work in its totality is of so nondescript a character. The conventional way to distinction in literature is by the fourfold path of the poem, the play, the novel, and the essay. Occasionally, also, an historian compels literary recognition. But Mark Twain was neither a poet nor a playwright nor an historian. He was hardly a novelist, either, for his share in "The Gilded Age" does not seriously count, and his work in the form of fiction is not remarkable as story-telling pure and simple. If we are to group him at all, it must be with the essayists, using that term elastically enough to include with him our own Irving, and such Englishmen as Swift and Carlyle. We must either do this, or fall back upon the *sui generis* solution of the problem. Again, if we make a subdivision of the essayist class for the humor-

ists alone, we encounter the difficulty offered by our obstinate association of that term with mere fun-making and the appeal to the lighter interests of human nature. Obviously, our subdivision must take yet another step, and admit that, on the one hand, there are humorists who make us laugh and have hardly any other influence over us, and humorists who are also creative artists, and critics of life in the deeper sense, and social philosophers whose judgments are of weight and import. If we are to classify Mark Twain at all, it must be with the latter distinguished company; and his title to kinship with the three English writers above mentioned, and even with such alien prototypes as Aristophanes and Rabelais and Cervantes, is at least not scornfully to be put aside.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

The survivor of the Norwegian Dioscuri — if a classical similitude be permissible in the case of two such sturdy Goths as Ibsen and Björnson — closed his eyes in Paris on the 26th of April. His death-bed was surrounded by the members of his family, and he passed peacefully away after an illness of many months. A less vigorous frame would not have gone through the crisis of last February, when his death was hourly expected. At that time, the critical journals of the world (*THE DIAL* included) paid their respects to his fame, and he had the unusual experience of living to read (if he cared for such entertainment) an extensive collection of what were, to all intents and purposes, his obituary tributes. His life was continued well along into his seventy-eighth year; and few lives have been so worthily lived, or made so helpful to human kind. His nation (become a nation largely through his efforts) mourns him as it mourned Ibsen, but with a difference; for he inspired love in no less measure than respect, and was a national figure in a deeper and more intimate sense than was ever his famous compeer. And the world mourns with Norway, for he has been a figure of cosmopolitan significance since that time in the seventies when his outlook became broadened, and he plunged into the main current of the stream of modern thought. Politics, sociology, science, education, and religion, have all been enriched by his activities and his intuitions. Yet it is probably as the singer of the people's songs, and as the artist who portrayed their simple lives and vivified their heroic and legendary past, that his fame will chiefly endure. Other ages will have new problems to face, and new prophets will arise to give guidance for their solution; but the poet of "Ja, vi elsker" and "Over de Høje Fjelde," the creator of "Synnöve Solbakken" and "Arne," the restorer of Sigurd Slembe and Olaf the Holy, is reasonably sure of immortality.

THE INTERREGNUM IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

"Authors, do not read your contemporaries," was the sage advice of Matthew Arnold. Authors, do not write about your contemporaries, is perhaps a better counsel, and one which I have tried to follow. I used to read my contemporaries religiously, — and I ought to have had a pension for my efforts in this line. But I did not think I could serve them or the public by criticising them, and for a good while I have busied myself with the things which I know are abiding.

But even to one who sports his oak to the present, a great silence outside may become audible, a great vacancy may make itself felt. I suppose everyone is agreed that we have in literature no recognized kings or princes of the blood, no glittering court which fixes all eyes. And that we had such regalities in the past, powers that were potent in their own day, is also recognized. What has come over us?

The late Thomas Bailey Aldrich, master of a magic flute, said, in a letter dated in 1891, that for the next twenty years poetry was going to have a hard time in America. Never was there a truer prophecy. But why?

The commonly received explanation is the materialism of the age, which in turn is due to the great advances in the physical sciences and to the enormous increase in wealth. Such explanation leaves me unconvinced. Mankind is always, in the main, material — is chiefly concerned with getting a living and having a good time. And other ages have equalled ours in scientific discovery, and, proportionally, in wealth. No recent material discovery is on the same plane with the finding of America and the establishment of the rotundity of the earth. No late scientific hypothesis equals the Copernican theory or the law of gravitation. No modern invention is so far-reaching in consequences as the inventions of printing, of the mariner's compass, or of gunpowder. And in the ages which saw these marvellous developments of science and discovery, religion and imagination, literature and art creation, walked abreast of the other activities of man. People did not stop going to church, or singing love or festal songs, or recounting the heroic legends of their race, because of Columbus or Galileo or Guttenberg, or Newton. If anything, the achievements of these men stimulated the mind of the world.

There is perhaps more plausibility in the wealth theory. Wealth, really, only respects wealth; and intellect, really, only respects intellect. The personages of the two camps do not come together very well. And of late the masses, dazzled by money and its uses, have weakened in fealty to intellect and turned their whole worship to the Golden Calf. But rich men have often stood by literature and art. The traditions of the English aristocracy, for instance, have always been to foster these — to the extent, at least, of buying books and objects of art. And rich nations have often gone art mad. The Athenians

did not become an art people until they acquired the spoils of the Persian War — until they won the gardens of the Cyclades, the commerce of the Mediterranean. No,—nations like individuals must be born with certain faculties or tendencies. "What is the best way to become beautiful?" asked a young girl of her doctor. "Well, my dear, the best way I know is to be born pretty." Perhaps America was behind the door when the fatal gift of beauty was given out.

But these are large considerations, and may be tossed about in a good many ways. It is better to come down to the actually appraisable tendencies and influences that have made for what at least seems to be a period of comparative dulness and poverty in American literature.

The preaching and practice of the dogmas of realism may account for some part of our weakness. I have never been able to attach much importance to the fanciful labels of classic, romantic, realistic, symbolic, and the like, which writers give themselves and fight for. There is a real distinction between the different forms of literature, between tragedy and comedy, the novel and the play, narrative and lyric poetry. But all literature is based on human nature, on the spectacle of the world, on the thoughts and dreams of men. The reports of these things differ according to the talents of the authors, but not by any set formulas. The Agamemnon is just as real as the last novel founded on the same theme of the unfaithful wife. So while our doctrinaires have filled our ears with the fury of their words, I do not believe they have done much harm beyond withdrawing writers too much from what Rossetti called "fundamental brain-work" and making them trust too much to observation. Miss Ellen Terry, in her Autobiography, says that when she first played Ophelia she went to the madhouse for models. But she found that she had to imagine first and observe afterwards. That, I judge, is really the law of all art. You must know what you want to do, and then take from nature the materials for doing it.

A more important cause for our comparative failure in pure literature is the American appetite for the didactic. Other and perhaps sounder nations are content to take part of their instruction in life from art, to absorb it from the examples in great literature. But with us nothing will do but the direct hortatory word. Dean Swift left his money to the Irish people to found a madhouse,—

"To prove by one satiric touch
No nation needed it so much."

Possibly American authors have expended the exchequer of their intellects on the didactic, for a similar reason. Everyone preaches in America — our Presidents, the presidents of our colleges, magazine editors, and so on down the line. No wonder the clergy are overslaughed. They don't get half a chance. The word is taken from their mouths. Now the critic would be a fool indeed who would deery the province and power of the didactic in literature, or deny the nobility and usefulness of

the works it has brought forth. Two poets so important and opposed as Pope and Wordsworth are liege subjects of the Lord of Didacticism. And our own Emerson holds his titles from the same hand. To me it seems, however, that all these men are takers of second prizes. In pure literature, didacticism should be the sauce, not the *pièce de résistance*. The business of literature of the central type is to depict life — life real, great, grotesque, charming, ridiculous; life ideal, noble, and beautiful. And an overplus of moralizing spoils both the truth and beauty of the picture. Men of letters can afford to leave the direct preaching and enforcement of morals to the clergy, who are trained and paid to do such work.

If Beauty is the beginning of literature, tragedy is its culmination. It is certain that we do not love tragedy to-day in America. We put it aside as something black and unpleasant and intruding, like cockroaches or the *cimex lectularius*. That we had the feeling for it, the stern joy in it, in the past, is also sure. We read and applauded our great writers who explored the heights and abysses of human nature, who faced all the horrors and deaths of spirit and body, and rose above them, winged, exalted, victorious. As long as we refuse to deal with such losses and gains of life, we doom our literature to mediocrity.

Some of our critics explain our deficiency in greatness by the irreverence of our minds, by the lowness and vulgarity of our humor. Now I do not think our humor is irreverent enough or low enough or vulgar enough for that. Perhaps our humorists have not got it in them; but more probably they, like Dr. Holmes, do not dare to be as funny as they can. Public opinion compels them to be decent. Wit can be as genteel as it pleases; but great humor — the world-upsetting kind — can hardly exist without grossness. It is the foil to the noble side of life, and what is the use of a foil which tries to look as much as possible like its principal. Matthew Arnold, Puritan and precisian as he really was, has some coarse though not gross scenes in his *Friendship's Garland* — and his whole heart went out in critical approval of Burns's "Jolly Beggars" and the bestialities of Faust and Aristophanes. He knew what literature was, and always declined to accept dishwater or weak tea as efficient substitutes. Of our own men, Irving in the past was not afraid to be low. Of course all the great humorists of the world — Aristophanes, Boccaccio, Cervantes, Rabelais, Molière, Shakespeare, Sterne, Fielding, Goldsmith, Burns, Goethe, and Heine — have been utterly contemptuous of decency and the proprieties when they wanted to give the reality of the animal side of human life.

The magazines, — taking them in full — have done a good deal to depress the vitality and destroy the originality of our recent literature. A novel writer has his direct appeal to the public, but for the poet, essayist, or short-story writer, the magazine has been the only path of access. This has placed a great power and responsibility in the edi-

tor's hands. But for the most part these miscellanies are commercial undertakings. To pay, they must appeal to a wide public; and to reach this public they must give it what it understands and can appreciate. There must therefore be an inevitable leveling down that there may be some uplift. I have no doubt that the editors do their best to reconcile literature with an appeal to the masses. But their best, a little way off, does not loom large. I remember once being shut up alone in a house with a complete set of one of our oldest and most respected magazines. It was in a little inn on the top of Mount Mansfield; and for several days the fog hung over the mountain, so that I could not get about. Never mind, I thought, there is solace within! But as I turned over volume after volume of the magazine, and realized the mediocrity of the verses, the dullness of the essays, the tameness of the domesticated variety of the short-story, my soul grew dark within me, and I took my chances in the fog outside.

The late Charles A. Dana is reported to have said that he edited the New York "Sun" for an audience which was thirteen years old. Now my last indictment of our lateliterature is that it has been edited for women, who have been its main readers. Women, like the pretty realism which reproduces the everyday facts of their lives. With their practical instincts and craving for authority, they approve of didacticism, which seems to them plain good-sense. Although playful and witty, they have no great turn for humor, and coarseness disgusts them. They are in themselves the best exponents of Beauty, but they are by no manner of means the Beauty worshippers that men are. Their plastic sense is naturally weak, and hardly extends beyond an appreciation of pretty gew-gaws; so that the form, color, picture, music of verse makes little appeal to them. What they demand in poetry is sentiment and emotion. Tragedy hurts them; it was the women who fainted when the Eumenides of Æschylus rushed upon the stage. They do not see the good of the crimes, horrors, and violence necessary in tragic work. Of course these are sweeping charges, and they are open to many exceptions; but in the large they are true. And certainly men do not want any general reformation in feminine nature in these respects. We are fairly content with women as they are. But if we are going to relegate altogether to them the reading of books, literature will of course follow the lines suited to their tastes and instincts.

Mr. Aldrich's period of probation is nearly past. After its twenty years wandering in the desert, Poetry may at last be coming to the Promised Land. In prose there are signs of a leavening and lightening of the vast soggy mass of realism, didacticism, and sentiment. Real creative imagination, real humor, real wit, begin to be apparent. But Poetry, with its balanced wings of sense and spirit, is the true angel that must move the waters. Until we believe in Poetry again, we shall not be saved.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY'S VAST ACCUMULATION OF TRASH — for such, in sober truth, much of our current literature will hereafter be adjudged to be — may well give us pause. At the recent dedication of the new building of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Mr. Charles Francis Adams took occasion to utter a warning against the indiscriminate preservation of printed matter. "I venture a confident opinion," he declared, "that the world of scholarship would be in no wise appreciably poorer if one-half, and that the larger half, of the printed matter now accumulated in our public libraries could tomorrow be obliterated — swept clean out of existence." With a book production yearly increasing, it is no wonder that library buildings designed to serve the needs of a century to come prove inadequate in a quarter of that time, or even in less. Yet who can anticipate the verdict of posterity on our present literary output, and so decide what ought to be kept and what discarded? The now familiar expedient (urged by Dr. Eliot) of providing a storage room or building for at least the temporary deposit of all likely candidates for oblivion, thus relieving the groaning shelves of the book-stack, is worth considering, even though the storage of inactive books is far more expensive than their summary destruction. The responsibility of deciding, periodically, what portion of a library's possessions should be committed to the flames is obviously greater than most librarians would care to assume. But to cull out, now and then, a few authors to be sent to the morgue, there to await a more or less remote posterity's mandate for their decent burial, would be a less serious matter; and at any moment a book thus provisionally offered as a prey to dumb forgetfulness could, on second thought, be restored to the warm precincts of the cheerful day and perhaps put once more into lively circulation. The whole problem, however, is so serious, so increasingly serious, that no off-hand solution of it is possible. Happily, like so many other diseases, this bibliothecal congestion will tend to work out its own cure, and it will be some time yet before our library book-stacks actually scrape the sky.

OVER-CAPITALIZATION IN LITERATURE — in the printed page — is a matter in which a few timely words may be said; as also a few words on under-capitalization. Capitals are a precious asset in the printer's art, and not to be treated frivolously. The reaction against the excessive and unmethodical capitalization of two centuries ago has itself been followed by something of a reaction in favor of the initial capital letter; and most effective that upper-case bit of type often proves as a mark of emphasis. But familiarity breeds contempt, and the reader ceases to be impressed as soon as the sprinkling of capitals turns into a steady down-pour. There is one use of the capital letter that has often seemed to us

an abuse, though it has excited no general comment. In quoting a German word, of the noun-class, why should we feel obliged to conform invariably to the German rule and distinguish the word with a capital? It is well enough to write *Kaiser* and *Königreich* and *Vaterland* with large initials if one chooses; but when it comes to *beinkleider* and *bleistift* and *tintenfass*, they deserve no such distinction at our hands, whatever the practice of the Teuton. Contrariwise, merely because the French (and the library-school graduates) write their book-titles with only an initial capital, unless proper names occur, why should we discard the old and approved usage of capitals for all nouns and other important words in the title? Excessive economy — parsimony, in fact — in the use of upper-case letters has long marked the typography of a leading New England newspaper whose reputation is national. There is a story that when a new compositor on this paper asked what rule to follow in the use of capitals, he was instructed by a fellow-compositor to confine their use to the founder of Christianity and the founder of the paper. The journal in question indulges in such eccentricities as "Bunker hill," "Connecticut river," "New haven railroad company," "Standard oil trust," and "the social democrat party," and in a late issue made the surprising statement, "We have crossed the rubicon." A small river, in truth, is the Rubicon, but surely of sufficient importance in Roman history to deserve a large initial letter. In this matter, as in so many others, there is a reasonable middle way between the extremes of excess and abstinence which the trained taste should find it not hard to follow.

"HOW TO LIVE ON TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY" is the effective title of a little book by Mr. Arnold Bennett, written some years ago, but practically discovered in America in the wake of the recent popularity of "The Old Wives' Tale." Many of the characters in Mr. Bennett's novels are of the type that "muddle along" and call it living; and he understands with peculiar completeness the commonplace person's attitude (or lack of attitude) toward life, — the sleepy, unthinking acquiescence in its conditions, dominated by a wish — not poignant enough to operate as a motive, but too strong to make real contentment possible — that he had "more time" for the things that count. "More time," says Mr. Bennett, is one of a very few things that nobody can get. You can neither buy, beg, nor lose your quota of time. No matter how shamefully you misuse one hour, another undeviatingly follows. The thing to do, then, is to cease wishing for the impossible, and to realize that if you work, let us say, eight hours, and sleep seven or eight, you still have eight or nine hours a day in which to live, with mind as well as body. In the little book above referred to, and in a similar collection of articles on "The Reasonable Life," Mr. Bennett makes trenchant suggestions on the vitalizing of dull, purposeless evenings, the utilizing of time spent in getting to

and from work, the application to the quickening and development of the mind of the ideas that are rife nowadays about physical culture. He proposes no spectacular scheme of self-cultivation; "slow and sure" is his motto. But most of his readers will be perplexed indeed to know what becomes of those extra eight or nine hours, and will be inclined to try some of Mr. Bennett's simple expedients for filling one or two of them.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S DRAMATIC THEME has always been justice to the under dog. Recently he has used "Justice" as the title of a play which, in grim simplicity of motive and action and in utter absence of stage conventions and dramatic "effects," is even less theatrical, if possible, than his three plays that have preceded it. The brief is strong just because it makes no pretension to being unassailable. Its unfolding has been followed with the tensest interest at the Repertory Theatre in London, and it is said that Mr. Winston Churchill, after listening attentively through a performance, immediately instituted several reforms in prison management suggested by the experiences of the hero, Falder, who is "sent up" for three years for raising a cheque. He does raise the check, his motive being a desire to free a woman friend from the tyranny and abuse of a cruel husband. Whether he was at the moment crazed by love and worry, is the legal point at issue; the vital one being whether the law is justified, — for the boy's life is ruined, and incidentally the woman's, before justice has run its course. A fussy old barrister's clerk with a heart furnishes the humor, without which this "slice of life" would be unbearably grim. The very restrained style of the play is hard on the reader — and on the actor too, at the same time that it furnishes him with his great opportunity.

THE POWER OF THE APT PHRASE can hardly be overestimated. The late Professor Sumner of Yale declared in his last book that "an educated man ought to be beyond the reach of suggestion from advertisements, newspapers, speeches, and stories." Nevertheless, a live man must and will react on his environment, and the seductions of clever advertisements, adroit headlines, persuasive speeches, and interesting stories must be resisted if they are not yielded to; they cannot leave an intelligently alert person absolutely indifferent. Hence the powerful influence exerted by men who can put thoughts that breathe into words that burn. How many a man and woman has been moved to the expression, wise or unwise, of righteous indignation by that little phrase of Burke's "a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue," or has been taught patience by that other phrase of his, "Custom reconciles us to everything"! "A wise and salutary neglect" has been the salvation of many young persons wholly ignorant of their debt to the coiner of the phrase. Franklin's assertion that "there never was a good war or a bad peace" has contributed, who knows how much, to international harmony, as his equally

famous saying that "in this world nothing is certain but death and taxes" has helped many of us to bear philosophically the vicissitudes of our lot. That there is a one best way, or supremely effective way, to state an important truth, who that has picked up a few of the immortal phrases of literature and of proverbial philosophy can doubt?

THE STEADY DEMAND FOR THE FAVORITE OLD BOOKS reveals an element of strength and permanency that is in encouraging contrast with the insatiate craving for the latest popular novelty in literature. Recent investigation has proved that, with the Bible and Shakespeare heading the list of constant sellers, Scott (especially his "Ivanhoe"), Hawthorne ("The Scarlet Letter" first and foremost), Thackeray ("Vanity Fair" particularly), and Dickens (both in "Pickwick" and "David Copperfield"), are in large and unflagging demand. Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" still appeals strongly to book-buyers, and is said, perhaps with some exaggeration, to bring in about forty thousand dollars a year to the author's family. Strikingly inferior is the popularity of both his earlier novel "The Fair God" and his later effort "The Prince of India." An encouraging symptom is the large public demand for the leading poets, Longfellow outdistancing all competitors in this country, with Whittier in second place. Tennyson and Browning also have each a strong following, and the sale of FitzGerald's "Omar," since the expiration of copyright twenty years ago, has been such as would have struck the modest translator (or adaptor, rather) dumb with amazement.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE 'PRENTICE PEN are delightfully unrestricted. What new and epoch-making contribution the young writer shall make to literature, it rests with himself to determine. A striking proof of the young and unknown author's power to command attention, and to win sure reward for good work well done, was lately furnished in London, where a publisher, Mr. Andrew Melrose, had offered a handsome prize of two hundred and fifty guineas for the best novel submitted in open competition. One hundred and sixty manuscripts were offered, and were passed upon by three competent judges — Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, Miss Mary Cholmondeley, and Mrs. Henry de la Pasture; and the winning novel, "A Marriage under the Terror," is found to be a "first performance" as a novel, the writer, "Patricia Wentworth," having produced hitherto only short stories. Sanguine expectations of a brilliant success for "A Marriage under the Terror" are entertained.

THE PRINTER'S ART AS A BRANCH OF LIBERAL CULTURE, or at least of business education, is now made a subject of university instruction at Harvard. A course in the history of printing is offered in the Fine Arts department, and a course on the technique of printing is given in the recently established Busi-

ness School. The materials and processes — paper, ink, type, printing machinery, and so on — are to be studied under the tuition of experts. An advanced course, including visits to various printing-houses, and exercises in preparation of copy, proof-reading, catalogue-making, and other details of printing and publishing, is also in prospect. If the art of printing can thus be restored to something like its dignity and importance in the days of the Elzevirs and the Aldines, possibly we may be consoled for the loss sustained in the process by Virgil and Cicero, Homer and Sophocles and Plato. Certainly it is a far cry from the Greek, Latin, and mathematics of the old-time college to the multitudinous and more or less "practical" courses and schools of the modern university.

OF INTEREST TO STRATFORD VISITORS this summer will be the forthcoming "Catalogue of the Books, Manuscripts, Works of Art, Antiquities, and Relics, at present exhibited in Shakespeare's Birthplace," issued by the trustees of said birthplace for the use of that large fraction of the touring public which yearly pays its tribute of curiosity and cash to the famous town on the Avon. The catalogue is described as containing sixty-one illustrations of objects on exhibition, among them being facsimiles of Shakespeare signatures and of title-pages to early editions of his works, with occasional literary and historical annotations.

COMMUNICATION.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ AND THE CARNEGIE FUND.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I find on page 264 of your issue of April 16 a statement in regard to my lifelong friend Dr. Alexander Agassiz, which in justice to him and to the Carnegie Scientific Institution of Washington needs to be corrected. The statement is, in substance, that Agassiz was offered \$75,000 for conducting some deep-sea soundings on condition that the enterprise should be known as the Carnegie-Agassiz Expedition, and that he declined the offer and found the money elsewhere.

Together with Dr. John Billings, I spent a night with Mr. Agassiz and arranged that we should offer him \$50,000 from the Carnegie Fund to enable us to place several men of science on his exploring vessel, who would carry on researches somewhat different from those in which he expected to be engaged. There was no condition made as to the name of the expedition, which was always mentioned in the papers of the Carnegie Scientific Institution as the "Agassiz Expedition," and never had associated with its title even the name Carnegie.

Some time before the expedition started, Mr. Agassiz made up his mind that he preferred to carry on the expedition without assistance; and as it was so arranged, we of the Carnegie Institution took no part in his venture. It is therefore not true that he was offered \$75,000, and that he promptly declined; and untrue that any condition as to a name for the enterprise was attached to the offer of assistance. WEIR MITCHELL.

Philadelphia, April 21, 1910.

The New Books.

THE "HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER" REVEALED.*

Probably nearly every reader of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" — that pioneer in a school of fiction that has had a numerous following, though none of the zealous imitators has yet imperilled the supremacy of the original model — has been inclined to regard the Schoolmaster's experiences as the more or less faithful autobiography of the writer. It is therefore likely to surprise many readers of Mr. George Cary Eggleston's "Recollections of a Varied Life" to learn that not Edward, but his younger brother George, the author of these "Recollections," was the Schoolmaster so well depicted in the novel. Edward Eggleston's feebleness of health debarred him from active pursuits and constrained him to turn, not unwillingly, to his pen as a means of support; and it was his brother's pedagogic difficulties and triumphs at Riker's Ridge, in Indiana, that appealed to the novelist's fancy, and at a critical moment rescued from failure and bankruptcy that excellent old story-paper, "Hearth and Home." Sundry homely details characteristic of Hoosier life in the fifties, told with the convincing force of actual experience, are now added to the necessarily embroidered account of that life as given in the story.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston calls himself, near the close of his volume, "an extemporaneous writer" — the sort of writer developed by the stress and strain of metropolitan journalism; and his brisk narrative has all the excellences, and not many of the defects, of the trained journalist. The reader is spared all introductory or genealogical matter, and all that is of a family nature or of interest chiefly to the writer himself. Plunging into the midst of things, Mr. Eggleston tells us, rapidly and effectively, what sort of a life he has led since his birth at Vevay, Indiana, seventy years ago, and what kind of persons, celebrated or obscure, he has had intercourse with in his varied, and, for a man of letters, rather eventful, course. His family is of Virginia extraction, and in the Old Dominion he himself passed a few of his adolescent years and received the latter part of his academic training. His enthusiasm for things and persons Virginian, well known to readers of his romances, finds additional warm expression in these retrospections, wherein also

*RECOLLECTIONS OF A VARIED LIFE. By George Cary Eggleston. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

he not unnaturally deplores the passing of the old order, the displacement of the Southern planter by the Yankee farmer, and the invasion of the cotton-mill and all the unloveliness of factory life where once were to be enjoyed the courtliness and the leisure of the broad-acred Virginia plantation.

So warmly did the young Eggleston espouse the cause of his adopted State that when the Civil War broke out there seems not to have been the slightest hesitation on his part which side of the quarrel to make his own. Enlisting early and serving to the end, the young cavalryman evidently found his life in the field much to his taste; at least he treats us to very little of the horrors of war, but to not a few agreeable pictures of the freedom and adventure he enjoyed during those four years of campaigning. Of his life in general in the South, and of the peculiar virtues of Southerners, he has much to say which, in its warmth of eulogy, taxes the reader's credulity. But he earnestly protests that he is not exaggerating, and it is certainly far pleasanter to believe than to doubt him. He must, however, have been placed in somewhat exceptional surroundings if one may judge from such passages as the following.

"Both the young men and the young women read voluminously — the young men in part, perhaps, to equip themselves for conversational intercourse with the young women. They both read polite literature, but they read history also with a diligence that equipped them with independent convictions of their own, with regard to such matters as the conduct of Charlotte Corday, the characters of Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre, the ungentlemanly treatment given by John Knox to Mary Queen of Scots, and all that sort of thing. Indeed, among the Virginia women, young and old, the romantic episodes of history, ancient, mediæval, and modern, completely took the place, as subjects of conversation, of those gossiping personalities that make up the staple of conversation among women generally."

Soon after the close of the war, young Mr. Eggleston removed to Illinois, and thence to Mississippi, where he began and ended his brief and unstimulating experience of the law as a profession. Forsaking this, "in the profoundest disgust," for journalism, and for literature in a wider sense, he betook himself, with wife and child, to New York and secured work as a reporter on the Brooklyn "Union," of which Theodore Tilton was then editor, having recently left "The Independent." The enterprise and what he himself calls the "cheek" of the would-be journalist are illustrated by his very first contribution to his newspaper. While waiting for his first assignment he wrote an article and sent it in to Mr. Tilton, who liked it and printed it

as a "leader." Throughout Mr. Eggleston's "varied life," he has manifestly had a happy faculty for landing always on his feet and for making a success of whatever he has undertaken. He says of himself that he has always been "intensely in earnest," and that may help to explain his unfailing effectiveness in any activity claiming his attention.

Among the many famous men, chiefly men of letters, with whom Mr. Eggleston has had dealings, professional or friendly, Bryant is one whom we are glad to be made better acquainted with from the personal anecdotes of the great editor's assistant on the "Evening Post." Contraverting Lowell's commonly-accepted description of him in "A Fable for Critics," where he appears as cold and unresponsive by nature, Mr. Eggleston says:

"The lack of warmth usually attributed to Mr. Bryant I found to be nothing more than the personal reserve common to New Englanders of culture and refinement, plus an excessive personal modesty and a shyness of self-revelation and self-intrusion which is usually found only in young girls just budding into womanhood. Mr. Bryant shrank from self-assertion even of the most impersonal sort, as I never knew any other human being to do. He cherished his own opinions strongly, but he thrust them upon nobody. His dignity was precious to him, but his only way of asserting it was by withdrawal from any conversation or company that trespassed upon it. Above all, emotion was a sacred thing, not to be exploited or even revealed. In ordinary intercourse with his fellow-men he hid it away as one instinctively hides the privacies of the toilet. He could no more lay his feelings bare to common scrutiny than he could have taken his bath in the presence of company. In the intimate talks he and I had together during the last half-dozen years of his life, he laid aside his reserve, so far as it was possible for a man of his sensitive nature to do, and I found him not only warm in his human sympathies, but even passionate."

Mr. Eggleston's long experience as literary editor gives weight to his opinion in matters of literary ethics. His judgment concerning anonymity in literary criticism is apparently reflected in what he quotes from Bryant under this head. "I regard an anonymous literary criticism," said the poet on one occasion to Mr. Eggleston, "as a thing quite as despicable, unmanly, and cowardly as an anonymous letter. It is something that no honorable man should write, and no honorably conducted newspaper should publish." It is true that most of the reviews in the "Post" were unsigned in Bryant's day (as now), but he maintained that in letting it be generally known who was the literary editor of that journal he had removed the stigma of anonymity from them.

As Mr. Eggleston devotes most of his chapters to those early days of young hope and

boundless possibilities with which he entered on his life-work, there is no lack of stimulus and freshness in his pages. In writing his first book, a manual entitled "How to Educate Yourself," for "Putnam's Handy Book Series," he says that he had the advantage of comparative youth and of that self-confident omniscience which only youth can have. "I knew everything then," he continues, "better than I know anything now, so much better, indeed, that for a score of years past I have not dared open the little book, lest it rebuke my present ignorance beyond my capacity to endure." The account of his early good-fortune in being solicited to write "A Rebel's Recollections" for "The Atlantic," and of the genesis of various other works from his pen, with the record of his busy life as a journalist in New York, is full of interest. The chapters are short, and the reader's attention is gladly given to their brisk recital of incident and anecdote. The writer's brief closing description of his working habits is likely to be of help to young followers of literature or journalism. The "extemporaneous" element in the book, while freeing it from any evidence of labor, any smell of the lamp, betrays itself less admirably in an occasional mark of carelessness, as in the use of *compte* as the French form of *count*, and in the neither French nor English *seigniors*. There are no pictures in the volume, not even a frontispiece portrait of the author. Something of Bryant's "shyness of self-revelation and self-intrusion" has indeed been shown by Mr. Eggleston in this respect as in others; and who shall say his book is not all the better for it? PERCY F. BICKNELL.

SOME ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETS.*

Current essays in literary criticism are numerous enough, but it is a rare volume which really takes its readers further along than they were before. It is therefore with pleasure that we take account of Mr. Arthur Symons's substantial volume of criticism on certain British poets who in their time contributed to the modern development of natural feeling and the feeling for nature in English poetry. It is a book over which the discerning reader will felicitate himself as he reads, and the literary student — even though a critic — grow decorously enthusiastic as he writes.

There are, of course, spots upon which criti-

* THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH POETRY. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

cism may light. There is, first of all, a disappointment in store for those who take the volume in hand with expectations naturally aroused by the title. The book is not a treatise upon the Romantic Movement at all. In his preface the author explains that he does not use the term in its usual historical sense. There is, from his point of view, nothing in this development of English poetry so definite as a conscious "movement." In the Tractarian Movement, for example, there was a definite aim which set many minds working together. "No such thing ever happened in the creation of literature." These romanticists among the poets were comrades, to be sure, but not colleagues; they should therefore be studied as individuals. And so in the bulk of the volume we find a collection of critical estimates in which some eighty or ninety versifiers are considered in chronological order, and in which a valuation is placed upon their work. A brief Introduction, of less than twenty pages, contains all that Mr. Symons cares to say about what we usually term the Romantic Movement; and here he defines the phrase as meaning "simply the reawakening of the imagination, a reawakening to a sense of beauty and strangeness in natural things, and in all the impulses of the mind and senses. That reawakening was not always a conscious one."

Nor will the plan of selection adopted by the critic in his choice of poets for consideration commend itself to everyone. No method of limitation could be more arbitrary. The year 1800 is fixed upon as a centre for Mr. Symons's chronological compasses, and the sweep of his instrument includes all the romantic poets who, born previous to that year, survived it. As fate arranged, therefore, it is John Horne (1722-1808) who heads the list of these romanticists, since he chanced to be the oldest British versifier who survived the century; and it is Thomas Hood (1799-1845) who closes the list, because, apparently, no other romantic poet claims the closing year of the century as that of his birth.

However, it is for Mr. Symons to write of whom he pleases, and it is hardly worth while to quarrel with him for thus excluding from his pages the earlier leaders in the movement—Gray, Cowper, Thomson, and Burns. Of Burns, to be sure, the author does have a few suggestive words to say in his Introduction, but he gives no adequate study of the Scotch poet.

Quibbling aside, there is abundance of interesting material in these pages. It is worth while, perhaps, just to have one's memory refreshed regarding the significance of those half-forgotten

if not altogether unknown names. Who was John Horne, for example? Little of his work has survived his own day, yet two lines in his play of "Douglas" were familiar to us when we were schoolboys:

"My name is Norval; on the Grampion Hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain."

And here appears Dr. Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), physician, natural philosopher, and didactic poet, the distinguished grandsire of the more distinguished Charles; with his "Loves of the Plants" and his "Temple of Nature," in whom Imagination mated with Science, producing some strange results. Describing a statue of Lot's wife in the salt-mines of Cracow, he notes:

"Cold dews condense upon her pearly breast,
And the big tear rolls lucid down her vest."

John Wolcott (1735-1803) follows, more easily recognized under the pen-name of "Peter Pindar"—with his

"desultory way of writing,
A hop and step and jump way of inditing."

William Combe (1741-1823) is another writer whose name rests upon the memory with less weight than that of "Dr. Syntax," the pseudonym under which he wrote. It now occurs to us that in our youth we curiously studied over two or three volumes of Dr. Syntax's "Tours," but it is a surprise to learn that this gentleman was the author of some eighty publications, of which none has really survived.

If the names already cited are unfamiliar, those of a little group of women contemporary with these men are still alive. Here are Mrs. Barbauld and Joanna Baillie; and Hannah More, of pious memory, whose sacred dramas, we are assured, are "still readable on a dull afternoon." It may well be that few now read the verses which these ladies wrote; but this can hardly be said of Carolina, Lady Nairne (1766-1845), whose lilting songs—"The Laird of Cockpen," "Caller Herrin'," and "The Land o' the Leal"—make their appeal to-day as freshly as when first written. It was Lady Nairne, by the way, whose "admiration of Burns showed itself in the desire to publish a 'purified' edition of his songs"; but whose practical good sense led her to see that some of the ploughman's best poems "wouldn't be purified," and finally to abandon the scheme. There is an interesting note upon the two sisters, Ann and Jane Taylor, joint authors of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," which contains the following comment. It will strike an American ear oddly enough.

"The talents of Jane were more considerable than those of Ann. She is something what Longfellow would like to have been; but her art is far above his."

There is not much space for personal history in these severely condensed paragraphs of critical comment, but Mr. Symons has found room here and there for a few details. The reader is often touched by their pathos. There was Robert Bloomfield, a country boy, and afterward a tailor in a London garret. There he wrote rural tales, ballads, and nature poems; thirty thousand copies of "The Farmer's Boy" were sold in three years; he was lionized and patronized, and then left to die in poverty. "Had he lived longer he would probably have gone mad." Robert Tannahill worked at a loom in Paisley all his life, making his songs as he worked, like Hans Sachs on his cobbler's bench. He went "melancholy-mad," burned his manuscripts, and drowned himself in the river. George Beattie, the crofter's son, who wrote much about "grisly ghaists" and "whinnering goblins," shot himself because of disappointment in love. On the other hand, there was the experience of William Nicholson, son of a Galloway carrier, who became a peddler, printed his own poems and took them about in his pack. "He went to fairs as singer and piper; then took to drink, and a new gospel which he wanted to preach to the King; but, coming back unsatisfied, became a drover." Most romantic of all, perhaps, was the career of James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," who began at seven by herding cows on the hills of Selkirk. At twenty he could not write the alphabet; but at twenty-six he began to make up verses in his head. Having heard "Tam O'Shanter" recited by a half-daft person, he resolved to be a poet and to fill Burns's place in the world. And he did become a poet—a poet of such pretensions that Mr. Symons devotes ten pages of comment to his work.

The general reader of this book will turn with natural interest to those sections which deal with the greater poets—Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. And here Mr. Symons's critical strength is most forcibly recognized. His discussion of Wordsworth's poetical quality is one of the best that has been written.

"Sincerity was at the root of all Wordsworth's merits and defects; it gave him his unapproachable fidelity to nature; and also his intolerable fidelity to his own whims. Like Emerson, whom he so often resembled, he respected all intuitions; but, unlike Emerson, did not always distinguish between a whim and an intuition."

Such is the critic's point of view as indicated at the beginning of the section. In his criticism of individual poems, therefore, he consistently deprecates the "Laodamia" as "an attempt to be classic."

"Here Wordsworth would be Greek as the Greeks were, or rather as they seem to us, at our distance from them, to be; and it is only in single lines that he succeeds, all the rest of the poem showing an effort to be something not himself. Thus this profoundly natural poet becomes for once, as Matthew Arnold has noted, 'artificial' in a poem which has been classed among his masterpieces."

It is interesting to find that Mr. Symons himself considers "The Leech-Gatherer" (or "Resolution and Independence") to be Wordsworth's "greatest, as it is certainly his most characteristic," poem. This assertion, while perhaps unconventional, is altogether consistent, and to many a lover of that realistic, homely, yet eloquent parable, it is exceedingly gratifying. Ideally characteristic of the poet this composition surely is; among the compositions *typical* of Wordsworth, which other is more admirable than this?

Of Scott, the critic says: "The novelist died . . . in 1825; but the poet committed suicide, with Harold the Dauntless, in 1817." For Sir Walter's poetry he has no admiration and scant patience.

"Scott's verse [his long poems] is written for boys, and boys, generation after generation, will love it with the same freshness of response . . . Byron usually follows Scott in the boy's head, and drives out Scott, as that infinitely greater, though imperfect, force may well do. Shelley often completes the disillusion. But it is well, perhaps, that there should be a poet for boys, and for those grown-up people who are most like boys; for those, that is, to whom poetry appeals by something in it which is not the poetry."

Byron, he declares "has power without wisdom, power which is sanity, and human at heart, but without that vision which is wisdom." Byron's *ennui* "was made up of many elements, but it was partly of that most incurable kind which comes from emptiness rather than over-fulness; the *ennui* of one to whom thought was not satisfying, without sustenance in itself, but itself a cause of restlessness, like a heady wine drunk in solitude." In writing of Shelley, Mr. Symons says:

"There are two kinds of imagination, that which embodies and that which disembodies. Shelley's is that which disembodies, filling mortal things with unearthly essences or veiling them with unearthly raiment. Wordsworth's imagination embodies, concentrating spirit into man, and nature into a wild flower."

Keats is described as the artist "to whom art is more than life, and who, if he realises that 'Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty,' loves truth for being beautiful and not beauty for its innermost soul of spiritual truth."

These passages are fairly illustrative of our author's critical attitude. His comments are

incisive, sound, and stimulating. Originality of view and definiteness of judgment are stamped on every dictum. It is not necessary to add that Mr. Symons writes with the pen of a literary artist, but it is proper to say that half the pleasure derived from the book is due to this fact. Felicitous phrases and terse epigrams brighten the paragraphs and illuminate the criticism.

"Thus, Setebos, storming because Mephistopheles
Gave him the lie,
Said he'd 'blacken his eye,'
And dashed in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-les."

This illustrates what Mr. Symons terms the "cascading of cadences" in "The Ingoldsby Legends." In describing the songs of Tanna-hill, he speaks of "that almost inarticulate jingle and twinkle which goes with the genuine gallop of the Scottish tongue." "Pope," he says, "is the most finished artist in prose who ever wrote in verse." Again: "Where other poets use reality as a spring-board into space, Blake uses it as a foothold on his return from flight."

This is indeed a book which reflects the positive personality of a brilliant mind. It is not without eccentricities of opinion, nor are its judgments infallible; but it is a volume thoroughly worth while. It really takes its reader further on.

W. E. SIMONDS.

A CLASSIC OF BIOLOGICAL LITERATURE.*

In 1900 appeared the introductory part of the first volume of the original German edition of Hugo De Vries's *mutationstheorie*. This work has recently been translated into English with the title, "The Mutation Theory: Experiments and Observations on the Origin of Species in the Vegetable Kingdom." Volume I., "The Origin of Species by Mutation," has already been issued. If not epoch-making, this work in the original edition was at least epoch-marking. In conjunction with the then recently rediscovered work of the Austrian monk, Gregor Mendel, regarding the method by which characters are inherited, the ideas of De Vries served to stimulate investigators all over the world to undertake experimental studies of the basic problems of organic evolution. No period of anything like equal length in the history of biology has

*THE MUTATION THEORY: Experiments and Observations on the Origin of Species in the Vegetable Kingdom. By Hugo De Vries. In two volumes, translated by J. B. Farmer and A. D. Darbishire. Volume I., Origin of Species by Mutation. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

approached the last decade in respect to the quantity of reliable experimental data collected regarding the factors of evolution and their operation. The Darwinian and neo-Darwinian schools of evolutionary thought, in the very nature of the case, did not stimulate experimental lines of investigation. Their teaching was that the progressive changes of organic structure and function which we call evolution are things which proceed by the slow and gradual accumulation of exceedingly minute variations by a process of natural selection. But if it takes centuries to make any definite progress in evolution, what chance might a graduate student yearning for a doctorate, or a university instructor struggling for an increase in salary and rank, be supposed to have of getting anywhere in an experimental study of evolution? *Vita brevis est*; and one was much surer of "results" by embarking upon a speculative discussion of the relation of existing animals and plants to hypothetical primitive forms, assumed to have been acted upon by a hypothetical environment, or some similar subject.

To De Vries, perhaps more than to any other man, is due the credit of having brought about an entire change of the prevailing viewpoint in regard to the study of evolution. He saw clearly that the only way to get the investigation of evolution out of the slough of metaphysical despond in which it had so long floundered was precisely by the application of the experimental method to its problems. Through a long period of years he carried on a most brilliant and thorough experimental investigation aimed at the determination of how new varieties and species are as a matter of fact actually produced. The results of this investigation are embodied in the book under review. It is a substantial and enduring work of reference, rather than a popular treatise. Its place in the library is beside Darwin's "Origin" and "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication."

The first volume of "The Mutation Theory" is divided into two parts. The first part is occupied with a critical review of current theories of evolution, particularly those relating to the effect of selection. This is followed by a presentation of the author's theory of the origin of species by mutation. Part II. contains the detailed account of De Vries's experiments and observations regarding the production of new elementary species in the evening primrose (*oenothera*). The general result of this work is to demonstrate that new species have arisen in this genus suddenly by the appearance of a new

form which thereafter breeds true, and does not revert to the parent form. This process is called mutation, by the author. It is contended that evolution in general has proceeded by such discontinuous steps, rather than by the gradual accumulation of minute variations. De Vries makes no denial of the importance of natural selection, but believes that its chief function is not to create, but rather to determine which mutations shall survive in the struggle for existence. The limitations of the Mutation Theory as a general theory of Evolution must be settled by future investigation; but there can be no doubt that this masterly work of De Vries's will long rank as a classic of biological literature.

RAYMOND PEARL.

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER AND MYSTIC.*

A remarkable character is revealed in the Diary of General Ethan Allen Hitchcock, extracts from which have been edited by the veteran author and journalist W. A. Croffut, and published under the title "Fifty Years in Camp and Field." The Diary covers almost the whole of the active life of General Hitchcock. It was begun soon after his graduation from West Point in 1817, and the last entry was made more than fifty years later. It gives information upon Hitchcock's life while instructor and commandant at West Point, where he trained many of the prominent Civil War generals; upon his services on the Western frontier, in the Seminole Wars in Florida, and in the Mexican and Civil Wars. The work is not only a source of information about Hitchcock himself, but a side-light thrown upon the public matters and policies of the time. The editor tells us that the hundreds of volumes of the Diary are filled mainly with Hitchcock's notes on his reading and with his own philosophical reflections, while only slight space is given to the details of his army life. However, somewhat more is said in the Diary about public questions of the day. In selecting material for publication the editor has omitted all except the most striking of the philosophical reflections, and has printed the more interesting personal notes and the comments on public matters and men.

The Diary discloses an interesting character—a soldier well read in all the branches of litera-

ture, philosophy, and science; a scholar who was an accomplished military organizer and executive; a philosopher of inquisitive mind, who, while he sat in courts-martial, inspected armies, or commanded districts, "took more pleasure in the infinite than in the finite, in metaphysics than in physics, in the occult than in the obvious." But it was chiefly as a soldier that the world knew General Hitchcock. He tells us that he went into the military profession, not because he was attracted to it, but because his people thought it to be the proper vocation for the grandson of the hero of Ticonderoga. Yet he was one of the most accomplished of American soldiers, as the positions held by him indicate. And probably no other good soldier was ever quite so independent in speech and with pen, so nearly insubordinate at times. The entries in the Diary show that he was a frequent "protestant" against the rulings or policies of commanding officers, of the War Department, and of the President. And his protests were usually effective. At times he must have been very troublesome. The Diary mentions a dozen instances of issues between Hitchcock and some superior authority. He was sent by the West Point authorities to protest against President Andrew Jackson's interference with the discipline of cadets, and he roundly scolded "Old Hickory." He openly said that the Seminole Indians were cruelly treated, defrauded, and lied to by the government officials, and insisted that only a policy of conciliation would succeed in pacifying Florida, that he "never did believe in Harney's method of dealing with Indians—to hang them wherever they were found—but in friendly overtures." In Florida he was finally given leave to try his plan; and it succeeded. In the West he made much trouble for the politicians, but saved the Winnebagoes and the Cherokees from being defrauded and despoiled.

General Hitchcock read aright the signs of American expansion in the Southwest. As early as 1836 he predicted the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, and a later dissolution of the Union. He condemned both the Texan War and the Mexican War as being caused by American greed for land. Stationed, in 1836, on the Texan frontier, he came to the conclusion that the Texan War for independence was only a land-grabbing movement inspired from Washington. His Diary relates the story of the solitary individual who was making his way with long strides across Kentucky, with long rifle on shoulder and bullets in his belt. Someone asked him, "Where are

* FIFTY YEARS IN CAMP AND FIELD. Diary of Major-General Ethan Allen Hitchcock, U.S.A. Edited by W. A. Croffut, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

you going?" "To Texas." "What for?" "To fight for my rights." In Hitchcock's opinion, most "rights" on the Texan frontier were of this kind. In his note-books he recorded:

"I am puzzled what to do. I regard the whole of the proceedings in the Southwest as being wicked as far as the United States are concerned. Our people have provoked the war [1836] with Mexico, and are prosecuting it not for 'liberty' but for land. And I feel averse to being an instrument for these purposes.

"Our people ought to be damned for their impudent arrogance and domineering presumption! It is enough to make atheists of us all to see such wickedness in the world, whether punished or unpunished.

"We have certain intelligence that J. K. Polk is elected President over Henry Clay. . . . I look upon this as a step toward annexation of Texas first, and then, in due time, the separation of the Union."

He criticized the government for the policy leading up to the Mexican War, for claiming the Rio Grande as the boundary, and for its treatment of Scott and Taylor; but when the war actually began he took a prominent part in it, and became so interested that he quit reading and writing philosophy — the first time and the last time that such a thing happened in his life.

As an historical document, the Diary is of most value for the light it will give the future historians of the Mexican War. It is a genuine inside view. The comments and information about Taylor, Scott, and other generals, about the battles and the campaigns of the war, the conditions in Mexico and the politics in the army, will be worth much to the investigator in this unpromising field. It is here, too, that the Diary is fullest. For the Civil War period it is less valuable. There are some good things about the political methods of the War Department, and some sharp criticism of the confused military policies that were evolved at Washington by civilians. Of Secretary Stanton, Hitchcock recorded this opinion:

"He has no general principles of action. He decides a point one way one day, and a week later, forgetting his decision and having no definite principles to go by, he decides the same point another way. He authorizes a particular proceeding, and, within a week perhaps, the circumstances being exactly the same, he flies into a passion with someone for having followed his first decision."

Here and there throughout the book we gain glimpses of Hitchcock's peculiar personality. He mentions "my abomination—a card-table"; when others were drinking, he retired to his room "and thought about infinity"; at Fort Jesup, when the officers had the choice of attending a horse-race or going to a gander-pulling, Hitchcock "took up the Meditations

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, that heathen of Spinoza." He did not swear, he read much, he was quiet; he liked music extravagantly, and played on the flute. It is easy to see that with the generally uncultured officers of the twenties and thirties he could not be a favorite. Under date of February 16, 1835, he gives this glimpse of life at an army outpost.

"I am in a peculiar situation here. I do not wish to depreciate the merits of my brother officers, but it is certain that their habits if not their tastes are different from mine, and, while a majority of them congregate and either play cards or smoke or drink or all three together, I am left in solitude or compelled to choose between those resorts and the company of the few ladies there are at the Prairie. . . . I am certainly out of place here. My life is calculated to make me an object of envy and hate to most of those around men. In the first place, I do not join in any of the vices of the garrison—not one. I neither drink, play cards, nor even indulge in the smallest license of language. Next, I am disposed to literature, and sometimes indicate that I read or think; and it is mostly in a field unexplored by others. I visit the ladies, and am almost the only officer who does visit the ladies; and this is calculated to move to jealousy."

But as the quality of the army officers improved, Hitchcock became more reconciled, and even found a few congenial spirits who preferred Plato and Spinoza to gambling and drinking.

Like his grandfather, Hitchcock was an independent thinker about matters of religion. Soon after finishing his West Point course, he began his philosophical studies. He explained in his Diary that, having begun to doubt the stories of Jonah and Balaam's Ass, he endeavored to find out "what a certain class of men called philosophers thought of God and man and life." Thenceforward philosophy was his religion,— "a faith freed," he said, "from the gross superstitions which give so many religions of the world a forbidding aspect." He kept standing orders for works on philosophy with booksellers in the United States and London, and he read all that could be had on the subject. Wherever he went he carried his books, until he reached California, when he sold them to the City of San Francisco to form the beginning of the present Mercantile Library. A typical entry in his Diary says: "My box of books has come — near \$200 worth, including Behman, Cudworth, Napier, Niebuhr's Rome, Scaliger, Bentham, Strauss, and the Bhagavat Gita." In his old age he became interested in the works of the alchemists and in the hermetic philosophy which would find hidden meanings in mediæval writings. During the Civil War he published several books on the hermetic philosophy. Of all the philosophers, he was most impressed by Spinoza,

"that God-intoxicated man." Hitchcock himself was Spinoza-intoxicated. He had editions of Spinoza's Ethics in French, German, and Latin, in addition to five manuscript copies in English, three of which he had made himself. Yet he "still felt a want," and made another translation. "I find myself more in harmony with Spinoza," he wrote, "than with any other man, dead or alive." And Philosophy was to him "the first and foremost blessing in the world."

WALTER L. FLEMING.

CHICAGO BEFORE THE FIRE.*

Chicagoans who have memories long enough to be worth mentioning relate most of their recollections to the year of the Great Fire. The year 1871 is our A. U. C.; local history since that date has an orderly and documented development, while the happenings of earlier days have a legendary tinge and seem so immensely remote that we almost wonder if they ever could have been true. The city that we know is a palimpsest, and the older record has become so completely obliterated that its reconstruction, even in imperfect form, involves toilsome effort and difficult mental readjustment. Yet the span is a brief one, as history reckons; and even *THE DIAL*, with its thirty-year period this day rounded out, covers it by more than three-fourths. Holding to the past by this and other bonds, we have to go back only a few years further to penetrate the mists of the years which antedate the Fire, and enter into the spirit of the city's adolescent period. The retrospective venture is now prompted by Mr. Frederick Francis Cook's "Bygone Days in Chicago," a book of compelling interest to those of us who believe that we are citizens of no mean city, and who receive these greetings from the past, rich in their power to evoke long-slumbering memories, with feelings that are quite beyond adequate description.

Mr. Cook, now for many years a resident of another city, came to Chicago in 1862, and was an old-time newspaper reporter in the service of our four leading dailies—"The Tribune," "The Times," "The Journal," and "The Post." He was a well-equipped journalist, who was brought close to the heart of many important matters and interests, and has preserved an extraordinarily vivid memory of his experiences.

**BYGONE DAYS IN CHICAGO*. Recollections of the "Garden City of the Sixties." By Frederick Francis Cook. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

He tells his story in a simple and straightforward manner, and supplements it by something like a hundred reproductions of rare prints and photographs, mostly found in the collections of the Chicago Historical Society. His aim, stated in his own words, has been

"To shed what light may be his on the psychology of a staid yet surcharged period, now difficult for those who were not of it to realize; rebuild for the mind's eye a vanished city; restore to its streets their varied life; rehabilitate past types in their proper setting; recall with a due regard for values some of the moving events of a memorable epoch; and so provide a faithful transcript for whomsoever may be interested in the 'Garden City' of a classic past, or a somewhat unique social integral, or feel moved to re-people it in fancy with the offspring of his imagination."

The spirit which has animated him in this endeavor is thus finely expressed:

"Chicago is to the unthinking a synonyme for Materialism. Yet, of a truth, she is a very Mother of Idealism. Unfortunately, she cannot yet hold all she nurtures, nor always realize the visions she inspires. For the present, therefore, she must needs content herself with the rôle of prolific matrix, whose issue on occasion answers the beckoning of older centres, in the hope of a fuller expression—not, however, always realized."

Both in the letter of historical fact, and in the spirit above set forth, Mr. Cook has accomplished his task with admirable success, and deserved the gratitude of the younger generation for which he has chiefly written.

It is in its constant forcing of comparisons between past and present that this book achieves its most striking effects. These comparisons are usually implied rather than expressed, but they are soon present in the consciousness as we read. What a suggestion there is in the very name "Garden City"! For there was a time when Chicago had more gardens than slums—when Prairie Avenue really led straight to the prairies, and when Cottage Grove (now how fallen from its beautiful primitive estate!) was in very truth an oak grove in which cottages nestled, cottages that sheltered simple households that are hardly imaginable in the "flats" that are now crowded and piled in those erstwhile liberal spaces. In those days, Kankakee Avenue was the road to Kankakee, and not to the South Park; Blue Island Avenue was the road to Blue Island, and not to the Slavonic quarter of our modern hive; and residents of the North Side could start from their very doors to journey upon the Green Bay Road. In those days, Clark Street really recalled to those who used it the heroic deeds of George Rogers Clark, and Wells Street the little garrison that marched from Fort Dearborn to its tragic fate among

the dunes along the lake shore, and Clinton Street the creator of the Erie Canal that had made early Chicago possible and was to make Illinois one of the staunchest of the commonwealths that defended the Union in the great struggle against slavery. The descendants of the men who then walked those streets now think little of the names and their significance; is it not something of a question whether the old thoughts have been replaced by new ones as worthy?

"Probably no event in Chicago's history up to the time of the Fire was so much talked about all over the West, and so variously commented upon." The average older Chicagoan would have to guess many times before hitting upon the occurrence thus referred to; and for the Chicagoan under sixty, guessing would be useless. The reference is to the cleaning out of the "North Side Sands" under the orders of "Long John" Wentworth, then mayor of Chicago.

"The scene of the episode was an isolated sand barren, on the bleak North Shore, with Michigan Street for its centre. It was the fashion in the rough-and-ready volunteer fire department days for the 'authorities' to give the men that 'ran wid de masheen' and worked the brakes, on one pretext or another, a 'time,'—by making them instruments of 'moral regeneration.' . . . Here was an assemblage of rookeries, none above two stories in height, and very easily demolished. The brute in the average man was far greater in those days than now. There were no doubt many estimable citizens connected with some of the fire companies, for they were of many degrees, including one or two regarded as quite 'tony.' But others were mere 'fighting' organizations, with small reference to fires; and sometimes one would get so demoralized as to call for disbandment. Thus it was men in many instances in no wise above the level of their victims, who in a riotous enthusiasm drove these bedraggled outcasts from their shelter, and forced them to seek refuge where none was obtainable. Yet this exhibition of barbarism in the name of high morality set 'Long John' apart in the estimation of 'good and pious people,' as the defender of the home and an apostle of purity; while to the 'men about town' it furnished a theme to dramatize."

The result of this raid was to drive vice into South Side quarters, where it became a greater menace to decency than it had been before. But some lessons are never learned, and the zeal of our present-day "reformers" is misdirected in much the same way.

A large section of this book is devoted to war-time memories, and deals with such interesting matters as the raising of troops, the history of Camp Douglas, the closing of the "Times" office by order of General Burnside, the partisan alignment of the foreign population, and the strife between copperheads and

loyalists. The following passage illustrates the sectional sympathies of the city during the course of the conflict.

"With the exception of a considerable Southern-born admixture, the native population was in the main loyal to the Union side, while the foreign-born population was divided into opposite camps, with an appreciable preponderance of numbers on the Irish side. Whereas the North Division with its dominant German population, and the Milwaukee Avenue region with its Scandinavian beginnings, were ever enthusiastic for the Union and the abolition of slavery, all that region which lies between Archer and Blue Island Avenues (excepting a German cluster about Twelfth and Halsted Streets) was never more than lukewarm, and on occasion distinctly hostile to the prosecution of the war. Whenever there was a notable Union victory, the North Side would burst spontaneously into a furor of enthusiasm, while matters down in the densely populated southwest region would be reduced to a mere simmer. But no sooner was there a Rebel victory than it was the turn of Bridgeport and its appanages to celebrate; and these demonstrations generally took the form of hunting down any poor colored brother who might have strayed inadvertently within those delectable precincts."

"Old Abe," the famous war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin regiment, was on exhibition in Chicago at the first Sanitary Fair. The eagle "made it plain that he had but a poor opinion of his surroundings—that he missed the bugle call and the roar of battle. Then it happened one day that a noted war orator in attendance was called on for a speech. No sooner had he got well started than 'Old Abe' rose on his perch, flapped his wings, and evidently mistaking what he heard for the familiar, terror-inspiring 'Rebel yell', screeched a wild defiance. This is probably the only instance when an orator in very fact made the American eagle scream."

The Copperheads come in for much comment, illustrative quotation, and personal portraiture. One of them is thus characterized:

"I am firmly persuaded that immovable Jacksonian Democrat (and a very Old Hickory, too, in appearance), dear old Dr. N. S. Davis, opposed the war on grounds of constitutional construction and none other: for, being a York State man, he had no controlling Southern family affiliations. The good doctor lived long enough to be well remembered by a later generation, and few in Chicago have died in greater honor. But in his virile manhood he was a chronic storm centre; and it was only because he was so much besides a Copperhead that his so frequently ill-timed 'constitutional' fulminations met with toleration."

A few brief quotations will show to what lengths the Copperhead orator was willing to go in those days of high feeling.

"Abraham Lincoln has deluged the country with blood, created a debt of four thousand million dollars, and sacrificed two millions of human lives. At the November election we will damn him with eternal infamy."

"We want to try Lincoln as Charles I. of England was tried, and if found guilty will carry out the law."

"If I am called upon to elect between the freedom

of the nigger and disunion and separation, I shall choose the latter. You might search hell over and find none worse than Abraham Lincoln."

"We have patiently waited for a change, but for four years have lived under a despotism, and the wonder is that men carry out the orders of the gorilla tyrant who has usurped the presidential chair."

"Still the monster usurper wants more victims for his slaughter pens. I blush that such a felon should occupy the highest gift of the people. Perjury and larceny are written all over him."

These pleasant observations, made in a spirit of such delicate amenity, make the campaign of 1864 seem a lively affair. We may think we get excited in a modern presidential year, but we do not work ourselves up to that pitch of frenzy. Mr. Cook quotes Taine's saying, "Let me once frame the true psychology of a Jacobin, and my book is written." His own effort is to frame the psychology of the Copperhead, and his conclusion is "that among the Democratic masses of the north, antipathy to the negro outweighed every other consideration."

Mr. Cook's portrait gallery of old Chicagoans is so crowded with canvasses that we pass from one to another of them in a state bordering upon bewilderment, so many are the memories evoked and so strong the temptation to linger for a closer inspection. What he says about the redoubtable Wilbur F. Storey is unusually interesting, because he holds a brief for his old-time employer, whom he thinks to have been unjustly maligned in many ways.

"There was unquestionably a vein of vindictiveness in Mr. Storey's make-up — as there was in most strong characters in those days — but it was never shown except against his equals. He was at bottom a just man, far from over-exacting in his demands for service; while every failure had its day in court, and was judged on its merits. He was an incarnation of frankness himself, and demanded this quality in his subordinates. Mr. Storey's faults were largely the defects of his qualities. He was through and through a newspaper man. News for him, however, included the shady side of life; and in exploiting this he gave perhaps too much scope for individual license. I am certain that he never gave an order that a scandal should be salacious or made attractive to the prurient. . . . I permit myself to say that for more than a half-score of years most of the local 'copy' passed through my hands . . . and that during all that time not one line of 'imaginary' or 'fake' matter of any sort or description was either published or so much as submitted for publication."

Storey's Copperhead proclivities were of course against him, and were probably the underlying cause of the animus that long directed the attack upon his private life and character.

The chapter entitled "An Early Sociable" shall provide our last glimpse of Mr. Cook's somewhat haphazard chronicle, and at the same time cast a pleasant light upon the chronicler.

One evening, in the summer of 1866, he had just turned in his "copy" — an account of the raiding of a vile resort — and was about to depart from the office, when the city editor asked him if he could "spare the time to run down to Mayor Rice's house." It seems that the eldest Miss Rice was giving a party, and Storey had made up his mind to take what was then a new departure in Chicago journalism, and exploit social functions in the columns of the "Times." The young reporter was aghast, for such an assignment was an absolute novelty, and he could hardly take the request seriously. Asking what sort of story was desired, he was told: "Oh, mention the decorations if there are any, describe some of the most picturesque toilettes, but above all get a list of those present." At last convinced that it was not all a joke, the dismayed reporter started out, walked to the Rice residence, and rang the bell. Miss Rice herself came to the door, and asked his errand. He timorously expressed a wish to report the party, but the suggestion was received with consternation, and the young woman pleaded so eloquently against this invasion of her privacy that he promptly capitulated, and turned away without any attempt to gather the desired information. The only story he turned in that night was one about a mysterious baritone who chanced to pass the house, singing "Marching Through Georgia," just as the reporter had taken his leave. His fear of the wrath to come was not realized, and he was never made to suffer for his lack of "enterprise." But he tells us that a few months later he would not have escaped so easily, for Storey's edict to have "things of that sort written up for all they were worth" had then gone into force, and the other papers were prompt to follow the lead of the "Times." Thus "society reporting" came into existence as a function of journalism in Chicago.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

German dramatic literature in the 19th century. In Dr. Georg Witkowski's "German Drama of the Nineteenth Century" (Holt), as issued in Professor L. E.

Horning's translation, no fewer than 532 dramas by 227 dramatists are mentioned, a very large majority of which receive some discussion. Yet the book is neither sketchy nor unbalanced. Written for the initiated layman, and aiming to throw light on the drama of to-day from an historical standpoint, Dr. Witkowski has, with nothing short of brilliancy, characterized the main movements of the three chronological divisions of the century, and analyzed, from the

triple standpoint of art, the actor, and the public, the dramas that have given tone to the various epochs. After a brief but convincing *resumé* of the dramatic situation at the close of the eighteenth century, in which he makes some striking assertions as to the influence of Iffland and Kotzebue then and even now, the author passes rapidly over the first section (1800-1830) with the dramatic failures of the romanticists, devoting a well-proportioned number of pages to Kleist (7), Grillparzer (9), Raimund (2), and Grabbe (3). The portrayals of the faithful wife by Kleist: the superiority of Fate, in Grillparzer, in that he did not allow it to relieve from moral responsibility; Raimund's genius in pleasing the jolly Viennese, and Grabbe's picturing of battles, receive just emphasis. In the second division (1830-1885) he sets forth the polished but spiritless drama of Young Germany in its relation to Hugo, Dumas père, and Scribe; the idealizing drama of Halm, Gottschall, Geibel, and Jordan; Hebbel, with his cornerstone of modern dramatic art in "Maria Magdalena," on whose shoulders Ibsen stands; Ludwig with his excessive reflection and worship of Shakespeare; the deplorable status of the German stage around 1870; the years (1874-1890) of brilliant service to the German theatre rendered by the Meininger company; the unsurpassed and unsurpassable greatness of Wagner, and Wildenbruch with his themes from Prussian history. This forms the best chapter of the book, because it treats of a period old enough to allow the final word as to its worth; and it is this final word that Dr. Witkowski has spoken with constant certainty and unbroken interest in his theme. The third section (1885-1900) begins with a terse analysis of Naturalism, at the head of which tendency stands Ibsen, "whose influence no one who writes for the stage can escape, let him yield ever so reluctantly." For three years (1889-1891) the "Free Theatre" existed, and widened the scope of the theatre by extending the limits of permissibility. The movement as such died of inanition. Sudermann is treated as a writer of great talents, who often condescends to flatter the likings of the public regardless of the infallible laws of art. Of Hauptmann's twenty plays, Dr. Witkowski thinks that scarcely a single one will hold a lasting place on the stage, while all will live as monuments of this confused and uncertain period. The playwrights of the present, Fulda and all the rest, are treated only tentatively, and skeptically at that. The author seems to begrudge them their popularity, taking this latter as an evidence that they are living *from* dramatic art rather than *for* it. As to the future, Dr. Witkowski is at once an optimist and a pessimist. He sees hope in the fact that Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, and Grillparzer are more in demand than ever; he despairs at the low grade of drama now being produced in the great cities, in the highest intellectual centres. The book contains a valuable table showing the number of performances of the most popular dramas from 1899 to 1905, "Tell" leading the list with 412 in 1905.

A plurality of Shakespeares.

Anyone who has read a thrilling tale only to find in the last sentences that somebody's pink pills will cure pale people, can realize the feelings of the reviewer who goes through Mr. W. L. Stoddard's "Life of William Shakespeare Expurgated" (W. A. Butterfield) and discovers in the last paragraph that "in the only document identifying William Shakespeare from Stratford with the poet, the name of so illustrious a contemporary [Lord Bacon] should be secretly imbedded." This book, which is a compilation of contemporary evidence relating to Shakespeare, tries to show that when all inferential matter is "expurgated" there is no evidence before his death connecting the actor William Shakespeare of Stratford with the dramatist William Shakespeare of London. The connection, so Mr. Stoddard contends, was not made till the publication of the First Folio in 1623. Here we have references to the "Sweet Swan of Avon," mention of the Stratford monument, and Shakespeare's name heading the list of the principal actors in the plays. In other words, if it were not for these pieces of information in the First Folio we should not know specifically why the good folk of Stratford permitted a bust of their fellow-townsmen to be set up in the church, except that they believed that, in the words beneath the bust, he was a great genius. The First Folio showed wherein his genius lay; and Mr. Stoddard holds that it is the first bit of evidence that has survived to identify the citizen of Stratford with the playwright. And it is this part of the Folio that contains Mr. W. S. Booth's acrostic signature of Francis Bacon! There is, however, a reference which Mr. Stoddard quotes but does not satisfactorily get rid of; it is a short poem by John Davies addressed "To our English Terence, Mr. Will. Shakespeare" (1611?). Here Shakespeare is the playwright; but he also "played some kingly parts in sport," and thereby fits in with tradition. Now it is admitted that the Stratford William Shakespeare acted in the dramatist's plays; therefore there either must have been two William Shakespeares acting in plays, or the dramatist and the actor are identical. Must we "expurgate" the conclusion that the two were one? It is interesting to note that in Professor Wallace's article in the March "Harper's" there is contemporary reference to William Shakespeare of Stratford, and to George Wilkins the dramatist, in the Bellott-Mountjoy lawsuit. If what is generally admitted is accepted here—that Shakespeare and Wilkins collaborated in "Pericles"—we have a similar identification; for it is unlikely that Wilkins would be associated so closely with two separate William Shakespeares. Further, as Professor Wallace says, if Shakespeare was a "mere pen-name of some one else, it would be difficult to explain how he and Wilkins were both interested in the suit . . . in behalf of young Bellott, and how the same he and Wilkins also wrote two plays together." It seems, therefore, that we may believe that Shakespeare is Shakespeare still.

Bibliography of Atlases.

Of all bibliographical data, that relating to atlases is the most difficult to obtain. Lowndes dismisses Thomas Jefferys with the statement that he was geographer to the King and published atlases "which now are of little use"; and this is the almost universal attitude toward the "out-of-date" atlas. Only very slowly is it coming to be recognized as an indispensable historical source. A word should be said in appreciation of the monumental "List of Geographical Atlases in the Library of Congress," compiled by Mr. P. Lee Phillips, chief of the division of maps and charts. Mr. Phillips gives nearly 3500 titles, with descriptive notes where needed, and lists of the maps relating to America under each important one. Of early atlases the Library of Congress possesses all but three of the forty editions of Ptolemy listed by Eames, twenty-two of the folio and fifteen of the smaller editions of Ortelius, eleven editions of Mercator's Atlas Major and eight of the Atlas Minor; but the descriptions of these are less important than those of the miscellaneous atlases of more recent date, since they can be obtained elsewhere. The classification would have been more logical had the general atlases preceded the special ones; parts of atlases would not then have come before the whole, and reproductions before the originals. The order of arrangement is, however, comparatively unimportant, since there is an exhaustive index of over forty thousand references. We think the exact dimensions of volumes should have been given, since the terms "folio," "quarto," and the like, as applied to atlases, are very indefinite. There are necessarily some *lacunæ*. Curiously, the Library of Congress has no copy of the English edition of the "American Gazetteer," although possessing the Italian translation. The supplementary list, in which it is intended to describe current accessions, will in time fill gaps of this sort. Most people may think that this "List" appeals only to special students; but any library can make a small collection of atlases, which will possess a constantly increasing value, by taking pains to acquire old editions which their owners will otherwise relegate first to the attic and eventually to the ash-heap.

Lord Byron's "last phase."

Mr. Richard Edgecumbe's "Byron: The Last Phase" (Scribner) is a book which, both as a eulogy and a polemic, challenges attention. Its author is well known as the Secretary of the National Byron Memorial Committee and its historian, and as a biographer of Edward Trelawney. This book records the impressions left in the mind of the writer after a close study of Byron, persisted in for almost forty years. It is divided into three parts—the first part being a eulogy of the last phase of the poet's career, 1821–1824, and the second and third parts a defence of his memory against the most serious indictment ever laid against the Byron of earlier years. In Part I. we find the writer especially emphasizing two points: that the closing scenes of

the poet's life have not been adequately depicted by his biographers; and that his disposition and conduct after leaving Ravenna in 1821 underwent a complete transformation. In Part II. he advances the new and astonishing claim that the underlying reason for the separation of Lord and Lady Byron was a hitherto unsuspected relationship existing between the poet and Mary Chaworth Musters (1813–1816); that Mrs. Musters was the mother of the child Medora; that she was the Thyrza of the "Thyrza poems" and the Astarte of "Manfred"; and that the endeavor to shield her and keep their intimacy unsuspected led to a self-restraint in the face of most degrading accusations and a self-immolation on the part of Augusta Leigh of which a human being seems hardly capable. In Part III. we find statements, made by Lord Lovelace in "Astarte," argued; we find Augusta Leigh defended and Lord Lovelace attacked. The best parts of the book are those in which the writer is least controversial. We should welcome the emphasis laid on the good side of the poet's character, as shown during his career in Greece; and the record of his laborious days and nights spent in the service of an alien people, without, according to Byron's own statement and others' belief, desire for personal aggrandisement. He had faults, to the end; but the most careful examination of Byron's later days shows him a hero. We should regard evidence supporting a claim that Byron's life from 1813–1816 has never till now been adequately understood, as of sufficient importance to demand publication. We must, however, feel that some assertions on important points are but too weakly supported; and we must share the regret of the author that he is "unable more precisely to indicate the source of information embodied in the concluding portions of the work." In his eulogy of Lord Byron's later years, we can willingly follow Mr. Edgecumbe; in his attempt to reconstruct our ideas of what happened earlier, we can follow him only part way. We cannot, however, if we are students of Byron, afford to leave the book unread.

For the conquest of consumption.

A militant and triumphant tone sounds throughout Dr. Woods Hutchinson's "The Conquest of Consumption" (Houghton), and brings a convincing note of the certainty of victory over this most common and most justly dreaded foe of humanity. The book contains exactly those things which anyone brought face to face with consumption should know; and, moreover, the facts are told in such simple language that a child could understand them, and with so much force that even disbelievers in disease germs will feel called upon to follow the eminently sane and sensible directions for the recovery of health. The gospel here preached is that of out-of-doors, of fresh air and sunlight, of abundant food and intelligent idleness, and of social responsibility for the care of the dependent sufferer from tuberculosis and for the vigorous prosecution of efforts to stamp out this plague from among men. Everyone interested in

this fight will find encouragement, hope, and inspiration in this spirited call to arms in the crusade against consumption. A very sensible discussion is given of what climate can and cannot do for the sufferer, and of the importance of this factor in the treatment of individual cases. Dr. Hutchinson is an enthusiastic admirer of American possibilities in this health-resort business, in spite of his insistence upon the greater values of food and fresh air; and one strongly suspects that he has summered and wintered in Seattle and Los Angeles.

Leading events in the history of our Navy. In his book entitled "Romance of the American Navy" (Putnam), Mr. Hill has written a popular and entertaining account of some thirty or forty of the most interesting events in our naval history. A selection from the chapter titles will give a notion of the contents of the book: Commodore Joshua Barney, The Lucky Little Enterprise, John Paul Jones, The Chesapeake and the Shannon, The Battle of Lake Erie, The Duel between the Monitor and the Merrimac, The Capture of New Orleans by Farragut, The Battle of Mobile Bay, and Dewey in Manila Bay. One may see from this list that the author follows the main travelled roads of our naval history. Now and then, however, he departs from them, and writes of such little-known events as the building of the Red River Dam and the fighting of Ellet's steam rams at Memphis. The most original part of his book is that treating of the work of the navy in the Civil War. Here he has drawn upon his own experiences in that struggle, as an officer under Admirals Farragut, Porter, and Lee. Mr. Hill, in common with many other writers, greatly exaggerates the work of the privateers during the Revolution and the War of 1812 (pages v.-vi.). The most trustworthy statistics that we have on this subject show that our shipping suffered as much as the British, if not more. The book is well printed, and contains numerous illustrations of naval officers, ships, and battles, and a fairly good index.

The people's share in our law-making. The political philosopher has little difficulty in pointing to "the people" as the source and fountain-head of all law and governmental authority. But the hard-headed man of fact perceives that only a limited number of individuals participate in law-making, and that the mass of men watch the process as mere observers. The closer reconciliation of fact and theory is receiving to-day the thoughtful consideration of our political reformers. Under the somewhat misleading title of "The People's Law" (Macmillan), Judge Lobingier, now of the University of Nebraska, has written of the actual participation of the people — or rather, of the electorate — in the making of law. Brief chapters are devoted to ancient and modern instances in countries other than the United States, but the bulk of the work deals with popular ratification in Colonial America

and the share of the electorate in the making of our state constitutions. Eighteen pages suffice for the consideration of popular participation in legislation by means of initiative and referendum. The book belongs to the field of history rather than of law, and is a valuable study in the origins of our state constitutions, showing to what extent in actual practice popular ratification is a source of our fundamental institutions of government. The work is to be particularly commended as an introduction to a wealth of original material inaccessible in any other single volume.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The rapidly extending series of "American Crisis Biographies" (Jacobs) must perforce include a life of Henry Clay. The work of preparing this biography was put into the hands of Mr. Thomas Hart Clay, grandson of the statesman, who had long been collecting materials for such a work. The writer's sudden death interrupted the task, but it has been completed in harmony with his plan by Mr. Oberholtzer, editor of the series. The work, one of love and loyalty to the distinguished ancestor of the author, shows no undue prejudice; the writer has investigated carefully and tries to hold the balance evenly. Of course he believes in his grandfather, but he does not find him perfect. It is a good reference book for details.

The student of mathematical history will find quite invaluable Professor David Eugene Smith's "Rara Arithmetica" (Ginn & Co.), now made available, in a handsome one-volume edition, to many for whom the two-volume *édition de luxe* is quite out of reach. Professor Smith's is by far the most elaborate bibliography of arithmetic yet attempted. It consists of a chronological catalogue of arithmetics printed before 1601, with a full description of those in the library of Mr. George Arthur Plimpton of New York. Mr. Plimpton's collection of such texts is the largest that has ever been brought together, including over three hundred printed volumes — practically every sixteenth-century work of any importance — besides a number of valuable manuscripts on arithmetic, of which a separate list follows that of the printed works. The abundant illustrations are often of much historical interest, but have in general been selected with a view to bibliographical needs.

"The Rivers and Streams of England" (Macmillan) have been admirably painted in color by Mr. Sutton Palmer and described by Mr. A. G. Bradley, an enthusiastic angler and an inveterate Rambler along English hedge-rows. Author and artist have not felt constrained to keep too close company; each has exercised his own taste in the matter of selection, the result being, no doubt, better pictures and more spirited essays than a more constrained method would have produced. For example, the Thames figures largely in the pictures; in the text, the Severn is more prominent as being more beautiful and far less familiar both to travellers and readers. Scenic description and historic lore, with some hints to anglers, compose the text. The pictures are confined strictly to the natural beauties of the English streams, which afford ample material for such exploitation.

THE DIAL'S THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

With this issue THE DIAL commemorates the thirtieth anniversary of its founding. Thirty years of continuous publication are behind it, during which it has never missed an issue. It enters upon its fourth decade in the same hands and the same spirit in which its publication was begun, May 1, 1880. Few are the journals that have been conducted by the same man for so long a period; fewer still are those which after thirty years remain in the hands of their founder and first editor, who has conducted it continuously throughout that period, making the history of the journal in a peculiar sense the history of an individual.

THE DIAL has not been given to self-glorification or the exploitation of personality. If the letters that are printed herewith are somewhat intimate in tone and warm in appreciation, some explanation may perhaps be found in the facts above indicated. The letters derive an interest from the varied personalities and viewpoints of their writers, and it is in them, rather than in any words of our own, that we prefer to commemorate the occasion that has called them forth.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

As I am the only one, except the editor and founder of THE DIAL, left of those who contributed to its first number thirty years ago, I perhaps may be entitled to lead the chorus of congratulations on the completion of its third decade. I greet my "fellow veteran," rejoicing that he is still at the helm of the craft he has guided so long and well, and glad that he is finding the rewards of faithful service highly planned and highly wrought. Few in these grasping, selfish, and avaricious days can contemplate three decades of such honorable, uplifting, and self-sacrificing effort, brought to such deserved success.

Chicago, April 20.

GEORGE P. UPTON.

I am glad to hear of your Anniversary celebration; to which I can, however, contribute little, unless it be conveyed in the following reminiscence. I am probably one of the few men living who habitually read the original "Dial" on its quarterly appearance, and perhaps the only person who had the honor of having some verses of his own rejected in the last number of its early existence (in April 1844) by its editor, Ralph Waldo Emerson. The following was his delicious reply to my "Sunset Thoughts," as they were modestly entitled:

"Perhaps I may not print your verses in 'The Dial.' They have truth and earnestness; and a happier hour may add that external perfection which can neither be commanded nor described."

To this he kindly added, as a P.S.: "Perhaps after further reflection I may print these verses in 'The Dial.'" But this he wisely abstained from doing; and more than one younger writer than myself may have been consoled in later years, when I have quoted to him this gentle but irresistible verdict of our most revered leader.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Cambridge, Mass., April 18.

Let me join with the rest to congratulate THE DIAL, and to congratulate yourself, who are THE DIAL, that we know. We recognize that THE DIAL has taken to itself the function of criticism of current literature, uninfluenced by any other consideration. It has held this function from the first, and without change of purpose or policy. We know that whatever may be said in its pages is the honest judgment of a competent authority. We value the visits of THE DIAL as we value the speech of a wise friend, and we hope that many generations of scholars may enjoy the same high privilege.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, Calif., April 18.

Congratulations to THE DIAL on its thirtieth birthday. For us who are

"Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,"

it is uniquely valuable, both for authoritative news of the progress of the rise, and for wise comment on its source and direction.

FERRIS GREENSLET.

Boston, April 16.

To those who cherish the interests of literature and criticism in its shaping of the standards of living and the ideals of life, the survival of THE DIAL for thirty years is at once a consolation and a triumph. It may be accepted as a welcome sign that the still small voice is not wholly still, nor too insignificant to make an impression in spite of the din of a noisier journalism. It is through its acceptance conscientiously of the responsibilities of leadership that THE DIAL has achieved a success which must be weighed rather than counted to express its numerical status. With no assumption of superiority and no tendency to hold itself aloof from popular interest, it combines the sympathy of a view from the inside with the objective independence of a critical and poised observer. It is natural that contributors are willing to bring to such a purpose an appreciative and disinterested coöperation. It is at once a privilege and a pleasure to be enrolled in such a group, and to extend to THE DIAL cordial good wishes for further decades of prosperity.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

University of Wisconsin, April 18.

I am delighted by the word from you suggested by the approaching Thirtieth Anniversary of THE DIAL. Your recollection of the fact that a long time ago I was a contributor is very gratifying. I only wish that I had been more essentially associated with a paper that has maintained such high standards. I see THE DIAL is praised on all sides, *apropos* of its coming anniversary; but it has long been recognized as holding an honored place quite all its own.

FRANKLIN MACVEAGH.

Washington, D. C., April 25.

Having been one of THE DIAL's "constant readers" almost from the beginning, news of its approaching Thirtieth Anniversary came to me with something of a shock; for I had not appreciated that time had sped so fast. To a public institution like THE DIAL, however, age brings prestige rather than decay, so that it may indeed be congratulated upon having attained so ripe an experience. THE DIAL occupies a unique position; it is not only the sole journal among us exclusively devoted to literary criticism, but it is unsurpassed and almost unrivalled in the quality, strength, and independence of its reviews. Librarians with literary constituencies find that nowhere else than in the pages of THE DIAL can they obtain such a body of serious and trust-

worthy information concerning current books. Here is all manner of good wishes to you, and profound thanks for your thirty years of yeoman service in behalf of American scholarship.

REUBEN G. THWAITES.

State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison, April 14.

I offer my message of congratulation and good-will on the occasion of the Thirtieth Anniversary of your admirable journal of letters. In breath of view, in sympathy, and in fairness, THE DIAL gives me keen satisfaction. May it have a long and helpful career, to instruct us all in sound canons of literary criticism and their application to the publications of our time.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

Columbia University, New York, April 15.

Do you, dear Editor of the THE DIAL, remember in the long ago when a little band of heretics assembled in the old Unitarian Church of the Messiah to consider the possibilities of starting a new journal in the interest of "Kingdom Come," and you were present, by invitation of Robert Collyer, as a likely young fellow to take editorial charge of the same? And how we balloted for names — the only one which I remember being Robert Collyer's suggestion that the paper be called "The Head-Light" and that the title-page be illuminated with a great locomotive in full steam and a flaming head-light throwing its rays over the title? Fortunately for you, the scheme was too embryonic, the dream too chaotic and quixotic, to entangle you, and you were providentially saved for a more fitting job. I, for better or for worse, was entangled, and the dream was launched: it was shortly before you pushed your canoe from shore. You will pardon the presumption on my part, when I confess that "Unity" and THE DIAL have been intimately associated in my fancy as a sort of twin-venture. They were born out of the same impulse; I believe they have been sustained by the same faiths in the receptive power of common, plain, every-day human nature, and that the wheels have been kept moving by the same confidence that the Universe is favorable to excellence, and, as Emerson says, "The dice of God are loaded" in the interest of things beautiful and fair. You, steering the DIAL craft, have "made good." Your canoe has been replaced by a skiff, and now you are running at least a respectable yacht. Mine is still a crazy raft, and the most that can be said to my credit is that I have kept the thing afloat, and that I have not fallen overboard. But I rejoice in your success. Indeed, I have rejoiced in it continuously. I am sure no one can be prouder of THE DIAL's Thirtieth Anniversary than the editor of "Unity," its luckless twin that has never known enough to know when it was beaten, and so lives on.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Lincoln Centre, Chicago, April 23.

It is a pleasure to congratulate THE DIAL upon its thirtieth birthday, and a comfort to know that its vigor increases with age; for certainly a protest against "smart" criticism was never more needed. I like THE DIAL because it takes its work seriously. I admit that I am most edified when, the subject permitting, its sincerity expresses itself in a not too sombre mood. But in a day when we learn flippancy before the ink of our first typewriter ribbon is cleansed from our fingers, it is more than a comfort — it is a blessing — that a journal of serious criticism should be entering so auspiciously upon a fourth decade.

HENRY S. CANBY.

Yale University, April 18.

I have studied THE DIAL all the days of its life, since it first came to my desk in London bringing welcome news of literary doings in America; and it is with almost a shock that I realize this was a generation ago! I think that THE DIAL commended itself to English readers from the beginning, perhaps because it had more of a world-outlook, was less ephemeral in tone and more dignified in character, than most American literary journals at that time. In saying this I do not of course forget my good old friend "The Nation," for which I sometimes wrote in the Garrison days. In THE DIAL we have for years found sound helpful criticism, sane far-seeing views, and the best guidance to the product of the world of thought, — not of its own day alone, for in THE DIAL we have had some of the best appraisements of the literary products of past times also. The literary judgments of THE DIAL have rarely erred; they command the respect of the world of letters in two hemispheres; and the fact that they have done so for one generation inspires the belief that THE DIAL will continue wisely to record, not alone the years as they pass, but the things we do in them, for generations to come.

CHARLES WELSH.

Scranton, Pa., April 17.

The motto of my sun-dial, *I mark only sunny hours*, is ever to me the motto of my Chicago DIAL. Hours of brightest sunshine and cheer, with never a moment of gloom or depression, have been mine in the many years during which I have had the pleasure and profit of reading THE DIAL. May the light be seen for a century on those clean clear pages.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 24.

May I extend my congratulations on occasion of the Thirtieth Anniversary of the publication of THE DIAL? The service rendered to our city by a paper conducted in accordance with such ideals cannot be measured or weighed, and cannot easily be put in words. I feel that those who have so faithfully given their time to maintain such a force in our community are entitled to the thanks and the congratulations of all.

HARRY PRATT JUDSON.

University of Chicago, April 21.

No one who cares for the good fortune of letters in America ought to neglect to wish THE DIAL many happy returns of the day on its Thirtieth Anniversary. In the midst of so much that is fleeting and futile in our periodical literature, it is a great satisfaction and encouragement to have anything so sober and sound as THE DIAL. But it is more than that; for it is always alive and open-minded, kindly without being indiscriminating, and dignified without being dull. That is a great deal to be proud of. May I offer my heartiest congratulations on the happy occasion, with highest hopes for the future?

BLISS CARMAN.

New Canaan, Conn., April 19.

Let me congratulate you upon the position of respect and usefulness you and your fellow-workers have gained for THE DIAL among lovers and students of literature. It stands alone in a calm liberating atmosphere of its own. May you long go on with your suggestive criticism and deep sincerity of aim, evoking as it will creative moods out of which will be born what we all long to hail — a Literature worthy in its compass of thought and feeling, beauty and charm, of a country so vast, so great, and (I hope) to be so exalted for its righteousness, as ours.

MORRIS SCHAFF.

Boston, Mass., April 22.

I send my cordial greetings on the Thirtieth Anniversary of THE DIAL. It is clear that you do measure time, and a good deal of it; hence your title is well chosen. But it is just as well to note the fact that you do not merely "mark time"—you progress; and you are doing fine work for the cause of literature in this country. Long may you prosper. W. P. TRENT.

Columbia University, New York, April 18.

THE DIAL has always been true to its name—it has marked time by the sun. Truth, Beauty, Justice, and Righteousness have been the quarters through which for thirty vibrant years its gnomon has circled. Yet is its circuit not a closed one, but, rather, by its precession does it ever bring us forward into a larger and brighter day. Happy are we all that he who for so many years has steadfastly set its face open to the light of Heaven is still there. In his reverent and dauntless spirit, his love for everything that is true and good and holy, his sorrow for everything that mars and defaces the fair face of nature and of humanity, we read the secret of THE DIAL. May he for years still to come be at the centre, where the sun is always shining. JOHN J. HALSEY.

Lake Forest University, Ill., April 20.

Heartiest greeting to THE DIAL and its editor on the Thirtieth Anniversary of its distinguished career in American literary criticism. Its work is indispensable.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

New York, April 27.

To have THE DIAL measuring the sunny hours during thirty years, is one of the wonders of the American literary world. My long experience with nations that set value on longevity makes me take off my hat to THE DIAL. I welcome the shadow-lines it casts according to time's measurements, yet guided by eternal order and principle. May THE DIAL measure many more sunny hours, and aid me, as I strive with the editor—may I not say the consecrated champion of literary justice and critical truth-seeking?—to add my beam to the kindly light. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

Ithaca, N. Y., April 18.

I congratulate THE DIAL upon its Thirtieth Anniversary. Best wishes to yourself—who are, and always have been, THE DIAL.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Chicago, April 26.

It was not a very exceptional thing to start a new periodical thirty years ago, but to have done so and to see it a living and influential element in the literary life of to-day is a bit of success not granted to many adventurers in that field. And the success is all the more praiseworthy when it is remembered that the whole thirty years show no single moment of faltering in the maintenance of the high ideals which gave THE DIAL birth. Those of us who know something of the burden which you have personally carried in this work appreciate our indebtedness to your perseverance all the more deeply on that account. W. H. JOHNSON.

Denton University, Ohio, April 20.

Most sincere congratulations on the occasion of the Thirtieth Anniversary of the birth of THE DIAL. THE DIAL has stood throughout for all that is best in the evaluation of current literature. It has won a place of its own as a fearless and absolutely impartial review; and everyone who values these rare qualities must wish THE DIAL many more years of usefulness.

LAWRENCE J. BURPKE.

The Carnegie Library, Ottawa, Canada, April 15.

In offering THE DIAL, as I do, my hearty congratulations on the completion of its thirtieth year, I am reminded of its steadiness and fidelity to high ideals and the best traditions of literature; of its confidence in the integrity of human nature—a confidence which asserts that a man will still write the truth though he must sign his name beneath; and of the respect with which its verdicts are and have long been received throughout the world. May it prosper as it deserves!

CLARK S. NORTHUP.

Cornell University, April 17.

It must be a satisfaction of no mean quality—as well as size—to have kept a literary journal true to the highest ideals of criticism for thirty years. THE DIAL has been absolutely honest, fearless, and impartial. It has never had pets—either among publishers or authors. There has never been a whisper regarding the absolute integrity of its criticisms. And, however severely I might be handled, of one thing I felt sure,—at least that the critic had read every vital page of the book. That means a great deal to a writer.

ALICE FRENCH ("OCTAVE THANET").

Davenport, Iowa, April 18.

I most heartily congratulate you, as the *soul* of THE DIAL, on the completion of its Thirtieth Anniversary. THE DIAL has been a stimulus to all literary workers, because of its high and noble ideals. You have made it an indispensable helper to all of us.

IRA MAURICE PRICE.

University of Chicago, April 18.

Thirty years of intelligent and honest criticism! Good for THE DIAL, say I; and honor with long life to the men who have made and kept it what it is:

BRADFORD TORREY.

Santa Barbara, Calif., April 20.

I take much pleasure in adding my testimony to the great service which THE DIAL has done for the development of proper literary standards in this country. I have always taken great pleasure and pride in calling the attention of my friends in the East, and in Europe, who asked about conditions of civilization in the Mississippi Valley, to THE DIAL. We have all taken a personal interest in its prosperity, are proud of its success, and wish it the utmost prosperity in the future.

EDMUND J. JAMES.

University of Illinois, April 18.

Greetings and many happy returns to THE DIAL. It stands for all that is scholarly, just, and true, in American letters.

CHAS. F. HOLDER.

Pasadena, Calif., April 20.

A journal of literary criticism which sets out calling itself by the name of that trustworthy old friend of mankind, the dial, and which succeeds in living up to its name, is rightly the object of congratulation because of its consistency and of thanks for the service it renders. In a country and at a time in which production of books is so facile and abundant, and in which the best—for reasons of commerce, prejudice, favoritism, banality of taste, or ignorance—too often runs danger of enjoying both less fame and less material support than the second-best or even the worst, it is necessary to the good health of both writer and reader to have at least one or two journals of dial-like solidity and permanence, of dial-like steadfastness and indifference to the random fluctuations of temperature and breeze, of

dial-like security from the accidents that beset the dollar watch or from the noise that clamors from the steeple clock, of dial-like constancy to one great source of light — in a word, of dial-like sense and sobriety and reliability. Those who feel the need of a reliable time-piece to help them know the literary time of day are grateful to THE DIAL for its unity and integrity of purpose, for its reviews written by men who read the books they review, for its resistance of the old temptation to be smart rather than truthful, and for its editorial championship of the literary and critical ideal. They wish it long continuation of usefulness and prosperity.

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

University of Wisconsin, April 22.

I beg to send you sincere greetings on the Thirtieth Anniversary of your journal's significant career. Sustained and unobtrusive excellence is rare in this clamorous market; and your readers are grateful to you for it. Congratulations and God-speed to THE DIAL.

PERCY MACKAYE.

Cornish, N. H., April 19.

THE DIAL's Thirtieth Anniversary ought to be matter for congratulation to all Americans. There is only one other periodical of ours which can be ranked with it for honesty and independence. Its continued existence and usefulness pleasantly reassure us against the fear that one congested Eastern city is to continue to absorb most of the writing men of promise in the new world, as well as most of the incoming Hebrews and Slavs of the old one.

H. W. BOYNTON.

Bristol, R. I., April 25.

Let me send you every message of congratulation on the happy occasion of your Thirtieth Anniversary. During these thirty years, as I wrote ten years ago, THE DIAL has seemed to me the most unbiassed, good-humored, and sensible organ of American criticism.

BARRETT WENDELL.

Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., April 15.

Many thanks to the forces of Heaven and Earth, and to all concerned in the existence and influence of THE DIAL! The name, glorious in American literature, has been made still more illustrious by the conduct of this periodical, for whose presence and power every lover of good literature must be grateful. Noble traditions and a prophetic vision have characterized every issue that has come to us here at the Armour Institute, as for years before the beginning of our work among the young men it came to my study table. No teacher of English literature can afford to let this anniversary occasion pass without rejoicing with those who have students under their charge that we have had thirty years of this steady onward-moving guidance.

F. W. GUNSAULUS.

Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, April 17.

My congratulations on the Thirtieth Anniversary of THE DIAL. I have known THE DIAL for just fifteen of its thirty years, and in that time respect for the sincerity and candor of its reviews has grown to admiration for the high ideals of its editor and affection for the journal itself.

EPHRAIM DOUGLASS ADAMS.

Stanford University, Calif., April 18.

Congratulations warm and sincere to THE DIAL and its editor, for the thirty years of splendid work performed with courage, tact, wisdom, and grace: a remarkable record, of which all who know it may well be proud.

J. H. CROOKER.

Boston, April 15.

I have known THE DIAL from the day it was born, and read it by fits and starts with pleasure and profit down to the last numbers, and I think it has no rival in the literary journals of our own land. The last numbers I have read with especial satisfaction.

ROBERT COLLYER.

New York, April 23.

Let me congratulate you upon the happy completion of the thirtieth year of THE DIAL, a very notable achievement — more notable, I think, than Mr. Godkin's, because "The Nation" by including politics made a wider appeal for popular support. I have faith that the men who do the good work in this world will receive eventual recognition, even though their names do not crowd the headlines of the daily press.

F. H. HODDER.

University of Kansas, April 19.

"Remember, brethren, that the Lord did not send down all the Holy Ghost he had over in Palestine on the day of Pentecost." Thus spake with action once an old minister out on the far edge of California. And I want to announce in the same spirit of prophecy that the genius of Culture has not centred all her gifts on the eastern seaboard of our country. I cannot here speak of the virile verse and fiction that have risen beyond the Alleghanies. But speaking only of literary criticism, I wish to say that THE DIAL, out in the heart of the nation, has continuously and consistently stood for the highest ideals; has been quick to discern and keen to encourage everything making for righteousness in the world of American letters. All success to its high purpose!

EDWIN MARKHAM.

West New Brighton, N. Y., April 25.

THE DIAL has long been a favorite among the literary periodicals that I regularly read, and I always take pleasure in commending it as I find opportunity. I seldom have to disagree with its critical decisions, and never doubt their honesty and impartiality. The special attention given to library management is one of the best among its minor features, and exceptional withal.

W. J. ROLFE.

Cambridge, Mass., April 20.

I send you my hearty greetings and congratulations on your having reached the Thirtieth Anniversary of THE DIAL, both editor and paper sound of mind and body, and rich in the affectionate appreciation of a large and ever growing circle of friends.

J. C. BRANNER.

Stanford University, Calif., April 20.

Prevented until now by illness, I can only even at present dictate a line — too tardily, I fear — to congratulate THE DIAL on reaching its thirtieth birthday and on having fulfilled the unique mission it, so fortunately for American letters, appointed to itself in 1880. I wish I could write more. I rejoice to believe that the larger part of THE DIAL's life and exceptional usefulness lies still before it.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

Northampton, Mass., April 25.

To find out and praise the good, to run down and kill the bad, to pass judgment on the tolerable and put it in the right line of probation, — these duties of a journal of criticism you have done, and done well. May you have your reward in discovering that great American author, who, by all sound reckoning, is to come one of these days out of the Middle West!

FRANCIS B. GUMMERE.

Haverford College, April 25.

Please accept my cordial congratulations on your Thirtieth Anniversary. THE DIAL has stood almost alone in these thirty years for high standards in literature and for ideals in both literature and scholarship. It has always had the courage of its convictions, for which above all else it deserves the approval of everyone who possesses enlightenment or who seeks after it.

HARRY THURSTON PECK.

Columbia University, New York, April 16.

It is a privilege to send greetings to THE DIAL, and to wish it long continuance of life and prosperity, and the fewest changes in form and spirit that are consistent with progress.

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

New York City, April 17.

It is a pleasure to write you a word of congratulation on your Thirtieth Anniversary. I hope to have the same pleasure at the fortieth — not to say the fiftieth — with the same founder and editor at the helm. It is something worth while to have a place where you can say your say on the literature that stirs you (or does not stir you), without fear of publisher, editor, or reader. THE DIAL has always been an opportunity for the writer as well as the reader. And when we look at our American periodicals in general, we see what reason we have to be thankful for such an opportunity.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

Union College, New York, April 19.

Let me, as one of your interested readers for many years, joy with you on the occasion of your Thirtieth Anniversary. And so, I believe, ought all lovers of the best in literature and in life. Few indeed are they who can offer such a worthy record in the world of letters. The Middle West particularly, and the entire country generally, ought to wish you many happy returns of the event.

DUANE MOWRY.

Milwaukee, Wis., April 16.

For a good many years I have looked to THE DIAL to indicate the true course of literary light, and it has never disappointed me. I regard it as the sanest and most trustworthy book journal published in America. Let me offer hearty congratulations on your thirtieth birthday.

JAMES A. B. SCHERER.

Throop Institute, Pasadena, Calif., April 23.

Please accept our hearty congratulations upon the results of thirty long years devoted to upholding the higher standards of literary journalism. It is good to realize that anything so sane can go steadily forward. It refutes the charge that with us nothing is desirable except change, and that only mediocrity succeeds. Our best wishes for the future success of THE DIAL, which starts next month on its road to a fiftieth anniversary.

JOHN LANE COMPANY,

RUTGER BLEECKER JEWETT, Manager.

New York, April 22.

I wish to add my congratulations to those of your many other friends on THE DIAL's thirtieth birthday. I always feel that a review in THE DIAL is trustworthy. Opinions and judgments differ, but literary appreciation of the finer sort is a species of intuition and can seldom go far wrong. Add to this a literary conscience, and you have the rare combination which has made THE DIAL what it is. It never sacrifices truth to brilliancy or says an unjust thing in order to make a telling phrase. It is more than interesting, — it is reliable.

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD.

Chicago, April 22.

Allow me to congratulate you most sincerely on the completion of the thirtieth year of THE DIAL. I do not know of any similar paper in this country which has maintained a higher ideal or followed a more consistent practice in independent criticism. I wish you many another anniversary of this high enterprise.

WOODROW WILSON.

Princeton University, N. J., April 19.

I send my cordial greetings to THE DIAL on its completion of thirty years of service to literature and culture. Too few of our periodicals have survived the temptation to be an excuse for half an inch of advertisements; only a very few are seriously devoted to literature as a special field. May THE DIAL continue to be an honored exception for many a decade to come.

JOHN ERSKINE.

Columbia University, New York, April 21.

Congratulations and many happy returns! It is possibly not in order for a contributor to comment on the success of his journal, but he may perhaps be allowed to testify to the wisdom and daring of his editor. The timidity of the average American editor answers to the tyranny of American public opinion. We have nothing like the intellectual freedom which centuries of struggle have won for Europe. But the editor of THE DIAL has never been afraid to risk his circulation and advertising for the sake of the right, in the defense of unpopular causes, or to keep alive free discussion. To have done this for thirty years is to be a great editor. Like the Parliament man in Charles the First's time, he has told the truth and not been hanged for it.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

Moorestown, N. J., April 16.

Congratulations and good wishes for THE DIAL's Thirtieth Anniversary. I have been a sincere admirer of THE DIAL for many years. It has consistently stood for the best things in life and literature throughout its career, and I have long felt the most entire confidence in its literary and other judgments.

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

Boston, April 18.

Our generation has entered more fully into the freedom of thought than the generations that have gone before us. We have not been without our vagaries, but we have had our revelations. Our methods of expression have suffered a similar relaxation, with more of loss and less of gain. There has been a lax impression and vulgar quality in our utterance, which has interfered with the weight and quality of truth. A sensuous and pictorial form has prevailed which has obstructed mental illumination. We are glad that THE DIAL has been content with the light with none of its bewildering sheen.

JOHN BASCOM.

Williams College, Mass., April 19.

My hearty congratulations on this anniversary of THE DIAL. While I cannot claim an acquaintance of thirty years, for at least two-thirds of the period measured by THE DIAL's existence I have regularly enjoyed its monthly and later its semi-monthly advent. Clear, clean-cut, handsome in its page and type, dignified and scholarly in tone, THE DIAL deserves the splendid recognition it has received. Its leading articles, its literary essays, its critical reviews, have been models in their kind. Who ever read a pert or supercilious comment in THE DIAL? Well do I remember a certain emphatic and indiscreet communication written with sophomore fervor in Quixotic defense of much-maligned

"poor little Jane" Austen, which was returned with a charming letter from the editor. He expressed full and hearty agreement with the writer's sentiment and his vehement attack upon the traducer, — nay, he even added the comforting statement, "So and so is undoubtedly an ass—but let's not say it in THE DIAL." Thus his skilful touch upon the regulator has kept the inner works in accurate adjustment; the pendulum has never lost its calm steadiness of swing; the hands have duly registered the critical judgment of a generation; and THE DIAL's open face has ever recorded standard time. It is a great achievement; and we of the Middle West are proud of THE DIAL, — not that it is a product of the Middle West, or that it is the representative of the Middle West, but because in Chicago we have had for thirty years a publication representative of the world of letters, a journal which has so admirably filled its place in letters, and an editor whose literary ideals have had no small influence upon the taste and judgment of his time. I send my best wishes for the future prosperity of THE DIAL, and my sincere regard.

W. E. SIMONDS.

Knox College, Illinois, April 19.

THE DIAL has, from the outset, consistently upheld high standards of thinking and speaking. In both ways it has performed a long and a lasting service; and it deserves what it has solidly won — the great respect of those who in this country recognize the vital alliance between criticism and creativeness. No other American publication known to me has so uniformly held its pages above the level of spleen and personalia.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

New York City, April 20.

It is no ordinary achievement to have held up before a reading public for thirty years a DIAL on which is recorded faithfully, without prejudice or subsidy, the progress of the world of literature and thought. I congratulate not only the management but the public as well.

EDWIN ERLE SPARKS.

Pennsylvania State College, April 18.

THE DIAL's shadow is of steady enlightenment, marking in clear outline the figure of Truth. Its thirty years of casting a quiet shadow of keen judgment, just criticism, and human touch on the brain and heart of a public is a surprising refutation of the popular belief that sensationalism is the *sine qua non* of success.

A. MAURICE LOW.

Washington, D. C., April 19.

Among American periodicals there is no such other record as THE DIAL's. Great journalism has pivoted always — and always must — upon a personality. The singleness, the consistency, the purpose and standards, "without variableness or shadow of turning," which make Character, must derive from an undivided master. Else there is a wobble. We like people and papers that we know where to find. In the average Press, we do n't know. They are accephalous, but full of "hands." They record the "pressure" like isobaric lines on a weather-map — now up, now down, and always wavy. Greeley and Bowles and Dana, Garrison and Curtis and Pixley — six different kinds, but all Individuals — were more implicitly trusted, I think, by more Americans of mind than to-day trust all the papers in the United States put together. Circulation is one thing; "influence" is another; but conviction by mental leadership — that is the greatest thing that ever befalls a journal. All those other oracles of our Golden Age are gone.

But here is the quiet DIAL marking now its thirtieth birthday — consecutive still under the same sensitive, serene, unswerving bridle-hand, and all and always in Chicago! It is not so much a "record" as a benediction. THE DIAL stands alone now in American letters — a monument and an example. And this is because it has n't had to keep swapping minds. Many an able seaman has helped to trim its sails and stow its cargoes; but at the wheel always the one steady hand. Power to THE DIAL! May its shadow never fall less true to the Hour and its need.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 20.

I feel that I owe a most hearty greeting to THE DIAL on its Thirtieth Anniversary, in return for the unalloyed satisfaction it has given me all these years. I am sure that all its readers will join with me not only in the greeting, but in the hope of its continued prosperity along the lines it has hitherto followed.

HENRY M. ALDEN.

New York City, April 18.

THE DIAL in its present estate has lived a generation. May a century hence find it flourishing like a green bay tree; for such a paper is sorely needed. In my opinion, we have in this country no equal organ for the discussion of art, literature, and the things of the mind in general. The West should regard your publication as one of its most honorable assets.

RICHARD BURTON.

University of Minnesota, April 14.

Greeting to THE DIAL, and best wishes for many more decades of usefulness and increasing influence. May it ever keep in the Sun, and tell in Straight Lines the Passing Time to all who linger in the Garden of Letters.

CHARLES ATWOOD KOFOID.

University of California, April 22.

Of course I am glad to add my tribute to the steady merit and courage of your DIAL, if we may ascribe such human virtues to that friend of the Sun which counts no hours except the serene ones, but is no less faithful in cloudy weather, if we may credit the author of "Hudibras."

"True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon."

It is pleasant to see that your DIAL has enjoyed more sunshine than the two American magazines that preceded yours — Emerson's quarterly which you mention with deserved praise, and Moncreu Conway's Cincinnati monthly of that name, published by him for a single year, which you pass over in silence. It deserves to be recalled, however, partly for Conway's spirit and enthusiasm in setting it up in that bear-garden which Cincinnati proved to be in his case, though it stood there but for a year; and partly for his contributors, who were Emerson, Howells, Octavius Frothingham, Conway, and (for verses only) myself, among others who are now less known. Short as its career was, it justified Conway's pleasing figure in presenting its first number to the world, — "symbolized," he said, "not so much by the sun-clock as by the floral dial of Linnaeus, which recorded the advancing day by the opening of some flowers and the closing of others: it would report the Day of God as recorded in the unfolding of higher life and thought, and the closing-up of old superstitions and evils. It would fain be a Dial measuring time by growth." Such has been the mission of your own DIAL, to which so many good pens have contributed, and for which I have occasionally written an article. Had I been mature enough in 1844, when but twelve

years of age, I should doubtless have sent verses to Emerson's Dial, which was a harbor for youthful poetry as well as for the oracular oak of Concord, the New England Dodona from whose leaves we heard the "Sphinx" and "Wood-Notes," and that epigram worthy of the Greek Anthology,—

"The sense of the world is short,
Long and various the report,—
To love and be beloved;
Men and gods have not outlearned it,
And, how oft soe'er they've turned it,
Not to be improved."

And now, one of your oldest readers, I salute your Anniversary with faith, hope, and charity, which every journal, old or youthful, needs.

F. B. SANBORN.

Concord, Mass., April 19.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

May, 1910.

Aerial Transit, The Future of. *Century*.
African Game Trails—VIII. Theodore Roosevelt. *Scribner*.
American Art, The Story of—IV. Arthur Hoeber. *Bookman*.
American City Government, New. George K. Turner. *McClure*.
American Galleries, Treasures of. F. J. Mather. *World's Work*.
American Women after the War. Ida M. Tarbell. *American*.
Ancient Crafts in New York. Philip Verrill Mighels. *Harper*.
Arran Islands, The. Maude Radford Warren. *Harper*.
Australian Ballot, The Multifarious. P. L. Allen. *No. Amer.*
Baseball, The Science of. H. S. Fullerton. *American*.
Bear, Rocky Mountain, Posing the. I. Dunklee. *World To-day*.
Beaumont and Fletcher, Plays of. A. C. Swinburne. *No. Amer.*
Boy Criminals—VIII. Ben B. Lindsey. *Everybody's*.
Brazil, American Sanitation in. H. M. Lome. *World's Work*.
Cancer, New Facts on. Burton J. Hendrick. *McClure*.
Capital, The Conservation of. James J. Hill. *World's Work*.
Captain's Duties on an Ocean Liner. C. T. Delany. *Atlantic*.
Census of 1910, Taking the. E. D. Durand. *Review of Revs.*
Charity, Organized, in New York. R. W. Brueere. *Harper*.
Chaucer. William L. Corbin. *Century*.
Churchill, Winston. Frederick Taber Cooper. *Bookman*.
City Building in Germany. Frederic C. Howe. *Scribner*.
Coal Reserve of Alaska. Richard H. Byrd. *World To-day*.
College Men and the Bible. C. S. Cooper. *Century*.
Commission Government in America. *World To-day*.
Cost of Living, Increased. J. L. Laughlin. *Scribner*.
Couer, Jacques. Olivia Howard Dunbar. *Harper*.
Country Parish, The. Winifred Kirkland. *Atlantic*.
Crow, The, and its Virtues. W. L. Finley. *World To-day*.
Czar, Policing the. Xavier Paoli. *McClure*.
Democrats and Republicans. Herbert Croly. *North American*.
Dock Facilities, Our Neglected. J. L. Mathews. *Everybody's*.
England and Germany. Sydney Brooks. *Atlantic*.
Farm, The Poor Man's. David Buffum. *Atlantic*.
Farmers, Helping Men to Be. S. A. Knapp. *World's Work*.
Farming on Saturday Afternoons. H. Markley. *World To-day*.
Gambling, Petty. Elias Tobenkin. *World To-day*.
Geology and Life. John Burroughs. *Atlantic*.
Gotch, Thomas C. Charles H. Caffin. *Harper*.
Great Britain, Crisis in. Sydney Brooks. *North American*.
Haroun-al-Raschid. E. Alexander Powell. *Everybody's*.
Holy Land, The—IV. Robert Hichens. *Century*.
Honduras: A Land of the Future. N. O. Winter. *World To-day*.
Hull House, Twenty-two Years at. Jane Addams. *American*.
Humor, The New, Some Figures in. Amos Stote. *Bookman*.
Immigrants, Our, The Skulls of. Burton J. Hendrick. *McClure*.
Japanese Industrial Revolution. E. Maxey. *World To-day*.
Justice, A Plea for. A. C. Humphreys. *North American*.
Jutland and Tree-Planting. William Hovgaard. *World's Work*.
Legislative Game, The. Samuel Hopkins Adams. *American*.
"Machine" Convention, Doom of. B. S. Binkerd. *Rev. of Revs.*
Malbone, Miniaturist. Donald H. Haines. *Scribner*.
Manhood, Endowing. Arthur T. Hadley. *World's Work*.
Martin, Riccardo. Henry T. Finck. *Century*.
Medallion Exhibition, International. A. P. Andrew. *Rev. of Revs.*
Michelangelo. Rhys Carpenter. *North American*.
Military Preparedness. W. H. Carter. *North American*.
Millet's American Indians. De Cost Smith. *Century*.
Mississippi, The Precious Control of the. *World's Work*.
Mojeska, Helena, Memoirs of—VI. *Century*.
Naval Observatory, The U. S. C. S. Claudy. *World To-day*.

Nature Photography, A Leader in. H. W. Lanier. *Rev. of Revs.*
Newspapers, The Case for the. W. P. Hamilton. *Atlantic*.
New Theatre, A Year at the. W. P. Eaton. *Atlantic*.
New York, Lower. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. *Century*.
New York, The Transformation of. J. A. Offord. *World To-day*.
Northwest, Life in the Far. E. K. Broadus. *Atlantic*.
Oregon, On the Road to. Charles M. Harvey. *Atlantic*.
Paoli, M. Xavier. René Lara. *McClure*.
Peace, A New Reason for. Norman Angell. *World's Work*.
Pictures, Talks on—III. Sir Caspar P. Clarke. *Everybody's*.
Pittsburg, The Truth about. James Oppenheim. *American*.
Platt, Thomas. Lemuel E. Quigg. *North American*.
Political Science, Endowed School of. H. Croly. *World's Work*.
Politics, Hide-and-Seek. Woodrow Wilson. *North American*.
Public Expenditure, Waste in. M. T. Herrick. *Review of Revs.*
Pullman Company, Probing the. Lynn Haines. *American*.
Rat, Our Duel with the. W. A. Du Puy. *McClure*.
Reconstruction Period, Diary of—IV. Gideon Wells. *Atlantic*.
Religion, The Restoration of. George Hodges. *Atlantic*.
Rhino, The. A. Radclyffe Dugmore. *Everybody's*.
Roads. Walter Pritchard Eaton. *Scribner*.
Roosevelt's Home-Coming. Walter Wellman. *Review of Revs.*
School Improvements, Cost of. J. M. Rogers. *Lippincott*.
School-Teacher, Country, Autobiography of. *World's Work*.
Sierras, The. Stewart Edward White. *American*.
Silhouette, Revival of the. Gardner Teall. *Bookman*.
Society among Lobster Palaces. Julian Street. *Everybody's*.
South American Progress. Albert Hale. *Review of Reviews*.
Stedman, Edmund Clarence, Unpublished Letters of. *Harper*.
Strikes, The Limitations of. J. J. Feely. *North American*.
Tangier, The Infidel City. Mary Heaton Vorse. *Harper*.
Telephone, The Future of. Herbert N. Casson. *World's Work*.
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Bygone Days in Chicago: Recollections of the "Garden City" of the Sixties. By Frederick Francis Cook. Illustrated, 8vo, 400 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$3.75 net.
Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years. By Richard Hoffman; with biographical sketch by Mrs. Hoffman. Illustrated, 8vo, 188 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.
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HISTORY.

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No. 574. MAY 16, 1910. Vol. XLVIII

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
OBSERVATIONS ABOUT OPERA	343
CASUAL COMMENT	345
How Mark Twain grappled with the riddle of the ages.—The book-rambles of an ex-President.—The increasing vogue of the roof-garden reading-room.—Miss Jane Addams's story of her vocation.—Some maxims of Pudd'nhead Wilson.—Poetic genius and practical efficiency.—A record-breaking book-thief.—The library and the country parson.—Trusts as material for fiction.—The ramification of a great public library.—The European demand for the books of Colonel Roosevelt.—Mrs. Humphry Ward as seen through French eyes.	
A PIONEER WOMAN EDUCATOR. Percy F. Bicknell	348
TWO HEROES OF MODERN ITALY. Roy Temple House	349
THE LONG PATH OF LIGHT. John Bascom	352
THE CAREER OF AN AMERICAN DIPLOMAT. W. H. Johnson	353
THE GENIUS OF THE FRENCH. Ellen FitzGerald	355
THE NEGRO PROBLEM VIEWED ACROSS THE COLOR-LINE. Walter L. Fleming	357
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	359
The Laureate's latest volume.—Two books on the problem of Woman's work.—A Russian Admiral in Japan.—Biology and medicine.—The Quaker as a citizen.—Romantic career of a Frenchman in the Civil War.—Correspondence of a countess in diplomatic life.—Two years behind the footlights.—Popular talks on astronomy.	
BRIEFER MENTION	362
NOTES	363
THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF "THE DIAL": ADDITIONAL TRIBUTES	363
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	365

OBSERVATIONS ABOUT OPERA.

The operatic situation as it exists in this country is about to enter upon a new phase, in consequence of the retirement of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein from the field and the consolidation of interests recently engineered by Herr Andreas Dippel. The competition of the last four years between Mr. Hammerstein's forces and those controlled by the Metropolitan Company has had both good and bad consequences. On the credit side of the balance we have the spurring of effort which has revolutionized stage management, which has made it possible to produce German, French, and Italian works, chorus and all, in the languages in which they were written, and which has enlarged the old routine repertoire by the introduction of many modern productions. But on the debit side there has been the frantic bidding of one company against the other for individual singers, and a general recklessness of extravagance which would long before this have spelled bankruptcy for ordinary purses. The rivalry between the two organizations has been conducted upon "sporting" lines, and the public has benefitted in a very noticeable way. At the close of his last performance this year, Mr. Hammerstein addressed the audience in these words:

"This season has been a most unfortunate one financially. New York has been flooded with opera, and as a consequence the losses have been enormous. But I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that, large as my losses have been, those of the other house have been still larger. But I assure you that my efforts will not relax. I will be in the field as long as you aid me."

Since these brave words were spoken, Mr. Hammerstein has seen a great light and withdrawn from the cut-throat competition. The light radiated from an offer made him by the Metropolitan Company, placed by rumor at the figure of two millions, and probably sufficient, in any case, to recoup him for his losses. Thus he quits the game with full sporting honors, and with a salve to soothe the irritation of the inflamed pocket nerve.

Hard following upon the retirement of this Prince Rupert of an impresario, comes the announcement of a friendly split in the Metropolitan management whereby Herr Dippel becomes the director of a new organization which

will give opera in Chicago and Philadelphia — a season of ten or twelve weeks in each city. This organization is to have its own conductors, singers, choruses, and orchestra, and will be the equal of the Metropolitan Company in all artistic respects. Moreover, it will maintain amicable relations with New York (and with Mr. Russell's Boston organization), which will make possible an interchange of all the more important singers as occasion arises. Since both Chicago and Philadelphia already have magnificent opera-houses, the success of the new arrangement is much less problematical than would otherwise be the case. The new company is an Illinois corporation, and is financed in Chicago and New York, but the former city has the majority interest, and thus becomes the headquarters of the enterprise.

The outcome of this new turn of the kaleidoscope is that opera on the grand scale will be given next year in only the four cities of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston; for it is a part of the understanding that neither of the companies shall make even short engagements in other cities. This is hard on the other cities, but in the present stage of the general operatic situation it is probably a wise decision. We have no idea that it will be the permanent solution of the problem; nor should it be, in our opinion. But just now it is distinctly matter for congratulation that these four operatic foci should be henceforth assured for the American public. Another advantage is found in the elimination of that competition of which the great singers have been so quick to take advantage, and which has made operatic production of late years so needlessly expensive. It will always remain the most costly form of public entertainment; but its cost may now be kept within some sort of reasonable bounds. All this smacks a little of the trust methods that the public looks upon as reprehensible, for the new organization is earmarked by the limitation of output and the suppression of competition which are popularly thought to be the wicked devices of greedy monopolists. But we should say, on the whole, that the artists were the monopolists here concerned, and that we were dealing with a benevolent trust actuated by public-spirited considerations. We do not imagine for a moment that the men who are assuming the risks (and the risks are certainly real ones) have any idea of making money, or that their plans are dictated by selfish motives. We should think it safe to say that the utmost for which they hope is to come out even at the end of the

year, and that their paramount desire is to serve the interests of art and contribute to the development of the sense of beauty.

The interest of the new enterprise is focussed in Chicago, because it is based upon the initiative of a group of Chicagoans, and because it will add a greatly-needed element to the æsthetic life of this city. Opera has hitherto had in Chicago only a sporadic and precarious existence. There has never been a permanent organization on a large scale, and we have had to be content with brief visits from Eastern companies, usually made at the fag-end of the season, with depleted forces and under a conscienceless management. We have had to put up with all sorts of makeshifts, from the early days of Strakosch and Mapleson to the later days of Grau and Conried. To get off as cheaply as possible, without making the inadequacy of the performances too glaring, has until very recently been the actuating principle of the management in its dealings with this city. We have been regaled with scrub orchestras, hastily recruited from the ranks of local musicians, with ragged and decrepit choruses, singing cheerfully in Italian to the German or French of the principals, with a stage-management often so slovenly as to be beneath critical contempt, and with productions brutally mangled as to text, sometimes even mutilated to the extent of excising an entire act. And of this precious sort of entertainment we have had in some years two weeks, in some years a single week, and in some years none at all. Only this year and the last have we had productions well-appointed in all the essential respects, and been given the privilege of witnessing performances that could hardly be matched elsewhere in the world.

This leads us to the final topic of our observations about opera—to the sordid but unavoidable topic of dollars and cents. Chicago is fortunate in possessing the most commodious opera-house in the United States. Its erection was a public-spirited enterprise, and one of its chief objects, as loudly proclaimed when the house was built nearly twenty years ago, was to make possible the production of opera at a schedule running up to three dollars for the best seats. This schedule would correspond, considering the respective capacities thus brought into comparison, with the five-dollar maximum schedule of the Eastern houses. The pledge thus tacitly given to the public was observed for more than ten years; then the prices were raised until the five-dollar schedule came to prevail. By keeping Chicago on short commons of a week or two a year (with an occasional year of fasting), the

plan was made to work — some of the time, at least. Last year a two weeks' season on these terms was extraordinarily successful; this year a four weeks' season was attempted, and has resulted in a heavy deficit. On some evenings the house was filled; on others (and more of them) it was less than half-filled.

The moral of these facts, when applied to next year's contemplated season of ten or twelve weeks, is plain enough. We have followed the history of opera in Chicago pretty closely for the past thirty-five years, and there is no conclusion we feel safer in drawing than that which affirms the impossibility of making opera pay in this city upon a five-dollar schedule. We consider it as nearly certain as anything can be, that such a scale of prices will prove disastrous; and yet we are given to understand that this scale is likely to be put into effect. That a scale materially lower will result in larger gross receipts, is to us a foregone conclusion; and it is at least demonstrable that a scale with a three-dollar maximum would, if it kept the house filled, be ample to provide for the expenses of the projected organization. The sanguine expectations that now seem to prevail among the men responsible for our new departure in things operatic are seriously threatening the goose (which is the dear public) that alone can lay the golden eggs of their desire.

CASUAL COMMENT.

HOW MARK TWAIN GRAPPLED WITH THE RIDDLE OF THE AGES, the insoluble problem of necessity and free-will, may be seen by the curious in a little privately-printed book from the humorist's pen, entitled "What is Man?" which was printed four years ago, it is said, with no name of author or printer on the title-page. The little volume was in the writer's mind for about twenty years, he confesses, before it took material form in manuscript; and then seven more years passed before it was printed, every sentence and every word of it being pondered deeply by the author in the mean time. But all this meditation has failed to produce any results of significance. That veritable Sphinx's riddle which most thoughtful persons early see to be unanswerable, and early learn to cease puzzling over, as a snare and a menace to all sanity of mind and resoluteness of purpose, is thus tritely treated by our would-be philosopher after his twenty years of thought: "It is a desolating doctrine; it is not inspiring, enthusing, uplifting. It takes the glory out of man, it takes the pride out of him, it takes the heroism out of him, it denies him all personal credit, all applause; it not only degrades him to a machine, but allows him no control over the machine; makes

a mere coffee mill of him, and neither permits him to supply the coffee nor turn the crank, his sole and piteously humble function being to grind coarse or fine, according to his make, outside impulses doing all the rest." From a strictly rationalistic standpoint, that is all true enough; but, like many other true things, it lacks novelty. However, the book was written for its author rather than for the world or for critics.

THE BOOK-RAMBLES OF AN EX-PRESIDENT, narrated by the rambler's own pen, with critical comments and explanatory remarks, contribute not a little to the interest of his recent journalistic utterances. It seems that the original "Pigskin Library," already referred to in these columns, became considerably enlarged by accessions as its owner felt their need in the intervals of his combats with wild beasts in Africa. Fact and fiction, science and sentiment, history and philosophy, all have their place in this now famous Library, — attesting Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity in his assertion that too much heavy reading is quite as bad as too much light reading. Among other passing observations is his declared opinion that Dumas, in his novels dealing with the French Revolution, is a decidedly better historian than Carlyle in his famous chronicle. "I have certainly profited as much," he asserts, "by reading good and interesting novels and stories as by reading anything else, and from the contemporary ones I have often reached, as in no other way I could have reached, an understanding of how real people feel in certain country districts, and in certain regions of great cities like Chicago and New York." His good sense is reflected in his declaration that there is no such thing as the hundred best books or a five-foot shelf of the best literature, for there are thousands of best books varying in value for different readers. Concerning such selections of representative works or parts of works, he doubts "whether there is much good in this 'tidbit' style of literature." Yet some of the things that seem but tidbits to his Gargantuan appetite may afford no mean repast for others at the literary banquet-board.

THE INCREASING VOGUE OF THE ROOF-GARDEN READING-ROOM is apparent from a contemplation of the thriving and well-frequented aerial apartments of this sort now in use in New York and soon to be at the high-tide of their summer popularity. No fewer than five of the branches of the New York Public Library are equipped with roof-garden reading-rooms, of which the New York "Times" has something of interest to record. "The branch on Rivington Street," it says, "first opened one of these outdoor reading-rooms in 1905. In that first summer nearly 7500 readers gladly escaped from the unbearable heat of the reference room and did their reading on the roof. Since then new buildings have been planned with this feature. These outdoor reading-rooms are planned for both afternoon and evening use. There will be awnings over the top to shield from sun and occasional showers; tables

around which the readers can congregate, and a network of electric bulbs strung over the top so that there will be plenty of light for the industrious who wish to study. The Rivington Street roof, the model for these later and larger ones, has proved almost unbelievably popular. During the five and one-half months it was open last summer, from May to October 12, no less than 28,586 persons sat around the tables in the little square space. The largest assemblage for a single month was in July, when 8246 people took their books up there. The Hamilton Fish Park Library roof, which opened for the first time last summer, had a patronage of over 16,000 for its first season, with 6152 readers during the month of September alone." The excellent pioneer work in this field performed by Mr. Lummis at Los Angeles should not be forgotten.

MISS JANE ADDAMS'S STORY OF HER VOCATION, which is appearing serially in "The American Magazine" under the title, "Twenty Years at Hull House," appeals irresistibly to lovers of the best in autobiography. Like Mr. Booker Washington's and Mr. Jacob Riis's own stories, it is the modest and straightforward account of worthy achievement in earnest and loving labor for one's fellow-creatures. Her home life in a little Illinois town, her education and spiritual quickening at Rockford College, which represented "one of the earliest efforts for woman's higher education in the Mississippi Valley, reflecting much of the missionary spirit of pioneer Mt. Holyoke," her sturdy resistance there against the pressure of a narrow denominationalism, her subsequent choice of medicine as a profession and the poor as her patients, her enforced relinquishment of this plan because of illness, and her travel experiences in Europe, where a visit to East London and its scenes of poverty strengthened her purpose to devote her energies to the amelioration of the condition of the masses—all this is related in full and absorbing detail. Incidentally she recalls a visit of Bronson Alcott's to Rockford College, whose pupils were eager to render some service to the father of her who wrote "Little Women." But Miss Addams was interested rather in the friend and associate of Emerson, and she remembers "cleaning the clay of the unpaved street off his heavy cloth overshoes in a state of ecstatic energy." These recollections deserve, and probably will have, republication in book form.

SOME MAXIMS OF PUDD'NHEAD WILSON, that later creation of Mark Twain's humorous fancy, deserve immortality. For droll association of incongruous ideas, and for shrewd insight into weak human nature, they are admirable. For example: "The holy passion of friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a lifetime, if not asked to lend money." "'Classic.' A book which people praise and do n't read." "The man with a new idea is a crank until the idea succeeds." "Truth is stranger than fiction, but it is because fiction is obliged to stick to possi-

bilities; truth is n't." "Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example." "It were not best that we should all think alike; it is difference of opinion that makes horse-races." "The English are mentioned in the Bible: 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.'" "April 1. This is the day upon which we are reminded of what we are on the other three hundred and sixty-four." "Why is it that we rejoice at a birth and grieve at a funeral? It is because we are not the person involved." "A cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college education." What additional gems of wit and wisdom the world is yet to enjoy in that sealed (though already partly published) Autobiography, we that are now living shall never know, if the author's purpose of having the manuscript released only after a century has passed, is executed.

POETIC GENIUS AND PRACTICAL EFFICIENCY do not necessarily war against each other. Current reports from Roumania picture to us the poet-queen, who is known in the world of letters as Carmen Sylva, as one of the ablest business women of her time. It is her judicious development and advertising of the talent and the resources of her country that, together with her own fame as a poet, have made little Roumania one of the best-known and most prosperous of the smaller European kingdoms. Embroidery, the silk industry, and various manufactures crushed out under the Turkish yoke, she has revived and made a source of wealth and prosperity to her people, thus proving herself possessed of shrewd practical abilities commonly regarded as at the opposite pole from poetic inspiration and a devotion to the ideal. But, as Dr. Washington Gladden remarks in his late volume of reminiscences, in a passage touching on the life and character of his college mate, the eminently successful editor of "Harper's Magazine," a few years' dreaming of dreams and absorption in ideals constitute not the worst of preparations for noble and effective work in the world of the prosaic here and now. Dr. Martineau could descend with ease and grace from the preparation of a lecture on Spinoza's philosophy to the repair of a broken shutter on his study window. There is something appropriate and satisfying in this inclusion of the less by the greater, this efficiency in small matters exhibited by men and women devoted to the large things of life.

A RECORD-BREAKING BOOK-THIEF was not long ago arrested in New York in the act of offering stolen library books for sale, but by jumping his bail of two thousand dollars he has escaped the penalty imposed by law. The current annual report of the Brooklyn Public Library records losses, for the year 1909, of 6131 volumes that have disappeared from the shelves, and 2356 volumes that were lost by borrowers and not paid for. Figures like these tend to destroy confidence in one's fellow library-frequenter; but there is a morsel of comfort, how-

ever bitter its flavor, in the fact that not the Brooklyn public in general, but one professional thief in particular, and his accomplices, are responsible for a great part of these disappearances. An examination of the books recovered proves that the miscreant is an expert, and that his field of operation has been of considerable extent, embracing nearly all of Greater New York. The skilful obliteration of marks of ownership was one of his specialties, and he also took elaborate pains to secure one perfect copy of a valuable book by destroying perhaps half a dozen in the process. That so accomplished a villain should still be at large is cause for anxiety and alarm to public librarians.

THE LIBRARY AND THE COUNTRY PARSON have, in New England, been brought into relations exceedingly helpful to the parson through the liberal policy pursued by the General Theological Library, which has its home in Mt. Vernon Street, Boston. At the recent semi-centennial celebration of the founding of this library, addresses were made by Dr. George A. Gordon, Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, and other clergymen of note, their remarks bearing on "the vital importance to the preacher of familiarity with modern thought, and the significance of the service rendered by the library to New England clergymen." The generosity of one of the directors of the General Theological Library has made it possible for distant users of the library to borrow and return books without expense to themselves for carriage, the postage being paid out of a fund established for the purpose. No fewer than twelve hundred clergymen, in different parts of New England, are now enjoying this privilege. The library is well equipped, especially in recent important works of interest to its readers, and is undoubtedly doing excellent service in rendering backwoods theology a thing of the past in the erstwhile haunts of stiff-necked puritanism. . . .

TRUSTS AS MATERIAL FOR FICTION have by many American novelists and story-writers been skilfully and profitably used; and now the French *littérateur*, M. Paul Adam, issues a ponderous work of the imagination entitled *Le Trust*, on which he has been at work almost six years, or from the time of his visit to this country as Commissioner of the World's Fair at St. Louis. The book is said to contain scores of characters, of many nationalities, and of all sorts and conditions, long-winded descriptions of scenery in all parts of the world, elaborate disquisitions on all the sciences and 'ologies, and solid pages of turgid rhetoric—with here and there a passage of excellent and smoothly-flowing prose. Whatever its value as an essay on the iniquities of capitalists and the wily ways of corporate greed, as a novel it can hardly hope for a great popularity. Will any English or American publisher have the courage to bring it out in translation? The scene of the story being laid in New York, Cuba, the Alleghenies, Paris, Dauphiny, and Egypt, the book in some respects appeals to a cosmopolitan public.

THE RAMIFICATION OF A GREAT PUBLIC LIBRARY is interestingly illustrated in Brooklyn, where this branching process has now resulted in twenty-seven subsidiary libraries or "branches," four "stations," and two "deposit stations," with a prospect in the near future of two additional Carnegie branches and five stations. To help the dwellers in this favored city to find their way to the nearest public storehouse of literature, permission has been obtained from the proper authorities to place in the stations of the elevated railroads placards showing the location of all these branch libraries. This is indeed bringing the books to the people, and should effect much in promoting the "library habit"; but the true lover of the public library and its unimagined richness of accumulated treasures will always prefer to seek the fountain-head, the central library, rather than draw on the necessarily slender resources of branch or station, or even draw through the branch or station from the great central repository. Applications for the latest novel can, of course, just as well be made (usually without success) at the branch or the station.

THE EUROPEAN DEMAND FOR THE BOOKS OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT has naturally received an enormous stimulus from the distinguished author's visit in person. Fashionable London, hoping to meet him at dinners and receptions, has been clamoring for his "best book," and has been reading him up in that scrambling fashion known to all who have ever prepared themselves at the last moment to meet some literary lion from abroad. That sort of reading, so different from the leisurely enjoyment of "a book of verses underneath a bough," is effective in its way, and at least diminishes the chances that one will compliment Mr. Thomas Hardy on the fine character-study in "Fenwick's Career," or ask Mr. Bernard Shaw when he is going to write some more "Barrack-Room Ballads." And the practice has this advantage for the visiting lion,—that it helps on the sale of his books, creating a kind of tidal wave that precedes his own advent to foreign shores.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD AS SEEN THROUGH FRENCH EYES is pictured in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" by M. Firmin Roz, and thus enjoys a distinction accorded to many contemporary English and American writers by the generously appreciative directors of that excellent magazine. Mrs. Ward is ranked as one might have expected, with such illustrious English women novelists of the past as George Eliot and the Brontë sisters. She gives us what is best worth depicting in English society to-day, says the French reviewer, who names "Lady Rose's Daughter" as an instance of its author's best work, thoroughly English in its tone and portraying in lifelike manner the aristocracy of England—for which, by the way, and for the politics of England, Mrs. Ward cherishes something like a passion, as many a somewhat wearisome page of her stories convincingly testifies.

The New Books.

A PIONEER WOMAN EDUCATOR.*

Mary Lyon was by no means the first American woman to espouse the cause of advanced education for her sex—Miss Catherine Beecher at Hartford and Miss Zilpah P. Grant at Ipswich, as well as others, having gone before and prepared the way for her larger undertakings and achievements. From the two above-named women—especially from Miss Grant, who became better known to many as Mrs. Banister, and whom she assisted in the principalship of the Ipswich school—the future founder of Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary drew much of her early inspiration as a pioneer educator of young women. The story of that eminently successful pioneering is now for the first time told in as full detail as possible by Miss Beth Bradford Gilchrist, a Mt. Holyoke graduate, who is evidently imbued with the Mary Lyon enthusiasm for woman's higher education, and is also filled with the sincerest admiration for Mary Lyon herself. Miss Gilchrist's "Life of Mary Lyon" has for its documentary sources "all known manuscripts bearing intimately or remotely on Miss Lyon's life," and its preparation was prompted by "a request made several years ago by President Woolley, voicing a demand that has been gathering force through more than thirty years."

Mary Lyon was born in the little hill-town of Buckland, in western Massachusetts, where the poor rock-ribbed farms are all tilted heavenward as if in perpetual admonition to their toil-worn owners to look on high for those richer satisfactions that are certainly not to be wrung from the thin and unfertile soil of the New England hillsides. February 28, 1797, was the day of her birth, and she was the fifth of seven children, all girls but one. When the father of this rapidly increasing family died, the problem of support for the widow and her little ones became a serious one; but Mrs. Lyon was a mother in all respects worthy of her famous daughter, and her energetic and resourceful administration of the little farm and the fatherless home must have been a useful lesson in thrift and contrivance to Mary. It was "on the whole" (Mary Lyon's favorite phrase) the best of disciplines for her who was to rear, with the slender means available in that region, a lasting monu-

ment to its love of learning and its high esteem for the things of the spirit. As the writer well says,—

"Only in Old New England could it have mattered so little to be poor. There the world gave a chance at competence, instead of wealth. Money was not highly esteemed; people had little of it, perhaps because they had for it few uses. America was young, and money is seldom reckoned among the chief assets of youth. Unsmothered by things, minds had plenty of room in which to work. Education was the badge of the only aristocracy recognized; at the head of the intellectual hierarchy stood the minister, a college-bred man. The phrase carried a rare and high significance."

The satisfying of Mary Lyon's eager thirst for knowledge was necessarily accomplished with difficulty, and in fitful spurts of progress interrupted by wearisome halts and delays. Money had first to be earned for a term of attendance at some academy or seminary, and then, panting with desire at sight of the fair domains of learning just coming in view on the horizon, the scholar was forced to pause and consider once more the prosaic question of ways and means. But whenever opportunity offered she grasped it with both hands. At Sanderson Academy in Ashfield, a school and town since become associated with other famous names beside hers, she was assigned, one Friday night, a lesson in Adams's Latin Grammar. It was a new study to her, but between Friday and Monday she committed to memory practically the whole book, and amazed both the teacher and the listening scholars as she recited page after page at the afternoon session while the sun went down behind the western hills and the school forgot the meaning of "four o'clock." She afterward confessed that she had studied all Sunday, and it is not recorded that she was censured for it.

Teaching alternated with learning in Mary Lyon's educational development, and it will perhaps comfort some young and temporarily disheartened instructors to read that her first attempts were by no means great pedagogic triumphs. She is even discovered weeping bitterly and vowing never to teach another day. "Government," which meant so much in the country school of old time, and which is still so immensely significant, was the rock on which she nearly suffered shipwreck. Her spirits were too high, her love of fun too intense, to give her at first the calm dignity and quiet command of the thoroughly successful teacher. Indeed, her merriment of disposition seems to have been a lifelong source of trouble to her in the classroom, but a fault that her devoted pupils were more than glad to pardon in her. Experience

*THE LIFE OF MARY LYON. By Beth Bradford Gilchrist. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

in Miss Grant's school, first at Derry, New Hampshire, and then at Ipswich, Mass., ripened her powers for the great undertaking of her life, the founding and organizing and management of the seminary at South Hadley which has since developed into Mt. Holyoke College. The raising of the funds necessary for even a modest beginning was a task to discourage a heart less stout than Mary Lyon's. In a passage describing the situation, we read :

"If she dreamed dreams, these hard-headed men and women, wringing meagre livings from rocky hill-sides, understood very well that nothing is more real than the stuff that dreams are made of. Their sons grew up to be editors, statesmen, preachers, presidents of colleges. They would give their daughters a chance, too. Miss Lyon made a business proposition, and they took her record as security, looking to her to get their money's worth. One daughterless man, tilling a farm not over-fertile and with five sons to educate, gave her a hundred dollars. Two spinster sisters living in the slender comfort of their time signed each for the same sum; soon afterwards they lost their property, but rather than be denied the pleasure of fulfilling their pledges they earned the money with their own hands. Of such gifts was Mount Holyoke built."

On the rich she could not count with this certainty for sympathy and aid in her great work. Of one wealthy family from whom she had confidently expected a handsome contribution, she finally had to confess :

"Yes, it is all true, just as I was told. They live in a costly house, it is full of costly things, they wear costly clothes'—then drawing nearer and almost closing her eyes, she whispered with unforgettable emphasis, 'But oh, they're little bits of folks!'"

The charter for Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary was granted in 1836, and the factory-like building that first housed the school was opened and recitations began in the autumn of 1837. From that date to the spring of 1849, when she died, Miss Lyon was the life and soul of the institution her hands and brain had created. The story of her work there, of her methods, of the rare qualities of mind and heart for which her pupils admired and loved her in her lifetime and remembered her long after her death, is all excellently told by Miss Gilchrist, who has drawn to the full on the personal recollections of Miss Lyon's now diminished company of her former pupils and intimate friends. A word of hers, or a trait of character, may be transferred here from those rich pages; but the book must be read as a whole to get any adequate conception of Mary Lyon's strong and original personality. "Sometimes I almost fear that we shall read our minds away," we find her saying in her early teaching days, "with a perpetual suc-

cession of books of mushroom growth." What would have been her alarm in this respect had she survived to the present time! The following homely incident is rich in significance :

"Her speech was the more effective because she never used words when an action would do instead. Deeds in her hands served the same meaning purpose as stories in the mouth of Lincoln, and like him she never broke their force by making the application. Entertaining anecdotes are told to show the masterly skill with which Miss Lyon wielded this kind of suggestion. One deals with incipient graft. A clever pie-circle conceived the satisfying idea of lessening the amount put into each pie an unnoticeable degree so as to provide an extra one for their own eating. Nobody, so far as they knew, was aware of the expedient, until one day each girl in the circle received an invitation to come to Miss Lyon's room. Presenting themselves in her parlor at the appointed hour, they found on the table a thick, luscious pumpkin pie, which their hostess cordially served to her enlightened and shame-faced guests."

A sentence from her lips describing her school is worth quoting. "This institution is a great intellectual and moral machine," she declared to her girls, "and if you will jump in you may ride very fast."

From the Bibliography appended to Miss Gilchrist's book it appears, as might have been expected, that Mary Lyon was not one to court publicity in print. She wrote hardly anything for publication. Books and articles about her, too, have not been many, which makes the present biography the more welcome. Its two portraits of Miss Lyon and its views of the Seminary at different dates, with other appropriate illustrations, are all of interest. It is a biography to place beside that of Alice Freeman Palmer; the same intelligent zeal and loving sympathy have gone to the making of both.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

TWO HEROES OF MODERN ITALY.*

The history of Italian Union is the history of four men: Mazzini the agitator, Garibaldi the fighter, Cavour the organizer, and Victor Emmanuel the ruler. Chance has placed in our hands at one and the same time a biography of the agitator, and one of the popular champion; for Madame Mario's history holds Mazzini constantly in the foreground, and Mr. Trevelyan furnishes us a prologue and an epilogue with the

*THE BIRTH OF MODERN ITALY. By Jessie White Mario. Edited by Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

GARIBALDI AND THE THOUSAND. By G. M. Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

aid of which we have a fairly complete life of Garibaldi.

In the opinion of Mr. Trevelyan, the time is ripe for a profitable study of the period. "Fifteen years ago there was not enough printed matter and MS. available, and fifteen years hence there will be nothing left except these printed sources. But oral witness has its historical value," as both books prove very conclusively. Their tone, method, and viewpoint are of course widely different. Madame Mario, born of English and American parentage in 1832, but married in 1857 to Mazzini's supporter Alberto Mario, and herself devoted heart and soul to the cause of Italian Republicanism — giving her life to it, in fact, as nurse, writer, lecturer, teacher, organizer—is telling the terribly serious story of her own experiences, and, with all her generosity and breadth of sympathies, is telling it as a partisan. Mr. Trevelyan, historian of another generation, writing without bias and with only a scholar's interest, is more objective, more reliable, more enamored of literary effect; but there is something in a story of action and suffering, when told by one who has acted and suffered, that takes effect as no scholar's compilation can do.

Madame Mario had made the acquaintance of Garibaldi on a visit to Italy in 1854; she had at once become not merely his devoted admirer but his very intimate friend, and had somewhat later taken charge of his then invalid son, Ricciotti, had seen him almost completely cured in England, and sent him back to fight bravely for his native land in half a dozen wars. Garibaldi's affection for his "sisters in the faith" seems to Anglo-Saxons a trifle exaggerated, and in one case at least an effusive letter to a "sister" was interpreted as a proposal of marriage, to the unbounded astonishment of the innocent author. As a matter of fact, there is no question that in such relations, as in all others, Garibaldi was one of the most scrupulously honorable of men. During a visit to England, some years after the death of his brave wife Anita, he won the heart of a lady of means and family; but learning that her son was opposed to the union and that his motives might be misconstrued if he married her, he abruptly broke off relations with her, though in so doing he did violence to both interest and inclination. It is true that in this case the feelings of the lady herself might have had more weight with him than they seem to have carried; but the gallant though blundering Ligurian was actuated only by generous motives, whatever the result of his actions may have been.

It is in the pages of Trevelyan that we see this modern hero of romance at his best. Garibaldi's exploits in Sicily rank with those of Wallace in Scotland, of Tell in Switzerland, of Joan of Arc in France, — with the difference that Garibaldi's deeds are well-attested and are ours to study in detail. And with all his magnetic personality, his absolute fearlessness, his irresistible enthusiasm, his was the most lovable, the most generous, the most innocent, the most childish nature imaginable. While living in the Island of Caprera, he learned one night that a new-born lamb had been lost among the rocks. A long search by lantern-light failed to find it. In the words of one of his friends, —

"It was nine o'clock, and raining, and we were very tired; so we once more returned to the house, and went to bed. An hour afterward we heard the sound of footsteps in the next room, and the house-door opened. . . . About midnight we were roused by a voice; it was the hero returning, joyfully carrying the lost lamb in his arms. He took the little creature to his bed, and lay down with it, giving it a bit of sponge dipped in milk to keep it quiet . . . and he spent the whole night caressing and feeding the foolish creature."

Contrast this incident with the act of the Montefusco jailer who killed a nightingale because its songs were comforting the apostles of Italian liberty whom he held as prisoners, and the contrast gives some idea of the difference between the generous enthusiasm that animated the patriots and the bitter hatred which that enthusiasm aroused in the breasts of their Austrian and Neapolitan oppressors.

The conquest of Sicily with a thousand men, when Palermo alone held a garrison of twenty thousand, was the most remarkable military exploit of the century. It may be urged that the entire population of the island was aiding him; but the support which the invaders received from the Sicilians, aside from moral support, seems to have been surprisingly small. There is a Sicilian proverb, "Better a pig than a soldier"; and even when inspired by the encouragement and example of those brave northern Italians who had come so far to risk their lives for a principle, the Sicilian's military method was generally to await the issue from a respectable distance and come in very enthusiastically at the death. The forced evacuation of Palermo was a most beautiful game of "bluff," for although the urban population aided Garibaldi much more effectively than the countrymen had done, his ammunition ran short and he could scarcely have prolonged the conflict a day longer. But the "bluff" succeeded, the Sicilian campaign was the decisive struggle of the war, and

Garibaldi enjoyed a sort of popular worship that has been the lot of few moderns. Venosta wrote :

"When Garibaldi passed through a village, you would not have said he was a general, but the head of a new religion followed by a crowd of fanatics. The women, no less enthusiastic than the men, brought their babies to (him) that he should bless and even baptize them."

And the popular idol never deserved a fall. Blundering often and egregiously, a creature of wild impulse at times, woefully lacking in tact and foresight and thus often harming the cause it was his dearest wish to further, he remains to the end as pure in motives as a man could well be.

Quite as much can be said for Mazzini, the melancholy exile who tasted the infinite bitterness of laboring that others might reap the fruits of his labor, and who died an object of aversion to many who were enjoying the liberties his sad life had brought them. Patriotism was a religion with these men, to a degree that is inconceivable to our selfish and materialistic generation. There is food for the most searching thought in Garibaldi's refusal to live in America because there a man "acquires a new home and forgets his country"; in the martyrdom of Mazzini, a man of affectionate home-loving nature, who lived his life alone and in exile rather than make the slightest concession to an unjust oppressor; in the refusal of Alberto Mario to take the oath of allegiance to Victor Emmanuel, and his acceptance of poverty and obscurity in preference to place and preferment under a government which he disapproved.

And Mario's attitude suggests the difficulty which stood most stubbornly in the way of Italian liberty. There was what seemed for a long time a hopeless difference of opinion among Italians as to the form of government they wanted when they should be freed from Austria and the local despots. The monarchy under the House of Piedmont prevailed through the cleverness and enterprise of Cavour, and many Republicans, like Garibaldi, suffered a change of views and supported it; but others, like Mazzini and Mario, remained Republican to the end, and thus suffered with their contemporaries. But there is no need for them to suffer with posterity; our admiration for Cavour, who was patriotic and shrewd, need no longer lessen our sympathy for Mazzini, whose patriotism burned so hotly that shrewdness could not live in the same breast with it.

Anglo-Saxons feel a particular interest in the part that England played in the reconstruction

of Italy. Mr. Trevelyan tells in detail of Gladstone's efforts to arouse the civilized world in protest against the treatment of political prisoners by the King of Naples, — efforts which produced their effect in spite of the retort of the Neapolitan historian De Sivo, who reminded "Lord Gladston" that the English, who sold their wives with ropes round their necks for a few "pences," had no call to complain of the "little trials in Naples." Both of the volumes before us are full of the doings of the British Foreign Secretary, the brave Lord Palmerston, and of various indignant English diplomatic representatives in Italy; and Madame Mario's pages are strewn with allusions to Mazzini's encounters with English and American notables during his eighteen years' residence in England. Carlyle, grim old Absolutist in theory, was one of the lovable little Italian's stanchest friends, and his wife was even more cordial, — although Mrs. Carlyle, be it said in all reverence, was depressingly uncertain, and not always fair to him or others. Harriet Martineau — "deaf as a post," but "the woman with the broadest views and most cultivated intellect" in England — was favorably impressed with him and his cause. Charles Dickens was his friend and honest admirer. The sympathy of the Brownings with Italian liberty is too well known to need discussion, — although Mrs. Browning's admiration for Napoleon III. later affected her attitude toward Napoleon's bitterest enemy. Rogers, the poet, who was frequently Mazzini's host, was, according to him, "the first Englishman who foretold that there would arise a third Italy." Tennyson, who treated Garibaldi with great consideration on the occasion of his visit to England in 1864, seems to have ignored Mazzini, and was severely criticized by him for the "insular selfishness" displayed in his poems. Margaret Fuller, Cobden, the Italian champion in Parliament Joseph Stansfield, and a goodly list besides, proved that the Anglo-Saxon is capable of generous impulses when the liberties of other countries are in question. George Sand in France and Kossuth in Hungary were Mazzini's friends and helpers, — though Kossuth acted rather strangely on at least one occasion, and the enthusiastic Frenchwoman was more socialist than Nationalist.

Madame Mario's narrative, which ends very abruptly with the year 1864, is supplemented by an admirably clear and concise little story of the events to 1871, furnished by the editor of the volume.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

THE LONG PATH OF LIGHT.*

A fitting treatment of a subject so profound as "The Problem of Human Life" calls for wide and deep insight, both into the problem itself and into the manner in which the leading writers in philosophy have regarded it. If philosophy means anything of moment, it carries with it some solution of the problem of life; and the connection of those who have taken a prominent position in philosophical discussions is to be found in the bearings of their theories on the solution of this problem. The book before us is a presentation of the view of "great thinkers from Plato to the present time," and demands, therefore, a mastery of the theme itself, and of the way in which the deepest and most obscure thought of the world has been associated with it.

The book is made up of three portions, treating of Hellenism, Christianity, and the Philosophical Modern World, giving the great forms and eras of belief. It is not at all necessary that such a work should conform closely to our own conviction, if its insights are far-reaching and able to quicken the mind in its apprehensions of the bearings of human life. As the volume is much too comprehensive for even a brief treatment of the whole, we will confine ourselves to the second part, which treats of Christianity, its origin, and its earlier and later forms. The first topic embraces the character of Christianity and the view of life held by Jesus; the second topic covers the Pre-Augustinian and Augustine periods, and the Middle Ages; the third period is that of the Reformation and of the later centuries. We are to bear in mind that the book is not a history of these periods, but a relatively brief and sharp discussion of their relation to each other and to the general problem of human life. This purpose affords illumination, and the plan is carried forward with a temper fitting the work. The unity of Christianity is not found in its origin, itself affected and narrowed by special conditions; nor yet in an historical sequence which at every stage came under changing circumstances and was modified or turned aside by them, but in a distinctive primary purpose which went everywhere with it as its inner power. It was a religion of salvation. It grew into and out of existing conditions, but always in reference to their improvement and development.

* THE PROBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE. By Professor Rudolph Eucken, of the University of Jena. Translated by William S. Hough, of Washington University, and W. R. Boyce Gibson, of the University of London. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This salvation was not of a physical, ontological sort, but ethical in its character. It was to be built up out of, and founded upon, the existing qualities of the world; but it was to owe its form and power to a peculiar sense of the nearness of the divine life to human life. The presence of God in the world created new thought and affections, in whose activity all other activities took on a new direction. The world was a place of difficulties and discouragement and failures, but one in which the least attainment lay in the pathway of the highest success. Religion ceased to be an accident or incident of life, and became its very substance — that without which existence sank into worthlessness. Instantly there sprang up a new feeling of the unity of men, sharing together the divine love and guidance. The individual could not be enriched except by a wealth which came to all. Hence arises not simply a return of good and evil in endless circuits, — pleasure followed by pain and pain by pleasure, — but a history of the world, a progress of events under the divine presence according to the divine plan. Gains and losses alike were brought into one forward movement. The mind and heart and active powers were all kept alert in the fulfilment of one great purpose, dear to God and man.

This conception altered the relation of men to suffering. Suffering became a revelation, an emphasis placed upon events as they aided or thwarted the supreme end of growth. Suffering united men more closely to God and more sympathetically with each other. Yet suffering was not to be accepted as an ultimate good; we were to escape it by rising above it, by going beyond it, by coming more fully under the good. Obedience and life were not plain simple things, but things of much complexity and confusion. Difficulties were to be encountered in new forms, and by means of them we were to rise into wider and richer views of the divine purpose and the divine love. The moment we stopped or accepted any good as ultimate, the vision of growth began to escape us, and we became as other men, with our portion in the present only. We lost our divine lead, and became subject to the endless tide of vicissitudes. A mighty life-force had been planted in us, and only as we became aware of it and gave way before it did we become the children of God. Life was not made easier by Christianity, but rather more difficult. The solution was to be wrought out; the repose lay beyond the present, was itself so much of the nature of effort that we could never rest upon

it in simple indolence. All our achievements were living achievements, and led to others like them. Our triumphs were successes in doing and being according to the mind of God and the spiritual force of the world. Not indolence, but successful activity, a revelation constantly enlarging within itself, was the goal of Christian effort.

How did Jesus present this vision? He offers it as the Kingdom of Heaven. It is not simply an inner transformation, but an external one as well. It is an "inseparable union of trust in God with love of men." It is a kingdom of spiritual life; a union of men in the goodness and mercy of God. Man is not left in anything at the sport of physical events. These are all gathered up in the watchfulness and protection of God. The human grows into the likeness of the divine, since it is viewed from the beginning as in the presence of the divine. Thus the child's nature, subject to all guidance and instruction, is the type of the Christian nature—the fitting recipient of apprehension and explanation. But in this obedience there is no burden since it unfolds under the law of love—love directed toward God and toward men. The ethics of Jesus rest on these divine and human relations, and unites them in the highest harmony. It thrusts aside the hypocrisy of the Pharisee, which covers up under the law the entire brood of personal interests. The follower of Christ was to propose to himself the same perfection which he found in the fatherhood of God. Thus the Kingdom of Heaven—a simple, original idea—was revolutionary in its effect on human life. It stands in growing collision with the world as found in human society, and feels increasingly the conflict. The ultimate and rapid triumph of the harmony and fullness of life over the partial and conflicting interests prevalent among men came to seem both assured and immediate.

The spiritual power of a faith is measured by the conception of life which is expressed by its founder. The image and life of Jesus have remained, amid all aberrations, the constant centre and revelation of subsequent Christian thought. From this starting point, the simple spiritual personality of Christ, the author proceeds to its speculative enlargement by the early church, and later to its intense and comprehensive expression in the life and belief of Augustine.

It is the purpose of this brief notice neither to follow this long path of light, nor to estimate its revelation. We wish simply to indicate

the comprehensive and intelligent way in which it is pursued, the thoughtfulness with which it has been wrought out, and the reward which it is sure to bring to those who pursue it in a kindred temper.

JOHN BASCOM.

THE CAREER OF AN AMERICAN DIPLOMAT.*

There has been some discussion as to whether or not our political system really admits of the "diplomatic career," in the meaning given to that term by long practice over the water. In Mr. Foster's record, one may fairly claim that the possibility has been demonstrated, and the great value of diplomacy on that plane, as compared with a service which is made the football of domestic politics, has been proved at the same time. This, too, in spite of the fact that he entered the service by the well-worn political route. As Chairman of the Indiana State Republican Committee, in 1872, he had led his party to a triumphant success in the October election, which of course had its effect in increasing the majority of Grant a month later. Senator Oliver P. Morton, with his usual assurance in matters depending on his influence with Grant, told the young Chairman to take the Federal "Blue Book" and pick out whatever office he might want. The Swiss Mission was modestly selected; but for once Senator Morton had tripped, for Grant had already assured the incumbent of that post of his retention. Instead of the "something just as good," however, Mr. Foster was overwhelmed by the immediate offer of the Mexican Mission. With no foreign language at his command, and no diplomatic experience, he frankly informed the Senator that he doubted his own ability for such a position, and felt inclined to refuse the offer. Morton was not impressed, however, and persuaded him to accept. With ordinary politicians, that would simply have meant a term of ineffective service, with a return to politics or business when the post was wanted for some other successful campaigner. But Mr. Foster had in his makeup a feeling of moral obligation to do his duty, and the deficiencies which he had painfully felt in prospect were rapidly removed. The Mexicans were soon convinced that the new minister was an able, honest, and broad-minded man, from

*DIPLOMATIC MEMOIRS. By John W. Foster, author of "A Century of American Diplomacy," "American Diplomacy in the Orient," "The Practice of Diplomacy," etc. In two volumes, with illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

whom they need fear no attempt at the double-dealing by which the profession of diplomacy is so often disgraced; and this conviction was of great value during the period of strained relations caused by the delay of the Administration at Washington in recognizing the validity of the revolution led to success by Porfirio Diaz in 1877. In 1880 Mr. Foster was transferred to St. Petersburg, where he remained less than two years, as he had concluded that family interests demanded his attention. This brief period included the assassination of Alexander the Second, of which an interesting account is given in these memoirs; also some of the famous state trials of the Nihilists—among others, of Sophie Perofsky, a woman of aristocratic connections and superior education, who had waved the signal for the throwing of the bomb by which the Emperor was slain. It is told of her that she was accustomed to sleep with a hundred pounds of dynamite under her bed, in order to be able to balk the officers of their prey if she and her associates were detected. Sixteen years later, Mr. Foster's services were again employed at St. Petersburg by the McKinley Administration—this time on a special mission in connection with the Fur Seal negotiations.

His determination to return to private life, formed in 1881, was reversed two years later at the earnest solicitation of President Arthur, who recognized his special fitness for the Spanish Mission, and for the inauguration of a policy of commercial reciprocity with the Spanish-American countries upon which the President had set his heart. He entered heartily upon the scheme for commercial reciprocity, but was forced to conclude in the end, after added experience under the Harrison and McKinley Administrations, that our system of government furnishes too many disturbing elements to admit of that permanence without which the reciprocity system can be little else than a source of irritation in our negotiations with foreign countries.

By special request of the President, Mr. Foster remained at Madrid for a time, under the Cleveland Administration, and might have remained longer but for his own desire to withdraw and take up once more the practice of law. But his well-known diplomatic abilities were destined to interfere with this plan, as before. A call to the cabinet of President Harrison as Secretary of State, renewed attempts at reciprocity treaties, the Bering Sea Arbitration, the Alaskan Boundary Settlement, and the Hague Peace Conference, all drew him at dif-

ferent times into the service of his country, and in every case to his own credit and to the public good.

Most interesting of all, however, are the pages which tell of the call received by Mr. Foster from the Emperor of China, in the closing days of 1894, to act as adviser to the Chinese commission which had just been appointed to the bitter task of going to Japan to sue for peace. It was a notable opportunity, and nobly used; but space will not admit the details of the story here. We may only state that his thoroughly disinterested service to China, in the hour of her humiliation and peril, was indirectly one of the best services which it was ever his lot to render to his own land.

In their important contributions to American history, these volumes are of the highest value. There is not one of the great subjects treated on which new light is not thrown; and when we get to the position that young men may intentionally prepare themselves for diplomatic service with some chance of being actually called to it because of such preparation, Mr. Foster's volumes will inevitably form an important element in their reading. If space were available, we would gladly quote some of his estimates of the men with whom his career brought him into contact. These are generally kindly, and never harsh in tone,—though there are times when the lancet goes deep by suggestion, if not by direct thrust. For instance, when the desire of Marcus A. Hanna to enter the Senate made it politically requisite to take John Sherman from that body and thrust him, in his old age and physical weakness, into the new and difficult duties of the office of Secretary of State, we are told that this was "an act from which the kindly nature of President McKinley doubtless shrunk, but which he *did not feel at liberty* to evade."

Two points in his theory of diplomatic ethics are worthy of especial attention and emulation. At the outset of his career, in Mexico, Mr. Foster found his diplomatic colleagues, almost without exception, making investments in Mexican mines or speculating in mining stocks. For himself, he set the rule at once that as a diplomatic representative he should have no interests of any kind whatever in the country to which he was accredited, and no personal complications in the claims of any of his fellow countrymen. If all our representatives, especially to the countries of this hemisphere, had been equally conscientious in observing the demands of personal and national propriety in this matter, our reputation would have been spared a good many

stains which it now has to carry. The other point relates to the attitude of the diplomat to home politics. During his mission to Mexico, Mr. Foster was persuaded by Senator Morton to return temporarily to the United States and take part in the electoral contest of 1876. "I regard that act," he says, "as one of the most serious mistakes of my diplomatic career. A diplomatic officer, more than any other, should be a non-partisan representative." He also relates in another chapter an experience of Secretary Hay, who was persuaded (if that is the word to use) by President Roosevelt to make a speech in New York City on the eve of the campaign of 1904. He remonstrated with the President, insisting that the Secretary of State should not take part in politics, since it would have a bad influence on the Diplomatic Corps, and injure his influence with the Senate, which must pass on his treaties and policies. To all this, the reply of President Roosevelt was that if Secretary Hay did not make the speech the election might be lost, and he not be Secretary of State the next term. We close with a few lines from Mr. Foster's own closing paragraph:

"When, at the close of my mission to Spain, I resumed my residence in Washington, I was fifty years of age; and from that date forward I did my most laborious and successful work. It seemed as if the earlier portion of my life had been merely a preparation for the labor which was in store for me, and which proved the most useful and important. I have been highly honored by my country with many important public trusts, but I have the consciousness of having earnestly striven to discharge them faithfully."

W. H. JOHNSON.

THE GENIUS OF THE FRENCH.*

A new book with the title "The French Procession: A Pageant of Great Writers," is certainly promising; dedication and a prefatory letter to Vernon Lee give almost a pledge of that rarest of intellectual treats, a literary *causerie*; the author's name is a guarantee of good work. We in America have long known Mary F. Robinson as a writer whose poetry has a sure though narrow appeal; we know also that as Mrs. James Darmesteter her interpretation of French history has been scholarly and vivid; now, as Madame DuClaux, this Englishwoman with long French affiliations is fully equipped to present what she calls the "literature of a great nation, in its vast succession and continuity, as it passes down the

ages." This literature, she says, "appears as a spectacle, a progress, a pageant, wherein every figure is not only a marvel but the embodiment of a whole invisible plexus of secret influences, ideas, traditions, and revolts." Gladly does the reader take a position with the author on her balcony, which she calls "the watch-tower of a tranquil mind," to look on this pageant—"the continuous genius of a people."

A glance at the table of contents, which serves as a telescope to sweep the whole procession into our ken, shows the great divisions of the progress—"In the Distance," "The Romantics," "The Sons of Science." The first division permits a promiscuous grouping. Here are poet, king, scientist, mystic, rebel, in due range. How shall we come close to the spirit of the French nation, if those we look upon differ so markedly in temperament as Fénelon and Voltaire? We listen to the overture to the march in the essay on French Poetry, eager for a clue to the line of thought we are to busy ourselves with as this varied company troops past us. But this overture, though strong and fine, is found to have little relation to what follows. In the entire company there are but five poets—Ronsard, Racine, Victor Hugo, Alfred De Musset, and Beaudelaire,—and these are so distantly scattered in the procession as to lack impressiveness. We must be satisfied, then, with this essay as a comment on French Poetry; for of these five poets only Racine is closely described. Some may think he is given more than his due; others may feel that Villon is more representative of the early modern French spirit than Ronsard, and that Paul Verlaine is more typical of later French poetry than Beaudelaire.

Accepting them, however, as chosen, Madame DuClaux, in interpreting these poets as part of the "continuous genius of the French," shows herself to be more of a biographer than critic. Victor Hugo will not be made clearer to an English reader by the mass of personal detail which in nowise explains his poetry. Alfred De Musset is enmeshed in his amorous intrigues, till the fair soul of the hapless youth seems lost in a maze of gossip. Beaudelaire is not keenly defined as a decadent; and being here in the rank of the poets, he gains no laurels for his beautiful prose. In spite of Madame DuClaux's avowal of allegiance to French poetry, there is reason to doubt its warmth. True, France has no such poets as England; but the French themselves feel no lack in their poetry. From infancy they lisp it in the fables of Fontaine; in early youth they are well grounded in the sen-

*THE FRENCH PROCESSION. A Pageant of Great Writers. By Madame Mary DuClaux (A. Mary F. Robinson). New York: Duffield & Co.

timent of Lamartine and in the wit of Molière. As for Victor Hugo, he is by acclamation the very "genius" of French poetry. But it is just this subtle genius we do not get from mere biographical data. It is well, after looking at these poets, who are far apart in other ways than in this procession, to read again Madame DuClaux's introductory essay on French Poetry, and thus be assured that her feeling for the subject is sincere and even noble.

Not only is the treatment of the poets of the pageant unsatisfactory, that of the great prose writers of France is even more so; for it is through French prose that English readers may best discern the French spirit. Hence one resents a broad inclusion of minor influences in French thought, when these might better give way to the originative forces that have given French literature, in so many aspects, an unquestionable superiority. Voltaire, Balzac, Sainte-Beuve, and Anatole France fill large places in French literature; but do they vitally cohere without Rabelais and Montaigne? Here was an excellent opportunity to define the "continuous genius" of the French people—a genius for satire, for urbane discursiveness, for social insight, for subduing the whole realm of thought and (as with Balzac) of passion, to rhythmic order, to stable congruity; above all, a genius for what might be called *literary consecration*. Any of this group is typical of this one phase of French literary biography—none more so than Voltaire; yet Madame DuClaux allows Professor Lanson to say the only vital thing about Voltaire, a man in whom meet so many tendencies of the French mind—keenness, criticism, a zeal for human progress even when deriding the steps thereto, a passionate interest in the things of the mind independent of race or religion, a catholic intellectuality. Goldsmith's description of him defending English literature in a hostile company symbolizes Voltaire's attitude toward all literature. His impatience of Congreve, for wishing to be thought an English gentleman rather than a writer of witty comedies, suggests the difference between the literary spirit of France and of England. The French subordinate life to literature; the English use literature for some gain in life.

Balzac, whose conquest of literature is Napoleonic, whose *Comédie Humaine* expresses in its very title the French genius for social interpretation, has made but little impression upon Madame DuClaux. In this, as in so much of her book, she is busied with what is adventitious

in a man's life, and not with what is essential in his art. She admits that Balzac created the modern novel, and then denies any meaning in this honor by ranking him with Sir Walter Scott. The man who saw society and saw it whole, who caught the secret of passion as it affects life, and of money as a passion, and of vocational success as it is thwarted by or rises superior to either sex or money, has no affinity with Walter Scott. Fortunately, Madame DuClaux saves herself from total error in her estimate of Balzac by a real appreciation of some of his qualities; but his splendid achievement—so all-inclusive, so integrated, so startling in insight, that his name comes to mean life—needs a connotation other than this. So too does Balzac's critic enemy, Sainte-Beuve, who did for French literature what the novelist did for French life—grasped it entire and gave it new meaning, teaching any critic who comes after him that he must know not only literature but history and philosophy in their relation to the individual writer. Madame DuClaux is not a vital literary critic, and therefore does not do justice to the greatest of critics. She does, however, approach something like real critical acumen in her study of Anatole France, whom she discriminately contrasts with Maurice Barrès in a few large generalizations which are worth more as criticism than whole pages of intimate gossip.

Madame DuClaux's interest in French history is keen; her ability to trace the undercurrents, to point out the depths and shallows of its wayward course, is sure. It is only fair to give all possible credit to the part of the pageant in which men of historical significance appear. The placing of Louis Quatorze in relation to the spirit of his time is excellent. Rousseau has perhaps never been so thoroughly presented within the small compass of an essay. One may question the right of LaClos and Liancourt to be in this august assembly; but being here, they are amply accounted for. The interpretation of "The Sons of Science" is also illuminating. Whether they are real scientists like Fontenelle, or those who, like Ernest Renan and Hippolyte Taine, applied a scientific method to the study of religion and literature, their part in the procession is made brilliant and convincing. In fact, there is a tendency throughout these discussions to make philosophy and science, as developed by the French, their real genius; whereas the genius of the French is distinctively literary, and everything else is subordinate to this. And because of this literary power

they bear away the palm for movements and measures they did not originate. John Locke anticipated Rousseau's educational doctrine, just as Richardson had anticipated much of the sentimentality of "La Nouvelle Héloïse"; but Rousseau alone possessed the magic of the winged word to blow his truth about the world. He had the power of the angel voice to trumpet his message till it toppled the throne of kings. German theologians pointed out the necessity of Hebrew philology in the history of religion before Ernest Renan. They lacked Renan's sweet reasonableness in proving this; hence Renan is read and the Germans are forgotten. Even Fénelon's lessons to the Duc de Bourgogne are cast in artistic form. Frenchmen, whether scientists, scholars, reformers, or critics, are writers above all else, and form is the priceless wedding-garment which singles them out at the feast of things intellectual. The quality of this form is what we should most wish to see when all these types are massed as a Pageant of Great Writers. But our guide, intellectually alert as she is, forgot this in attending to much which, though creditable to her learning, is not closely according to her initial programme.

No degree of attention to philosophy and science as an expression of the French spirit can keep one from looking, as this pageant passes, for a persistent element in French history and letters — a line of notable women. By the promise made of a literary review in the preface, Madame de Maintenon has a more legitimate right among the choice and master spirits of her age than Louis XIV. She had a finer influence upon Madame DuClaux's favorite, Racine. Madame de Sévigné had a quality of the French spirit beautiful to know. By a perverse selection, we have a paper on "Goethe in France," though the very logic of the subject demands that we see how France went well equipped to Goethe when Madame de Staël was gathering material for her *De l'Allemagne*. The only woman observable from the tower is George Sand, and she is so trivially exhibited that her place might well have been given to Flaubert, who loved to call her master. The enthusiastic Sandist, will resent Madame DuClaux's airing of unpleasant facts which in no way affect the fine imagination of that unique force in literature. There are two essays on George Sand, and scarcely a word about her literary fecundity, her fine idyllic sense, her aptitude for an intellectual comradeship so helpful to Balzac in his precarious career, to Sainte-Beuve's simple life of reading and

writing, and to Flaubert in his sullen isolation. The varied gifts of George Sand should not be ignored, even by an Englishwoman. Both Elizabeth Barrett and George Eliot were glad to acknowledge their indebtedness to her. Literature itself has been enriched by her love of the picturesque, her large feeling for things human, her ease and grace in writing. She belongs truly to the French genius.

And what is this genius? Is it not a matchless sincerity toward art, and toward literature as the greatest art? This sincerity is their inspiration to an almost superhuman industry in acquiring a style adequate to every form of expression. Style — that is the gift of the French. It is not in their literature alone, but in their whole range of life, — in their delicate food, their ornate clothing, their fine speech, their distinguished manners, their superb capital which in itself is a glory of art.

ELLEN FITZGERALD.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM VIEWED ACROSS THE COLOR-LINE.*

The American Race-problem is one which still interests writers and readers, if one may judge from the annual output of books and pamphlets about it. Once in a long while a book is written which is worth reading; many are useless, or worse. Professor Kelly Miller's "Race Adjustment" is well worth reading. The author is a negro, born in North Carolina during the Civil War; it is probable that he was a slave for two years, although "Who's Who in America" does not enlighten us on that point; for the past twenty years he has been a professor in Howard University. He has witnessed the trial of various plans for the solution of the race-problem, and has seen most of them fail; he knows much of the conditions of negro life, and is acquainted with the plans and opinions of the leaders of the race. His book contains nineteen chapters; the most important topics treated are Radicals and Conservatives, The Leopard's Spots, Social Equality, The City Negro, Religion as a Solvent of the Race Problem, Surplus Negro Women, Rise of the Professional Class, Frederick Douglass, Higher Education of the Negro, Roosevelt and the Negro.

The temper of the book will surprise those who once thought that Professor Miller belonged

* RACE ADJUSTMENT. Essays on the Negro in America. By Kelly Miller. New York: The Neale Publishing Co.

to the radical wing of the negro progressives. With two exceptions — these being fierce and excusable criticisms of Mr. Thomas Dixon and Mr. John Temple Graves — the papers making up the volume are moderate in feeling and statement; they show evidence of plain common-sense, and there is an absence of that peculiar irritating quality that is usually found in race-problem literature. The style is clear and forceful, vivid at times; but never is the language violent. The author is fond of comparisons, and makes some effective ones. The following striking sentences are selected as typical:

"Verbal vehemence void of practical power to enforce demands is an ineffectual missile to be hurled against the stronghold of prejudice."

"All truly useful men must be, in a measure, time-servers; for unless they serve their time they can scarcely serve at all."

"Douglass insisted upon rights; Washington insists upon duty."

That he possesses a sense of humor, the writer frequently shows; as when, in quoting Freeman's suggestion for a solution of the Celtic and African race-problems, he remarks: "Let each Irish man kill a negro, and get hanged for it."

The best of the book is the first chapter — an interesting comparison of the policies and the leaders of the negro radicals and conservatives. Booker Washington is classed as a conservative; Professor DuBois, and Trotter, editor of the Boston "Guardian," are leading radicals. The author is conservative, but will not yield unre-served allegiance to Washington. One interested in learning what the negroes think about the negro problem will profit by this discussion of the conflicting policies and the keen analysis of the motives and principles of the rival groups of leaders. Washington, the conservative, who came when others had failed, — "a time-server" in the best sense; supported by white opinion; who talks of duties rather than of rights; constructive, not critical; quiet and diplomatic, not disputatious; business-like, not heroic, is contrasted with Trotter, the extreme radical, who would insist on absolute right, yield nothing for expediency's sake, and altogether disregard the opinions of whites. The estimate of Washington and his policies is especially good.

"Few men have shown such power of development. . . . He avoided controverted issues, and moved, not along the line of least resistance, but of no resistance at all. He founded his creed upon construction rather than upon criticism. He urged his race to do the things possible rather than whine and pine over things prohibited."

Of the radical chief, he says:

"Mr. Trotter is well suited to play the rôle of a martyr. He delights in a reputation for vicarious heroics. Being

possessed of considerable independent means, he willingly makes sacrifices for the cause, and is as uncompromising as William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Trotter, however, lacks the moral sanity and poise of the great emancipator. With him, agitation is not so much the outgrowth of an intellectual or moral comprehension of right and reprehension of wrong, as it is a temperamental necessity. Endowed with a narrow, intolerant intensity of spirit, he pursues his ends with a jesuitical justification of untoward means. Without clear concrete objective, such as the anti-slavery promoters had in view, he strikes wildly at whatever he imagines obscures the rights of the Negro race. He has the traditional irreverence of the reformer, an irreverence which delights to shatter popular idols. President Eliot of Harvard University, Theodore Roosevelt, and Booker T. Washington are shining marks for his blunt and bitter denunciation. He sets himself up as the moral monitor of the Negro race."

Professor DuBois, the other radical whose books on negro affairs have attracted wide attention, began, the author says, as a calm scientific investigator, but under the influence of Trotter he became an agitator of the extreme type, one of the leaders of the "Niagara Movement" against color discrimination. It is the author's opinion that Professor DuBois is not suited to the role of agitator.

"He is a man of remarkable amplitude and contrariety of qualities, an exact interrogator, and a lucid expositor of social reality, but withal a dreamer with a fantasy of mind that verges on the fine frenzy. . . . His place is the cloister of the reflective scholar."

In the rest of the book there is little that is wholly original; it is chiefly a new treatment of old subjects. The author calls attention to a fact frequently unconsidered — that the rise of "democracy" in the South and the accession of "popular leaders" to power has resulted in greatly increased race friction. But, as he further says, in comparing the opportunities offered to the negro in North and South, —

"It must be conceded that the Southern white man frequently displays commendable personal good-will toward individual Negroes who come within the circle of his acquaintance or control. In general, there is the widest margin between his avowed public policy and his personal demeanor. No reputable Southerner is half as bad as Senator Tillman talks."

That religion is destined to be one of the strongest forces in the solution of the race troubles, is the belief of the author, who asserts that a basis for coöperation and mutual helpfulness will be found in the fact that nearly all negroes are members of the two great democratic churches, the Baptist and the Methodist, — a fact true also of the Protestant whites. The negro professional and business classes are developing rapidly; a fact of more importance than the criminality of the lowest classes. The statistics quoted seem to show that city life is not good for negro man or woman, and that

few opportunities are offered in a city. "As one walks along the streets of our great cities and views the massive buildings and sky-seeking structures, he finds no status for the negro above the cellar floor." On the other hand, the negro "by virtue of his geographical distribution holds the key to the agricultural development of the South,"—the concentration of the race in the black belt, the "Land of Goshen," being as effective now as it was fifty years ago to bar out white competition.

So many opinions of Mr. Roosevelt's negro policy have been recorded that it seems proper to allow this one:

"He is not permanently wedded to any one question as the dominant note of his career. He suddenly takes up a measure, settles it, and drops it, and goes in quest of issues new. And so in dealing with the negro he has established the principle but has desisted at the point of practical application."

WALTER L. FLEMING.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The Laureate's latest volume.

In his latest book, "The Bridling of Pegasus" (Macmillan), Mr. Alfred Austin has brought together a series of miscellaneous essays in criticism,—one of them inspired by the recent ter-centenary of Milton's birth, another delivered as a lecture some ten years ago before a Dante Society, still another published in one of the English magazines while Tennyson was yet alive, and most of the rest written apparently before the end of Tennyson's century. The first of the essays—there are ten in all, and each of them must make interesting reading for all who find pleasure in the critical essay—is on "The Essentials of Great Literature," and is a plea for a return to first principles in the criticism of poetry. These principles Mr. Austin conceives to be, first of all, melodiousness and lucidity; and after these, the largeness of conception and the power that we associate with epic and dramatic verse. The dethronement of poetry in popular favor in recent times he attributes largely to the neglect of these essentials in current criticism, though he holds that there have been other contributory influences at work, in "the perpetual reading of novels of every kind," the increase of the feminine or sentimental in literature, and "the febrile quality of contemporary existence." The sentimental note in our literature furnishes the theme of the second essay. The third treats anew the time-worn theme of Milton's likeness and unlikeness to Dante. The fourth—the most substantial and the most spirited chapter in the book—deals with the relative rank of Byron and Wordsworth, and is an attempt to discredit sundry of Matthew Arnold's *dicta* in his famous prefatory essay on Wordsworth. Mr. Austin admits the justness of

Arnold's assertion that Wordsworth must profit by the "boiling down" process to which Arnold subjected him in his volume of selections, but denies that this is true also of Byron; in like manner he argues, with much emphasis—and, it must be admitted, with something of plausibility—that Arnold was wrong in contending that Wordsworth reveals more of life than does Byron, or that he reveals life more powerfully; he also demurs to Arnold's judgment that a poetry of optimism is necessarily a greater poetry than that in which the note of sadness and discontent is struck, although he seems to contradict himself later in his essay on "Poetry and Pessimism." Another stirring essay, "A Vindication of Tennyson," is directed against the poet Swinburne, whom Mr. Austin calls to account for having once charged Tennyson, strangely enough, with "inaptitude for musical verse." The remaining essays are concerned with "Dante's Realistic Treatment of the Ideal," "Dante's Poetic Conception of Woman," "The Relation of Literature and Politics," and "A Conversation with Shakespeare in the Elysian Fields." The volume adds little or nothing to our stock of critical theory, is in no sense constructive, but in its insistence on faith in first principles and on loyalty to the masters it is bound to have a wholesome influence.

Two books on the problem of woman's work.

The almost simultaneous publication of two exhaustive investigations into the industrial status of working women testifies to the increasing and serious interest in the subject. Miss Elizabeth B. Butler's "Women and the Trades," published under the Russell Sage Foundation by the Charities Publication Committee, is based on a close study of four hundred establishments in the "millionaire city" of Pittsburgh in which the labor of women and girls was utilized, and includes a survey of the employment of 22,185 of those women and girls at twenty-seven trades. Miss Butler's book is not a mere statistical statement of numbers, hours, wages,—these things have been accurately ascertained and stated,—but a sympathetic discussion of all the factors, social as well as economic, in the problem of women's employment in Pittsburgh. It appears that less than one per cent of the workers are skilled, while less than two per cent deserve the name of craftswomen; twenty-three per cent do work that requires only dexterity, and of sixteen per cent not even dexterity is demanded. This means that by far the great majority of the women studied are industrially helpless,—that is, doing work which makes no demand on their intelligence and affords little opportunity for advancement. Miss Butler points out the serious consequences of this condition to the community. She shows that few (less than two per cent) get elsewhere—in clubs, social and educational, or in other social organizations—the training that is lacking in their work. One cannot begin to indicate the important facts here brought out, or the ways in which the Pittsburgh community, and many others of which it

is a type, must begin the task of protecting women wage-earners. In the United States as a whole, women are engaged in 295 of the 303 occupations specified in the Twelfth Census; and it is an interesting problem to trace out the beginnings of their careers as wage-earners, to see how recent a condition is their wide distribution in gainful occupations, what the conditions of their early industrial employment were, what wages they received, what were their hours of work and their surroundings. These things Miss Edith Abbott's "Women in Industry" (Appleton) tells us. It is the most comprehensive and careful study, historical and statistical, that has been made of the employment of women. In it their industrial life is traced from colonial times through the period of transition from house industries to the present factory system with its minute division of labor. A general survey of the fields of industry in which women were earliest employed, with many quaint and amusing quotations from old note-books, records, and periodicals, is followed by histories of special industries, chosen because of their importance, now or earlier, in the employment of women workers. An interesting conclusion from the general survey is that, contrary to popular belief, "the increase in the number of women employed in factories has not meant the 'driving out' of men," the proportion of women in the New England mills having steadily declined since 1827, when they were nine-tenths of all the operatives, to 1900, when they were less than half. The data which Miss Abbott has collected disprove also another frequent assertion regarding women—that they have only recently become self-supporting; the early records show that women supported themselves before the era of the factory. The discussion of the problem of women's wages confirms, in connection with the broad field of women's employment, what Miss Butler's study revealed as true for them in Pittsburgh: that for the most part "women not only do the low-paid but the unskilled work." This volume is in one respect unlike Miss Butler's: one seems to detect in it a hidden brief for the "cause of women"; while the other work, though sympathetic, is nevertheless impartial in its attitude. Together they are distinctive and important contributions to the problem of woman's work.

*A Russian
Admiral
in Japan.*

Captain Vladimir Semenov, of the Russian navy, in a book called "The Price of Blood" (Dutton) gives some realistic and often harrowing details of his capture at sea, in company with Admiral Rojestvensky, in the late war between Japan and Russia, and of his detention in hospital and prison on Japanese soil. The volume is a sequel to "Rasplata" and "The Battle of Tsushima," from the same pen, but is of independent interest as illustrating the kind of tactics and gunnery, on both sides, that made possible the easy defeat of one naval force by another. Captain Semenov himself was disabled by severe wounds, and must be given credit for putting forth such

strenuous resistance as was in his power; but his narrative, perhaps not wholly with intention, reveals a state of laxness and incompetence in the Russian navy that fairly startles the reader. The narrative covers the period from the middle of May, 1905, to the sixth of December, when the author found himself back in St. Petersburg, with the disheartening prospect before him of being court-martialed for dereliction of duty. "Is this the price of blood?" he asked himself. "Is it for this we have shed it?" The translators of the book, Mr. Leonard Lewery and Major F. R. Godfrey, have indulged here and there in English that may fairly be called peculiar. For example, on an early page we read: "If but one of them had dared to evince his glee openly in my presence whatever, I think I would be able to clench my teeth in his throat till they would have met there." An interview with Admiral Nebogatoff, after he had submitted to the inevitable and saved his men at the expense of his honor, shows the unfortunate man in a rather touching frame of mind. "I had not the courage to do it," he confesses, in answer to the query why he had not sunk his ships and taken to his boats—an operation that he felt convinced would have condemned three-fourths of his men to certain death; "I had not the courage to do it, and to this alone I plead guilty. I am sure you will believe it was not to save my own skin that I acted thus: I was the Admiral, and means would always have been found of saving me." The diarist impresses one as a man of sturdy resolution and remarkable physical endurance. The conditions under which he kept his journal were extremely trying, to say the least. But to this difficulty much of the peculiar interest of the book is due.

*Biology and
medicine.*

Under the title "Some Wonders of Biology" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Dr. William Hanna Thomson has reprinted a series of essays which originally appeared in "Everybody's Magazine." Their aim is the popular presentation of certain medical topics not generally understood by the layman. In fact, if "medicine" had been substituted for "biology" in the title, a more just relationship between the cover of the book and its contents would have been effected. For while the science of medicine is certainly applied biology, the relationship between the applied and pure science here is not so close in current thought or usage as quite to justify labelling as "biology" a book dealing with such topics as abnormalities of the mind, infection, and the like. Dr. Thomson is a fluent and entertaining writer. Four of the seven essays which make up the volume deal primarily with medical aspects of psychology. Here the author is at his best, though the traditional *granum salis* will not come amiss even here. The last two essays are concerned with very broad and fundamental problems of philosophical biology. Their titles are respectively "Is this Earth the Only Abode of Physical Life?" and "The Nature of Physical Life." On the whole it is fair to say that these two essays

do not satisfactorily solve the questions they raise, although there is not to be found even a perfunctory expression of modest doubt on the author's part as to whether there may not still be left something worth discussing in regard to these great problems after this book is finished. Indeed, Dr. Thomson's manner of dealing with the intellectual difficulties implied in the chapter-headings quoted, in its mingling of genial but at the same time absolute certainty, and the smallest but none the less distinct bit of a patronizing tone, is much like that adopted by the old-school country "doctor" in his amelioration of visceral ills. The conclusion reached is that the earth is the only abode of life, chiefly because "Man himself is altogether exceptional. . . . He is simply supernatural, and above all biology." Just what this really has to do with the questions under discussion, does not appear. But since the chief purpose of these last two essays is plainly to inculcate the highest moral principles, the logical *non sequitur* may perhaps be overlooked.

*The Quaker
as a citizen.*

Mrs. Francis B. Gummere (Amelia Mott Gummere), in a volume entitled "The Quaker in the Forum" (John C. Winston Co.), considers "an aspect of Quakerism which," she says, with some excess of emphasis on the peculiar nature of her researches, "has hitherto received no attention." The writing of the book was suggested, she tells us, by the question of a professor of history in a New England college, who asked when the Quakers obtained the franchise in America. In seven somewhat rambling and pleasantly anecdotal chapters, the civil status of the follower of George Fox is discussed, with abundant references to authoritative sources of information. First the Quaker attitude toward the oath—hardly a topic that "has hitherto received no attention"—is considered at some length, with illustrative instances; and then come chapters on the Quaker as a "Wanton Gosseller," "The Quaker Franchise," "The Quaker Citizen and the Law," "The Quaker in International Politics," "The Quakers and Mirabeau," and "Quaker Loyalty." The fifth of these essays seems to owe its being chiefly to the fact that the writer has in her possession a silver cream-jug presented by Dr. John Fothergill, a Quaker physician in London, to Benjamin Franklin, upon the latter's departure for America in 1775; this chapter is less comprehensive and general in its nature than its title might lead one to expect. The book is appropriately illustrated, chiefly with portraits.

*Romantic career
of a Frenchman
in the Civil War.*

One of the most interesting and unique of careers among Americans is that of General Régis de Trobriand; and this career is commemorated in a worthy biography by his daughter Mrs. Marie Caroline Post. One could hardly ask for more in a novel of adventure than is to be found in this book. General de Trobriand came of a line of soldiers reaching back to William the Conqueror. He was the first in

these hundreds of years to enter a different career, and this because under the House of Orleans the army was closed to him as a loyal upholder of the Bourbon line. Chance brought him to the New World in 1841; he married a New York heiress and remained a loyal American, though by birth he belonged to the high nobility and could claim the "sixteen quarterings" that gave him position among the proudest, and in his boyhood had made him a page to the Bourbon heir to the throne. Régis de Trobriand excelled in many things. He could swim seven miles, and then row his defeated contestants back to the starting-point; he was a writer of skill and superior style in both French and English; a musical and dramatic critic, an excellent musician, a painter of reputation, a friend and companion of noted men and women on both sides of the Atlantic. When the Civil War broke out, although he was in middle life, he offered himself to the Government, and served with distinction throughout the war, rising to the rank of Major General. A volume of his reminiscences, "Quatre ans de Campagnes a l'Armée du Potomac," is a fine story of the campaigns of that army, and did much to shape French opinion on American matters. At the close of the war he was made a colonel in the regular army, and served on the frontier until he was retired for age. The story of this interesting life is well told; an obstacle to the enjoyment of it will be found by some in their inability to read and appreciate the best portions—letters, diaries, and the like—which are in French and untranslated. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

*Correspondence
of a countess in
diplomatic life.*

"The Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmoreland," edited by her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall, and published by the Messrs. Dutton, constitutes a sufficiently bulky sequel to the "Letters of Lady Burghersh during the Campaign of 1813-14," which appeared in 1893. The writer of both series of letters was, by birth, a Pole (Priscilla Ann Wellesley Pole) and a niece of the great Duke of Wellington; while her marriage to Lord Burghersh, afterward eleventh Earl of Westmoreland, a soldier and a diplomat, connected her with another family of distinction. Her familiar correspondence, thought by her daughter to throw "a new and true light on much that has been misconceived, especially in regard to the formation of the German Empire," has the naturalness and varied interest that an intelligent and observing woman, residing successively at various European capitals and mingling with court society, might be expected to impart to her informal descriptions of her surroundings. As to the new light thrown on the formation of the German Empire, since her latest published letter is dated 1865, and her earlier references to the hopes and plans of German unity are neither very numerous nor very startling in their revelations, the illumination can hardly be considered dazzling. But those interested in European history of the last century, especially

those old enough to remember much of its making, will find entertainment in the book, which is, moreover, appropriately though sparingly illustrated and carefully indexed.

*Two years
behind the
footlights.*

"The Diary of a Daly Débutante" (Duffield) is made up of "passages from the journal of a member of Augustin Daly's famous company of players," if the title-page is to be credited; and a "publishers' note" informs the reader that the Diary, written in 1879-81, has quite by chance become available for publication thirty years later. "It is printed verbatim," we are to believe, "with only such omissions as have seemed expedient for personal reasons, the writer having since become well known in another walk of life." Who the writer is, may furnish food for conjecture to the veteran theatre-goer; but as the parts assigned to her by Mr. Daly were always inconspicuous, and sometimes mute, there is small danger that her veil of anonymity will be rudely torn aside. Her first impressions of her fellow-players — some of them, like Mr. John Drew and Miss Ada Rehan, subsequently famous — are of special interest. The tone of the Diary is good-natured throughout; in fact, the daily entries are just such as a well-bred and wide-awake young lady might be expected to write under the given conditions. Play-going readers, especially if old enough to have witnessed the performances of the Daly company from the beginning, will find innocent amusement in this "Diary of a Daly Débutante."

*Popular talks
on astronomy.*

A book of English origin is introduced to American readers, with the title "Chats about Astronomy" (Lippincott). The title is an accurate description of the contents. Mr. H. P. Hollis, the learned President of the British Astronomical Association, may be presumed to have knocked the ashes out of his pipe (if he smokes), and to have summoned his stenographer that he might chat to him in more or less desultory fashion on a dozen loosely connected topics of astronomical import. Four of the chapters are about the earth; the longest of the other eight attempts to give the reader an introduction to the constellations. Notwithstanding the chatty nature of these talks, the author has been careful about his facts — an exception being the story on page 41 about what Halley said concerning the return of his comet. There are evidences of careless proof-reading: on page 41 some Greek words have their accents and breathings in sad disarray; such slips as "Astrope," "chartering stars," "Enke," "Aquita," "Delphinus," "Aldeharan," and "Crommelia," are not very creditable. But aside from these minor defects, the book may be recommended to anyone who does not care for a systematic and orderly treatment of the subject, and will not miss the beautiful illustrations with which popular books on astronomy are usually adorned.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. publish a new edition of "The Works of Sir John Suckling in Prose and Verse," edited by Mr. A. Hamilton Thompson. The plays and the letters, when added to the more familiar lyrics, make up a stouter volume than one would expect. The original title-pages of the several publications are reproduced in facsimile, and there is a considerable body of notes.

"The aim of this volume is, among other things, to give a concrete discussion of ambiguity, to simplify the study of causal connections, and to treat with greater detail than is usually done the type of inference called circumstantial evidence, the nature of proof, and the postulates of reasoning." This is the programme of "An Outline of Logic," by Professor Boyd Henry Bode, published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. It is an excellent treatise upon a too-neglected subject, and one of its most useful features is found in the extensive set of appended exercises.

One of the best series of supplementary reading-books that have ever been planned is that published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers under the editorship of Mr. Percival Chubb. The readings are to be from the most typically American of American writers, and a volume made up from the juvenile books of Mr. Howells opened the series not long ago. It is now followed by "Travels at Home by Mark Twain," a volume of passages taken from the author's accounts of life on the Mississippi and in the Nevada of "Roughing It." Two further volumes from Mark Twain are soon to be added to the series. We bespeak a hearty welcome from school people for these books.

To the series of "Original Narratives of Early American History" (Scribner) the editor, Professor J. Franklin Jameson, has contributed a reprint, with extensive annotations, of Captain Edward Johnson's famous "History of New England," better known as "The Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England" — for that is the title supplied by the running headlines of the original edition. It is now forty-three years since the last previous appearance of this work, as it was given to the public with a learned introductory essay by William Frederick Poole. Professor Jameson has availed himself of Poole's scholarship, and has contributed much of his own besides. He is himself a descendant of the author, which has lent a special interest to the task of presenting the work to a new generation of readers.

A new edition of the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche, in English translation, is being published by the Macmillan Co. It is under the supervising care of Dr. Oscar Levy, and will comprise eighteen volumes in all. The following works are now at hand: "Thoughts out of Season," in two volumes, respectively translated by Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici and Mr. Adrian Collins; "The Birth of Tragedy," translated by Dr. William A. Hausmann; the first part of "Human all-too-Human," translated by Miss Helen Zimmern; the first part of "The Will to Power," translated by Mr. Ludovici; and "On the Future of our Educational Institutions" with "Homer and Classical Philology," translated by Mr. J. M. Kennedy. For readers who prefer their Nietzsche homeopathic-epigrammatic doses, we recommend the in little book edited by Mr. A. R. Orage, and entitled "Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism." This volume is published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co.

NOTES.

Mr. Joseph B. Gilder, late editor of "Putnam's Magazine" and long associated with his sister Miss Jeannette L. Gilder in the management of "The Critic," has undertaken the editorship of "The New York Times Saturday Review."

The interesting announcement is made of a life of Bret Harte for the "American Men of Letters" series. It is the work of Mr. Henry C. Merwin of Boston, who has been engaged upon it for several years, and has had access to unpublished manuscripts and other authoritative sources.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. publish a revised edition of that sterling text, "The Leading Facts of American History," by Mr. D. H. Montgomery. This book is particularly well supplied with apparatus for the aid of both student and teacher, and has in a marked degree the merits of conciseness and accuracy.

A lawyer's brief for the existence of God and a belief in immortality is embodied in Judge Lyssander Hill's "The Two Great Questions" (Chicago: Regan Printing House). The argument is based on a vast array of evidence offered by the processes of nature, and on the difficulty of explaining all the facts of existence by merely natural law.

Descendants of the Scotch Irish, and genealogists of whatever ancestry, will be interested in "Scotch Irish Pioneers in Ulster and America," by Mr. Charles K. Bolton, Librarian of the Boston Athenæum, a book which Messrs. Bacon & Brown of Boston announce as nearly ready. The work has been in preparation for several years, and will form an important contribution to the history of American colonization.

Among the interesting books to appear in June is a new novel by Sienkiewicz, dealing with the problems of modern life. It is translated from the Polish by Mr. Max A. Dresmal, and is to be published by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. The same firm announces a new book by Selma Lagerlof, the famous Swedish author to whom was recently awarded the Nobel Literary Prize of \$40,000. The novel is entitled "The Girl from Marsh Croft," and is translated by Miss Velma Swanston Howard.

Professor Willis L. Moore, Chief of the United States Weather Bureau, has written a text-book of "Descriptive Meteorology," which is now published by the Messrs. Appleton. It is an exhaustive work, abundantly illustrated with charts and diagrams, and is designed for the needs of men in training for the work of forecasting. It may also serve well as a manual for advanced college students. We note with interest that the author is not to be numbered among the deserters from the Laplacian hypothesis concerning the origin of the Solar System.

The most complete history ever prepared of an early American magazine is about to be published by the Boston Athenæum. It comprises the weekly records of a club of brilliant young men of New England who edited "The Monthly Anthology and Boston Review" just a century ago. The book, which will be handsomely illustrated, will contain an introduction by Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, a complete collation by Mr. Albert Matthews, as well as extensive bibliographical notes of early books reviewed, and a complete list of authors of contributions to the ten volumes of the magazine.

THE DIAL'S THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

ADDITIONAL TRIBUTES.

THE DIAL continues to receive congratulations and tributes, from individuals and the press, on its Thirtieth Anniversary, just past. If any excuse were needed for adding to the full measure of appreciations printed in the preceding issue, it might be found in the fact that these also belong to the collection, as well as in their interest and the rarity of the occasion which called them forth.

While others offer flasks of praise
I bring my humble vial!
Live long! Live long and useful days!
May Fortune's sun pour golden rays
Upon the faithful DIAL!

Many congratulations on the auspicious event. The anniversary marks an era of fair and candid criticism, of honest and sincere appreciations.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Boston, May 1.

I congratulate you on the Thirtieth Anniversary of THE DIAL. I remember the Dial of the Transcendentalists, to which an aunt of mine was a subscriber, and always thought of it when I read your DIAL, which I did for many years, and which I think has justified the words of the prospectus of the Dial of seventy years ago.

MELVILLE W. FULLER.

Supreme Court, Washington, D. C., May 2.

I appreciate very much what THE DIAL has done for us and for many causes in which I am interested. The maintenance of such a journal represents a high form of public service, and I am not sure that it does not represent the highest form of public service now open to men.

BENJAMIN I. WHEELER.

University of California, April 29.

This note from a constant reader of THE DIAL during the thirty years of success you and your associates and friends are so happily celebrating has been delayed only to give you time to digest all the more important things coming to you. Yet constant readers are not without value, I take it, and their very existence is evidence of their appreciation, not loud but deep. THE DIAL, especially to one trained in judicial methods, is a balm as well as an education and inspiration, and my gratitude for the privilege of its comfort and instruction during these many years would be hard to plumb. May at least another thirty be its and yours to bless with beauty and worth all the friends among whom I hope always to be.

EUGENE E. PRUSSING.

Chicago, May 6.

I wish to congratulate THE DIAL on its Thirtieth Anniversary. THE DIAL is one of the very few literary periodicals that I find worth reading at all. So from my point of view you have been greatly successful. You should take the foremost place among our periodicals devoted largely to literature.

WILBUR L. CROSS.

Yale University, May 4.

I always enjoy reading THE DIAL. I like its common sense, its good judgment, its conscientious fairness, its thorough scholarship. I will not call its deliverances oracles, but they give me a somewhat similar feeling at once of confidence and of finality. THE DIAL does tell

to all who are interested in culture and literature the state of life and growth that is now arrived and arriving. I join the generation it has helped and guided for thirty years in wishing it hearty Godspeed.

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN.

Cornell University, N. Y., May 3.

That THE DIAL should be alive to celebrate the Thirtieth Anniversary of its birth should not be a source of wonder, but when one looks at the cheaper magazines and most of the higher priced ones, all of them groveling before the raw intelligence of the masses, it is a wonderful achievement to make a success of such a publication as THE DIAL, and the credit should be in accordance with the achievement.

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER.

Saranac Lake, N. Y., April 29.

I send my congratulations on the Thirtieth Anniversary of THE DIAL. I wish to add my testimony to the abundance which you have received. It is now a good many years since I began reading THE DIAL, and no more welcome visitor comes to me. I appreciate especially the generosity of its criticisms: those who are admitted into its precincts receive the best of greetings. May you long live and prosper.

LOUIS J. BLOCK.

Chicago, May 3.

My very cordial congratulations to THE DIAL on the achievement of so long a period of consistent service to literature, and the hope that successors in my office may have the privilege of a similar congratulation upon the prolongation of this period to a full centennial.

HERBERT PUTNAM.

Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., April 23.

My heartiest congratulations on your Thirtieth Anniversary. The fine thing about THE DIAL is that it does not depend on another light, but adds to the literary world a lustre of its own, while marking the progress of that world. And this may you continue doing for another generation.

DAVID Y. THOMAS.

University of Arkansas, May 9.

May I congratulate you upon your admirable Thirtieth Anniversary number. I spent most of last evening reading it. Certainly we have nothing else on the same high literary plane as THE DIAL. Heartly congratulations.

W. W. ELLSWORTH (THE CENTURY CO.)

New York, May 5.

Please accept our congratulations upon your Thirtieth Anniversary. May the next thirty years be as fruitful in good deeds and good works as the past thirty, and may all those who have had a part in this development during the past thirty years live to take an active part in the development within the next thirty years.

GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO.

Philadelphia, April 30.

I feel that THE DIAL is one of the few journals in the country true to the best ideals of literature, and a valuable paper to the critical reader, the publisher, and the general public.

JOHN MACRAE (E. P. DUTTON & CO.)

New York, April 28.

We hasten to offer our congratulations upon your Thirtieth Anniversary. A periodical that can keep its high standard for thirty years, as yours has done, deserves success.

DUFFIELD & COMPANY.

New York, April 29.

THE DIAL, which celebrates its thirtieth anniversary this week, is a literary journal of remarkable enterprise and independence, and Sir Walter Besant once declared it to be unsurpassed by any other literary journal in America or England. It was founded in 1880 by Mr. Francis F. Browne, who named his venture after the famous "Dial" which Margaret Fuller conducted, and to which Emerson, Thoreau, and many of the other New England transcendentalists, contributed. Margaret Fuller's journal ceased after sixteen quarterly numbers; but its namesake has had a longer, if not quite such a brilliant, career. Mr. Browne is justly proud of the fact that he has directed its policy for so long a period, and that, though published in a city often described as the most unlitrary in the United States, it is read all over the Republic, and includes among its contributors many of the most distinguished men of letters in America.

LONDON NATION.

Chicago has amused itself, and others, by announcing itself from time to time as "the literary centre" of the nation. This is an indefinite phrase, and the boast is as meaningless as it is harmless. The city has a few authors, a few publishers, and many readers of books. But in one respect it is unique. It has the only purely literary journal of the first rank in America. May 1 THE DIAL celebrates its thirtieth anniversary. Begun as a monthly, it was changed to a fortnightly publication eighteen years ago, and it is still under the control of its first editor, who has been associated with literary effort in Chicago for nearly half a century. It has stood for the highest ideals in art and politics, although touching upon the latter only incidentally, and it has undoubtedly exercised upon its readers a powerful influence towards better things. It has earned the praise of great authorities on both sides of the Atlantic for its unbiased judgments and its fearless independence, and its refusal to compromise with unhealthy and sensational tendencies in literature has won general admiration.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

With the first week of May comes the issue of THE DIAL commemorating the close of its thirtieth year. During that long interval, a generation of human life, its founder, Mr. Francis F. Browne, has been continuously its editor, an achievement in personality and literary journalism that is almost without exception. For thirty years THE DIAL has come regularly out of Chicago, recording and commenting upon the passing and the permanent in literature with a just and authoritative voice. During most of that time, and at the present moment, THE DIAL stands alone as the only American newspaper whose sole object is the chronicling and criticism of literary achievement. May it continue in length of years and in wisdom.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

That admirable literary journal, THE DIAL, of Chicago, has just rounded three decades of continuous publication under the same editorial auspices. . . . Mr. Francis F. Browne has been editor of THE DIAL since its first number appeared in May, 1880. For twelve years he issued the periodical as a monthly, but for the past eighteen years it has been a fortnightly. THE DIAL has never missed an issue, and its stability of management is almost unique in American journalism. Its editor has made us all his debtors many times. His has been a quiet but effective influence in the nation's literary development, which we hope may be continued far into the future.

AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

To have brought a literary journal safely through thirty years of life in Chicago, in a country not famous for enthusiasm over affairs of culture, is an admirable achievement. It is a tribute in part to editorial devotion, but more particularly to the probity which has distinguished *THE DIAL*. Concessions have been made neither to the general preference for sensational literature nor to advertisers' desire for indulgence. This rare standard has never been deserted, and the success of *THE DIAL* is good testimony that there are publishers and public who appreciate disinterested criticism. That such success may continue and greatly increase must be the wish of all Mr. Browne's contemporaries. And Chicago especially must desire that this anniversary be the portal to even wider and stronger influence.

CHICAGO EVENING POST.

THE DIAL is to be congratulated upon its thirtieth anniversary; but those who have a full appreciation of its high aims, a realizing sense of how firmly it has abided by the faith for sound literature, and how well it has performed its work in its chosen field, will hold with us that thirty years is but a milestone in a career which is destined to continue with honor for many years to come.

NEW YORK TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW.

To *THE DIAL*, that admirable fortnightly review of current literature and vehicle of sound criticism, our hearty congratulations on the occasion of its thirtieth anniversary. Our personal congratulations, too, to its founder and helmsman, who has kept it steady on its consistent course by the polestar of duty to the best interests of literature in the main phases or relations of the term—the author's, the reader's, the publisher's. . . . By austere adherence to its high standards, by development on its original right lines, and avoidance of the commercial temptations that beset a journal with an ideal, *THE DIAL* stands to-day on an eminence of success and international recognition that vindicates the judgment of its founder and his faith in the Emersonian maxim of hitching one's wagon to a star.

MILWAUKEE SENTINEL.

During the whole three decades of its existence this unique and estimable literary fortnightly has been edited by its founder, Mr. Francis F. Browne, whose strong personality and high critical standards have somehow achieved the apparently impossible feat of maintaining in Chicago the one purely literary periodical in the country. Mr. Browne's success, like that of Theodore Thomas with his orchestra, was due to no concession to popular lack of taste, but to a sort of stern enthusiasm for the best. Mr. Browne and Chicago are alike to be congratulated on *THE DIAL*'s anniversary.

CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD.

On May 1 *THE DIAL* celebrates its thirtieth anniversary. It is pleasant to reflect that such a paper, printed in the West and devoted to the interests of letters, has had a life so long and a career so honorable and useful. *THE DIAL* is one of the very few periodicals in the United States which has steadily stood for high aims and ideals, and in a consistent and dignified and fair-minded fashion kept its readers in touch with our literary production. There is special reason for congratulation that such a publication has been developed in the Middle West; but locality aside, the country at large should rejoice that *THE DIAL* exists, and bids fair to become a centenarian. It is one of Chicago's most distinctive and creditable institutions.

THE BELLMAN (Minneapolis).

THE DIAL of Chicago is thirty years old this spring. It is a high-class periodical, and it is no slight accomplishment to bring a literary periodical in America safely through so long a life. We wish it well, and hope it will live many times as long, with no loss of the cultivation and independence which have marked its history for three decades.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

THE DIAL deserves and will receive the hearty congratulations of the best men and women, widely scattered in space and in station. It has been true to the vision which called it into being. It has been an impartial and sagacious interpreter of current literature.

UNITY (Chicago).

Every lover of scholarly criticism, of unbiassed opinion, of pure English, and of a sane viewpoint, will rejoice that *THE DIAL* has achieved its splendid record and maintained its high literary standard.

THE GRAPHIC (Los Angeles, Cal.)

THE DIAL celebrates this month the Thirtieth Anniversary of its appearance among the literary journals of this country, or, perhaps truer still, of the world, since its praise is in every centre of literary culture abroad as well as at home. An unusual circumstance of its history is that during all this time its policy has been directed by the same editor, whose rare gifts have been unreservedly dedicated to the work of bringing *THE DIAL* to a place of preëminence among journals of its class. His reward is the praise of the discerning. . . . While *THE DIAL* remains faithful to its present ideals and to its own splendid history, always will there be assurance of a criticism which unites sympathy and insight with the highest integrity.

NORTHWESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 140 titles, includes books received by *THE DIAL* since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- Memories of Sixty Years at Eton, Cambridge, and Elsewhere.* By Oscar Browning, M. A. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 364 pages. John Lane Co. \$6. net.
- Robert Dodale: Poet, Publisher, and Playwright.* By Ralph Straus. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 407 pages. John Lane Co. \$6.50 net.
- The Life of Mary Lyon.* By Beth Bradford Gilchrist. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 462 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.
- Ruskin and his Circle.* By Ada Earland. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 340 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75 net.
- Marion Harland's Autobiography: The Story of a Long Life.* 8vo, 498 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$2. net.
- An Old-Fashioned Senator: Orville H. Platt of Connecticut.* By Louis A. Collidge. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 655 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3. net.
- Famous Blue-Stockings.* By Ethel Holt Wheeler. With portraits, large 8vo, 351 pages. John Lane Co. \$4. net.

HISTORY.

- The History of the Confederate War, Its Causes and Conduct: A Narrative and Critical History.* By George Cary Eggleston. In 2 volumes, large 8vo. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$4. net.
- A History of Perugia.* By William Heywood; edited by R. Langton Douglas. Illustrated, large 8vo, 411 pages. "Historic States of Italy." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
AMERICAN AND ENGLISH PERIODICALS . . .	379
THE CHARM OF GUIDE BOOKS. <i>Willis Boyd Allen</i>	381
CASUAL COMMENT	382
June advice from the "Old Librarian's Almanack."—The Sunday-newspaper monstrosity.—Two aspects of literary leisure.—An American season in the London book-market.—The reprehensible re-christening of books.—A summer resort's sumptuous library.—The increased demand for Mark Twain's books.	
ESSAYS IN DIVERS MOODS. <i>Percy F. Bicknell</i>	384
Stewart's Essays on the Spot.—Belloc's On Everything.—Miss Bialand's At the Sign of the Hobby Horse.—Thomas's Rest and Unrest.	
THE NATURE VIRTUES. <i>May Estelle Cook</i>	385
Job's How to Study the Birds.—Wright's The Black Bear.—Breck's Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw.—Mrs. Todd's A Cycle of Sunsets.—Packard's Woodland Paths.	
A VARIED GROUP OF GARDEN BOOKS. <i>Sara Andrew Shafer</i>	386
Miss Higgins's Little Gardens for Boys and Girls.—Rexford's Indoor Gardening.—Parsons's Children's Gardens for Pleasure, Health, and Education.—Scott's In Praise of Gardens.—Bradley's The Garden Muse.—Mrs. Cecil's A History of Gardening in England.	
BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE. <i>H. E. Coblenz</i>	388
Dugmore's Camera Adventures in African Wilds.—Swann's Fighting the Slave-Hunters in Central Africa.—Workman's Peaks and Glaciers of Nun Kun.—Niedieck's Cruises in the Bering Sea.—Franck's A Vagabond Journey around the World.—Miss Fee's A Woman's Impressions of the Philippines.—Paine's The Ship-Dwellers.—Miss Stein's Glimpses around the World.—Beebe's Our Search for a Wilderness.—Mozans's Up the Orinoco and down the Magdalena.—Vane's Walks and People in Tuscany.—Kennan's Tent-Life in Siberia.—Johnson's The Picturesque St. Lawrence.	
RECENT FICTION. <i>William Morton Payne</i>	393
Thurston's Sally Bishop.—Wells's The History of Mr. Polly.—Snaith's Fortune.—Bindloss's Thurston of Orchard Valley.—Mrs. Ward's Lady Merton, Colonist.—Miss Stockley's Poppy.—Miss Watts's Nathan Burke.—Miss Taylor's Caleb Trench.—Churchill's A Modern Chronicle.—Whitman's Predestined.—Hart's A Vigilante Girl.—Dudley's The Isle of Whispers.—Ironsides's The Red Symbol.—Webster's The Sky-Man.	
VARIOUS BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING	397
Diversions of a fisherman in western waters.—Trees and tree-lore of England.—Tending trees and saving them.—The pensive oyster and retiring clam.—A tourist's talk of his travels.—An antidote to drowsiness.—Right ideas of nature-study.—Gardening in a library.—In the field with horse and hound.	
NOTES	400
TOPICS IN JUNE PERIODICALS	402
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	402

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

Mr. William Archer has a sharp eye for things American. Viewing us from afar, and sojourning "in our midst," he has used it to good purpose, and has recorded in singularly clear terms the results of his observation. His vision is not altogether free from astigmatism, but it is both steady and penetrating. While Mr. Archer is particularly concerned with matters pertaining to his *métier* as critic of the drama and student of the technical problems of the playhouse, he is more than a specialist in this restricted field, and has envisaged many other scenes and situations. He has discoursed upon our manners and our morals, he has presented us with a solution of our negro problem, and he has rushed into the conflict that rages about our spelling of the English language,—not taking, we regret to say, the side of the angels. His latest contribution to our enlightenment upon our own affairs—and, incidentally, to the enlightenment of his fellow Britons by the method of comparison—is found in a study of "The American Cheap Magazine," contributed to "The Fortnightly Review." The study should please us, on the whole, because it redounds to the credit of American enterprise. Mr. Archer says:

"Of the many differences between America and England which do not altogether minister to our national self-complacency, none is more striking than the contrast between our sixpenny monthlies and the ten-cent or fifteen-cent magazines that crowd the American bookstalls. On the surface, the contrast is most humiliating, and though, when we look below the surface, we shall find reasons which diminish its significance, it remains, when all is said and done, a disquieting phenomenon."

In making this comparative study, Mr. Archer deliberately excludes fiction from his purview,—in the first place, because he seldom reads magazine fiction; and in the second place, because he thinks it is very much the same in quality on both sides of the ocean. His interest is in that section of the contents which may be described, if euphemistically, as serious, in order to give it a name which shall distinguish it from the mere products of invention. Now he finds, broadly speaking, that the "serious" features of the English sixpenny magazines are

"magnified and scarcely glorified tit-bits," and "articles on everything that can pass the time for an idle brain, and cannot possibly matter either to the individual or the nation." In the American popular magazines he finds, on the other hand, "articles of absorbing and illuminating interest," the type of contribution which is "a richly-documented, soberly-worded study in contemporary history, concentrating into ten, or twelve pages matter which could much more easily be expanded into a book ten or twelve times as long." Of the group of a half-dozen or so of magazines thus referred to, he says:

"There is nothing quite like them in the literature of the world — no periodicals which combine such width of popular appeal with such seriousness of aim and thoroughness of workmanship."

Having introduced his subject with these general propositions, Mr. Archer proceeds to the task of specific illustration. He takes some two dozen recent numbers of the magazines in question, analyzes their contents, and presents them in a classified arrangement. The lengthy list of titles selected includes such as Judge Lindsey's "The Beast and the Jungle," Judge Gaynor's "The Looting of New York," General Bingham's articles about the New York police, a group exposing the political corruption of San Francisco, a group upon the Pinchot-Ballinger dispute, Miss Tarbell's "Where the Shoe is Pinched" and "A Tariff-Made City," "A Carnival of Graft," "The Negro in Politics," "A Continent Despoiled," "The Ominous Hush in Europe," "The Terror on Europe's Threshold," "Barbarous Mexico," and "Spiking down an Empire." These examples are taken from the political groups; under the head of social topics we find mention of "The Case against Trinity," "Blasting the Rock of Ages," "The Godlessness of New York," "Beating Men to Make Them Good," "What Eight Million Women Want," "The Bird Tribute to Vanity," and "Divorce and Public Welfare." Still other groups cite "The Vampire of the South," "The Sacrifice of the Innocents," "Does the Weather Bureau Make Good?" "On the Trail of the Ghost," "The Lure of Gold," and "The Indecent Stage."

We have given only a small part of Mr. Archer's list, but it is enough to make us understand why an Englishman should rub his eyes at the spectacle of a magazine activity which leaves the enterprise of his own country so far behind. But we think our critic takes the entire manifestation a little too seriously. It is true that these are all serious subjects, and

it is also true that almost every article in the list is the product of an extended investigation and of an amount of labor far out of proportion to the ten or twelve pages that the article fills. But those of us who for a series of years have had these articles as a steady diet have come to realize that their fundamental note is sensationalism, and that the underlying motive for their multiplication is commercial rather than philanthropic. The instinctive common sense of the American people has labelled them as "muck-raking" productions, and an instinctive optimism has discounted their lurid imaginings by about ninety per cent. They have stirred us up, no doubt, and often in profitable ways; but their bias and exaggeration, their determination to make sensational points at no matter what sacrifice of sobriety, have prevented them from having much influence over serious-minded people. They have aroused emotional rather than reflective natures; and this is a dangerous thing to do. Mr. Archer thinks that these articles have been "an incalculable force for good," of which we are by no means sure; but he admits that they exhibit the logical weakness of "an insufficient thinking-out of the fundamental ideas on which their crusade is based." To our mind a much more fatal weakness is found in their attitude of *parti pris*, in their assumption that everything is either black or white, and in their unblushing appeal to prejudice. Some of them are doubtless comparatively free from these faults; but since Mr. Archer seems to cover them with a blanket approval, we feel bound to suggest that the opposing point of view is likely to result in a sounder judgment.

Mr. Archer wishes that the English magazines might follow the example thus set them on this side of the water; and if they were to follow it in moderation the enterprise would probably be desirable. There are subjects enough for exploitation at the English editor's hand, if only he realized his opportunities. The reasons why he does not make the venture are two in number, and are thus stated:

"The mildest of the progressive magazines, if its matter applied to England and were published in England, would beget such a monthly crop of libel suits as would bring unheard-of prosperity to the legal profession."

Furthermore, the English cheap magazines "have neither the circulation nor the advertisements which would enable them to pay for it. The American editor will pay more for a single article than an English editor would pay for the whole matter of one of his numbers."

These reasons are pretty nearly prohibitive, as

we may easily understand. But if the English public cannot benefit by the freedom (degenerating into license) of our American editors, and by the gambling spirit which controls their expenditure, it has its own organs for the discussion of serious public concerns. If we could support in this country a group of monthlies like "The Contemporary," "The Fortnightly," and "The Nineteenth Century," and a group of weeklies like "The Spectator," "The Nation," and "The Saturday Review," we would gladly exchange for them the whole galaxy of our muck-raking magazines. Sobriety, in the long run, is more effective than sensationalism as an agency of reform, and writing that appeals to the intelligence has a farther-reaching and more lasting influence than writing that appeals chiefly to the emotions.

THE CHARM OF GUIDE BOOKS.

I have often wondered that in his catalogue of "books which are no books" (comprising "Court Calendars, Directories, Draught Boards bound and lettered on the back, Almanacs, Statutes at Large," and other *biblia a-biblia*), Charles Lamb did not include Guide Books. To be sure, there were but few such in his day. Travelling was expensive and wearisome, and the booksellers had but little inducement to forestall Baedeker. Guide Books indubitably there were, but it is a question whether the gentle Elia ever held one in his hand. To-day, however, every library of even tolerable pretensions has (not boasts) its topmost or lowermost shelf of red-covered books, mute and inglorious discarded companions of wanderings by sea and by land. A brand-new Guide Book is, at the best, but endured as an intellectual *vade mecum*; a Guide Book out-of-date is poor company indeed.

Now, perhaps from sheer contrariness, I want to say a good word for these cast-off fellow-travellers, these humble, dusty, upper-shelfed volumes, whose titles are the indexes, it may be, of happy days when we were younger, and Europe and Egypt and even the more distant portions of our own continent were still to us a land of dreams. I could dwell on the memories that are embalmed in these well-thumbed little volumes: on the faded ivy leaf that still marks the page devoted to Rydal Mount; the pressed fern that grew "in the crannies" of the Coliseum; the blood-red field-lily from the shadow of Rachel's Tomb. But just now I am not concerned with the sentimental value of Guide Books, rather with their power to interest and amuse from an entirely impersonal standpoint.

What more delicious reading for a weary brain than this local "Surrey"? Opening at random, I find myself not far from Dorking—"an admirable halting-place for the pedestrian, who might stay here

for a month and find a new walk every day." Then follow the directions for roads and foot-paths, "along the ridge of the downs," "over Milton Heath," "through the woods to Deepdene," or "under the fir-clad Ridland Hill." The very names are soothing, and as we wander through English meadows and lanes the thought of pestilential problems, of financial crises, of ward politics, are less insistent than the piping of the redbreast in the holly-bush, or the plashing of the waterfall by the moss-grown mill beside our path.

For practical assistance in the matter of topography, history, and, to some extent, local color, the Guide Book is far superior to the gazetteer. Where, for instance, can so much condensed information as to modern or ancient Egypt be found as in the little red-covered volume which has been the butt of so many shafts of ridicule, launched by novelists who are not ashamed of drawing very long bows indeed? If you want to learn about your own country, read one of those small German Guides, and be wise. Are you puzzled by a newspaper despatch from some obscure hamlet of Norway or Austria, your Guide Book, with its faithful maps, sets you right.

In the older specimens of this despised class of literature are quaint directions and suggestions redolent of other days. My own earliest trip to Europe was in 1873; and I remember that one of the first oddities I encountered was fractional silver, I having been "brought up," so to speak, entirely on paper scrip, which was in use here between 1862 and 1875. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in Morford's European Guide for 1873 the expenses of the trip reckoned both in currency and gold—the latter, as is expressly stated, "being at 120." The traveller was warned that he "would always be charged for a whole candle" at his hotel, "whether he used it or not." At that time, probably not half a dozen hotels in Europe were lighted throughout by gas. Electric light, of course, was not dreamed of, outside of Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," which was published that same year.

In a White Mountain Guide Book of 1869, the reader is told: "Be careful, as soon as you arrive" (at the Crawford House, "a large, new edifice") "to book your name for a horse to Mt. Washington, as often all the ponies are engaged for a day or two beforehand." The Mt. Washington Railroad was opened that summer, but was not connected with the Maine Central, the distance between the lower terminus and Fabyan's being traversed by old-fashioned coaches. The carriage road was completed in 1861. History, by the way, has been repeating itself in 1909. The Western "burro" has been imported, and travellers have once more ridden up the steep old bridle-path from Crawford's to the Summit. Don't forget to book for a burro!

Perhaps the queerest, quaintest old Guide Book I have in my possession is a little volume of about four by five inches, called "La Vera Guida per Chi Viaggia in Italia." It was printed at Rome in 1775,

and is dedicated, in four pages of extra large type, "All' Illustrissimo Signore Tommaso Jenkins"! Who this most illustrious Thomas Jenkins was, I have never been able to ascertain; but I trust he was proud of the honor and of the sturdy little book inscribed with his name. The frontispiece represents a post-carriage with two postillions, and a rider ahead lustily blowing his horn. There are many delightful maps, showing post-roads; needless to say, the old-world geography of the country was practically the same then as now. Included in the general prefatory "Instructions" is a feature which I do not remember finding in Baedeker. "A traveller," says the author, "ought before all things to commit himself to God, without whose assistance every enterprise is vain." And, accordingly, a form for devotions is given forthwith—a humble and rather touching little prayer for the safety of the tourist and of the dear ones he has left behind. A little further on are careful directions how to deal with wolves and bears *en route*. "If the traveller has no arms wherewith to defend himself, he can escape from the peril by striking fire from a flint-and-steel, wolves especially being afraid of fire, *essendo i Lupi specialmente assai timorosi del fuoco*."

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

CASUAL COMMENT.

JUNE ADVICE FROM THE "OLD LIBRARIAN'S ALMANACK" will apply just as well, or as ill, to this year of grace 1910 as to the year 1774 for which it was ostensibly written. On the calendar page we read: "Stand not outdoors, gaping like a ninny at nature. She will take care of herself. Read your books." Seasonable counsel, that, for those who have been stretching their necks and straining their eyes at all hours of the night in search of Halley's Comet. Halley's Comet will take care of itself. In this summer season, with vacation at hand, there is danger of idle and otherwise undesirable visitors to the sacred precincts of the library. Note the following: "No Person younger than 20 years (save if he be a student, of more than 18 years, and vouched by his tutor) is on any pretext to enter the Library. Be suspicious of Women. They are given to the Reading of frivolous Romances, and at all events, their presence in a Library adds little to (if it does not, indeed, detract from) that aspect of Gravity, Seriousness and Learning which is its greatest Glory." More in the same strain is added, but we refrain from quoting further, lest we get into trouble with the New Woman, the Suffragette, and other "advanced" members of the sex, and will content ourselves with one more excerpt. "Let no Politician be in your Library, nor no man who Talks overmuch. It will be difficult for him to observe Silence, and he is objectionable otherwise, as well. No Astrologer, Necromancer, Charlatan, Quack, nor Humbug; no Vendor of Nostrums, nor

Teacher of false Knowledge; no fanatic Preacher nor Refugee. Admit no one of loose or evil Life; prohibit the Gamester, the Gypsy, the Vagrant. . . . See to it that none enter who are Senile, and none who are immature in their Minds, even tho' they have reach'd the requir'd Age." With the advent of summer comes a blessed relief from the season of rush and worry, whereof that worthy bibliothecary, Master Enoch Sneed has written: "I am so beset and bothered by persons insinuating themselves into the Library to get Books that frequently I am near to my Wit's end. There have been days when I was scarce able to read for two Hours consecutive without some Donkey breaking in upon my Peace." Few librarians of the present day, however, will be disposed to take literally Master Jared Bean's advice for the summer season,—"Let no intruder put your ease in doubt; lock fast the door & keep the rascals out."

. . . .

THE SUNDAY-NEWSPAPER MONSTROSITY is not without prospect of mitigation. We have long believed it must change or pass. There may be readers willing to spend their Sundays delving in these literary rubbish-heaps,—the fact that they continue to be produced indicates it. But to ordinary self-respecting mortals, who want the important news on Sundays as on other days, and object to being compelled to traverse a wilderness of sensational print and a morass of vulgar pictures to get it, the Sunday paper is a pest and a calamity. A good illustration, which we give at first hand, occurs to us. A prominent journalist was asked by his managing editor what he thought of a certain feature of last Sunday's paper; to which the frank reply was given that he (the journalist) never read the Sunday paper. "Don't you?" said the managing editor, a bit disappointedly,—adding, rather grimly, "Well, I don't blame you,—I wouldn't read it myself if I didn't have to!" The encouraging news comes from Boston of the issue there of a modest one-cent Sunday journal, uniform in character with the same paper's week-day issues, and containing the news of the world, and a sufficiency of other matter, unencumbered with a mass of rubbish. Mr. Frank A. Munsey, founder and proprietor of many magazines, in adding a soberly-restrained Sunday issue to his "Boston Journal," has rendered a service to newspaperdom and to the reading public. He well says in his first number (May 8): "The Sunday newspaper is an illogical product. It is no more a newspaper than it is a magazine, or weekly paper, or comic paper. If we want a newspaper and nothing else, why should we be compelled to buy half a dozen other publications with it? . . . If we want a magazine, why be compelled to buy a comic weekly? If we want a comic weekly, why be compelled to buy a story-paper? If we want a story-paper, why be compelled to buy the cut-out scheme for children? If we want the cut-out scheme, why be compelled to buy a magazine?" The general

public, we believe, will be grateful for this relief, and gladly devote some of the time thus saved to the art gallery, the museum, and the public library reading-room, whose Sunday opening has not been facilitated by the prevalence of the time-consuming Sunday newspaper in its present bloated shape.

TWO ASPECTS OF LITERARY LEISURE present themselves. Its charms may be those of the siren—seductive and ruinous; or the delights of lettered ease may be productive of worthy works of literature (a "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," for example) impossible to one not entirely in command of his time and movements. In the Preface to Volume III. of the "New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare," occur these words from the genial editor's pen: "Can we fail to prize the flashes of light (all too few) thrown here and there upon SHAKESPEARE by CHARLES LAMB, that genius, wasted in the India House, whom, had England known the gift of God, she would have pensioned bountifully and set to recording the thoughts these plays evoked in him that we might be brought into nearer communion with the great Poet than, with all our laborious verbal criticism, we have yet been able to reach?" But can one who knows the life of Lamb and remembers the barren tedium of his later years, when retirement and a handsome pension left him at leisure to record all the beautiful thoughts evoked in him by whatever means, fail to suspect that it was precisely that daily grind at the India House that drove his chafed spirit to seek relief in those exquisite essays that now delight us in the reading as they solaced him in the writing? One of our most charming present-day essayists, not unworthy of mention in the same breath with Elia, is the pastor of a large church and occupied with the varied duties of an extensive parish. What wise person would wish the author of "The Gentle Reader" set free to spin out his thoughts for us at ample leisure and in cold blood?

AN AMERICAN SEASON IN THE LONDON BOOK-MARKET now cheers the heart and swells the bank account of more than one fortunate Yankee author. Colonel Roosevelt and Commander Parry naturally create a demand for their writings wherever they go; and the English circulation of their works is accordingly very brisk. Mark Twain's lamented death has sent his numerous British admirers back to their "Innocents" and their "Roughing it." The death of another American, the self-expatriated author of the Saracinesca series of romances, together with the posthumous appearance of his "Undesirable Government," has made even more evident than before the favor he enjoys among English novel-readers. Considering the number of Mr. Crawford's books and the speed with which they were produced, one must admit that even the later and less carefully studied display an astonishing wealth of resource and mastery of the romancer's art. We long ago learned what sort of characters to expect from his pen, and

what sort of conduct to expect from his characters; but nevertheless they hold the attention to the end. Another London favorite of the hour (and perhaps longer) is Mr. Winston Churchill, whose latest story, "A Modern Chronicle," is having a brisk sale that is expected to be of some continuance. On the whole, American literature seems to be making its way.

THE REPREHENSIBLE RE-CHRISTENING OF BOOKS, which causes so much annoyance and confusion to the reading public, so many bibliographical blunders to librarians, catalogue-makers, and collectors, and such needless bother to book-dealers, deserves to be scored in the sharpest of terms. How many an admirer of Mr. Thomas Hardy, for example, or of the late Marion Crawford, eager to read every volume from the favorite novelist's pen, has been betrayed by a mere difference of titles (in English and American editions) into buying, borrowing, or begging an already once-read, if not twice-read, tale! A late communication to the London "Athenæum" touches feelingly on this subject in describing a case possessing some peculiar features. "I have been comparing," says the writer, "two novels by Cleveland Moffett, 'A King in Rags,' published by Sidney Appleton in 1908, and 'The Battle,' published by John Milne in 1909. I find that to all intents and purposes they are the same work rearranged. . . . Cases like this are very trying both to librarians and readers."

A SUMMER RESORT'S SUMPTUOUS LIBRARY is about to be added to the attractions of Great Barrington, among the Berkshire hills in Massachusetts. The present library building in that beautiful town is unworthy of its environment, and its fine site will soon be occupied by a fifty-thousand-dollar structure. This may not mean that the butterflies of fashion who each summer and autumn make gay the streets of the old town will turn blind eyes and deaf ears to the lure of the golf course, the afternoon tea, the evening hop, and the loud-honking automobile, and will all become patrons of the public library; but at least the permanent residents of the place will have the satisfaction of seeing their common stock of the world's best books worthily housed.

THE INCREASED DEMAND FOR MARK TWAIN'S BOOKS, since his death, is met by his publishers with a large reprinting of "Life on the Mississippi," "A Tramp Abroad," "Roughing It," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and "Sketches Old and New." We surmise that the presses will have also to get busy presently with new impressions of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." It is an all too common experience among the frequenters of public libraries, to find no copy of either of these masterpieces on hand. The late Sir Walter Besant was enthusiastic in his praise of "Huckleberry Finn," and there have not been wanting others to rate the book as its author's greatest production. Those who have not yet tasted its delights have a pleasure in store for which they are to be envied.

The New Books.

ESSAYS IN DIVERS MOODS.*

However stoutly it may be maintained that there is no demand for poetry and essays, yet the poets and essayists are not to be silenced. Like Garrison, they *will* be heard; and it would be an evil day for current literature if they should weaken in this determination. The number and quality of these essay-books and poetry-books continually appearing, and enjoying at least a very respectable public-library patronage, we must regard as creditable to all concerned. The light essay may lure the reader-for-pleasure away from a too exclusive indulgence in novels to unexpected delights in other literary fields.

"Essays on the Spot," by Mr. Charles D. Stewart, author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith" and "Partners of Providence," is a book confessedly lacking the studied unity of a Greek tragedy, but possessing the inevitable unity of the writer's personality and peculiar habits of thought and expression. "My only experience with the Emersonian advice of 'Room alone and keep a journal,'" he tells us, "had been in the middle of a Texas prairie under the stars in space; and that is really room." Much of the dash and freedom of Texas cowboy life has found its way into these highly unconventional records. A typical example is to be found in "The Story of Bully,"—the amazing feats of strength of a Texas steer, with some excellent bovine philosophy interspersed. "On a Moraine" treats of geology and agriculture and human nature in Wisconsin, and is full of shrewd observation. In a wholly different essay on Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," the writer enters territory not quite so familiar to him from boyhood. Ingeniously, though rather laboriously and at undue length, he makes of the fragmentary poem a sort of cosmic myth. "Here do we see," he announces, after quoting the opening lines, "the great Power making the universe. And more especially the blue dome that is over all—the sky and its contents." It is all studiously worked out, and for that reason so much less delightful than Mr. Stewart's spontaneous utterances elsewhere in the book. A chapter

*ESSAYS ON THE SPOT. By Charles D. Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

ON EVERYTHING. By H. Belloc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

AT THE SIGN OF THE HOBBY HORSE. By Elizabeth Bisland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

REST AND UNREST. By Edward Thomas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

on "The Study of Grammar" is original and full of novel ideas; but, again, we like the author better out in the open than in the study or library.

In Mr. Hilaire Belloc's reprinted articles from "The Morning Post" we have a book of light and short essays conceived in the best of moods. "On Everything" forms a companion volume to the same author's similar collection entitled "On Nothing." As in the Hegelian sense "everything" and "nothing" are synonymous, the two sets of essays may be regarded as identical in theme. In seven or eight small pages to an essay, the writer discourses, in a friendly and sometimes intimate fashion, on all sorts of minor topics, choosing often the Baconian form of chapter-heading, as, "On Saturnalia," "On Song," "On High Places," "On Streams and Rivers," "On Old Towns," and "On Rest." His praise of song is enthusiastic and not undeserved; but when he goes so far as to say, "Nor is there any pleasure which you will take away from middle age and leave it more lonely, than this pleasure of hearing Song," he underestimates the calm delights of reflection and silent observation that are the birthright of rational man as distinguished from that other vertebrate biped, the twittering bird. Mr. Belloc's pleasing manner is too well known to need commendation.

Miss Elizabeth Bisland relates that from her earliest childhood her favorite exercise has been what might properly be called ligno-equestrianism; and so, in a somewhat "hobby" mood, she gives us her opinions and pet enthusiasms in a series of thirteen chapters, largely literary in theme, entitled collectively "At the Sign of the Hobby Horse." Especially seasonable is her essay on nature-books, though she does not refrain from a little mild ridicule of the fad-chasing variety of nature-students and nature-writers, and of course she has her word to say about intelligence in animals. In an entertaining chapter on children's books she praises the late Sophie May as "the first realist among the writers for children," and relates how she herself earned the money to buy the "Dotty Dimple" series by denying herself butter for three months. She then deplores what seems to her a marked inferiority in the series succeeding the Dotty books. But she forgets that Dotty herself was the successor to Prudy; and there are to-day hosts of infants as delighted with Flyaway as with the earlier Dotty. We suspect Miss Bisland had outgrown this sort of literature when she tried to recap-

ture the former rapture in the later series. Contemporary magazine poets, with their "diluted little drop of thought in one verse of from four to six lines," are evidently not among the writer's hobbies. Her book is fresh and vigorous and worth reading from beginning to end.

Mr. Edward Thomas's "Rest and Unrest" is made up of nine short studies in human nature — rural human nature in an English setting. They are all pitched in a minor key, with the occasional sounding of a tragic note. Many a glimpse is had of cottage interiors and the inmates there gathered about the hearth or the table. Mention of a certain "crowded meal of new loaves, seaweed 'bread,' bacon, apple pasty, and plentiful thin tea," makes the uninitiated wonder what seaweed bread may be. Local color rather than action — for little or nothing is really done — gives this slender book its character. There is far more of rest than unrest—perhaps an excess of drowsy stillness—in its pages.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE NATURE VIRTUES.*

Although to people who are not enthusiastic over everything that is classed as "Nature" the nature-virtues may not seem virtues at all, no nature-lover has any doubt that they are pre-eminent among human qualities, and as precious as they are rare. The more widespread the fad of pretending to them, the more inimitable they seem to those who are conscious of possessing them.

The first of these virtues is an original estimate of value, quite at variance with worldly and sometimes even with scientific standards. Since the time of Agassiz, who "had no time to make money," the real nature-lover has sacrificed worldly prosperity to the delight of his vocation—or avocation, whichever it may be; at least he has done this if circumstances were not too much against him. He knows quite well that a blue-bird is more beautiful than a bond; that the

blossoming of a violet is more vital than the formation of a syndicate, and that it is a desecration to look upon growing grain with an eye only to the price it will bring in the market. He knows also that a live butterfly is more interesting and more important to science than many dead hippopotamuses. Consequently, if he lives up to his virtues he is more or less regardless of conventions. He does not affect sporting costumes, but "wears out his old clothes"; he rises any time after dark and walks in the most unlikely places to find out what the owl is doing, or to see the crow, when he wakes in the early morning, "yawn with that prodigious black beak after he has withdrawn it from under his wing, then stretch one wing and one leg, as birds do"; he forgoes his Thanksgiving dinner for a couple of sandwiches and a tramp on the seashore; he stays away from the opera to hear the first meadow-lark of the season; he takes his pet bear with him for a walk down the village street; and he weeps, if he feels like it, when the cat that has shared his cabin and been his friend for a season is spirited away.

Such a person is, of course, a being of unquenchable ardor. He can well afford to smile indulgently at the fancied nature-lover whose patience shows itself in sitting comfortably on a bank all day to see the birds go by,—for he himself has knelt three hours in the mud to get a photograph of a marsh-wren, and has been protected from rheumatism by his fervor; he has scaled a forty-foot pine-bole with disaster to his skin, to bring a bear cub down unharmed, and has spent days wading in bogs up to his waist in water. Crowning all his other virtues is that special quality by reason of which he is a nature-lover. Call it what you will—catholicity, sympathy, humanitarianism, tenderness, or love—its touch makes the world of men kin with the world of animals. To it the destruction of life, except in defense of other life, is impossible; and the vaunting of trophies—except perhaps those of the camera—is repugnant. This high quality is wholly democratic and inclusive; and though it may recognize the fascination of a humming-bird as greater than that of a loon, or the beauty of a deer as more than that of a porcupine, it esteems and cherishes the individual traits of each.

A small group of this season's nature books exemplify these virtues. Mr. Job, in telling us "How to Study the Birds," adds considerably to the tale of the abundant reward that has come to him in his loiterings in bird-land, and tells explicitly and fully how others may follow in his

*HOW TO STUDY THE BIRDS. By Herbert K. Job. Illustrated with Photographs from Life by the Author. New York: Outing Publishing Co.

THE BLACK BEAR. By William H. Wright. Illustrated from Photographs by the Author and J. B. Kerfoot. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WILDERNESS PETS AT CAMP BUCKSHAW. By Edward Breck. With Illustrations from Photographs from Life. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A CYCLE OF SUNSETS. By Mabel Loomis Todd. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

WOODLAND PATHS. By Winthrop Packard. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

footsteps and reach the same delightful results. The novice may learn from this volume where he may find nearly all of our common birds and many of the rarer species, how he would best equip himself, how he should manage his camera and keep his records, and even how to proceed in the delicate task of finding nests. The photographs are many, and unusually beautiful, showing many birds "caught in the act," which have never before been photographed in so intimate a way.

The perfectly unaffected and very entertaining story told by Mr. Wright about a black bear which he caught as a cub and reared to maturity is as good proof as one could ask of the pleasure to be derived from companionship with a dumb animal. Children will enjoy this book hugely, for "Ben" was a jolly, rollicking scapegrace, who had more thrilling adventures than fall to the lot of most children, and always kept his wits about him. The pictures of him in the various stages of his babyhood, and especially when he is learning to ride his pack-horse, are much more amusing than if they were of a human baby. The last half of the book is given to a good study of the black bear and his habits.

Equally worthy of our acquaintance are the "Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw." A crow, a raven, two bear cubs, a moose calf, two sea-gulls, and a porcupine, besides a cat, some dogs, and several young people, kept that happy spot enlivened through a summer, and, in spite of some prejudices among the pets, derived mutual benefit from the experience. There are good portraits of all the members of the democratic family, and the story of their life together is a notable addition to the broader sociology which "Uncle Ned," the leading spirit of Camp Buckshaw, was teaching his "nephews and nieces."

A book of specialized interest is Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd's "Cycle of Sunsets," in which the author describes the most beautiful of the sunsets she saw in a year from her home on Amherst hill. The descriptions are well worth reading, and will have a useful influence if they encourage others to pay more heed to the daily pageant of the western sky. Mrs. Todd weaves a college love-story into her experience of clouds and sunset light, and thus adds a human interest to her calendar of radiant pictures.

A little book by Mr. Winthrop Packard, which the author modestly calls "Woodland Paths," gives very charming expression to the spirit of the true nature-lover. It shows no limitations of preference, except that it is a dis-

tinctly spring book. Crows, butterflies, eels, bullfrogs, the brook, spring dawns and sunsets, Ponkapog Pond and the bogland around it, wild-flowers, weeds, and almost all the birds, are a part of life to the author, and he has the grace of words to convey the poet's meaning which he gathers from them. A sense of humor is almost always latent, too, in his view of things. In explaining why the March hare goes mad, he says:

"Mad March winds are a good test of stability of soul. He who can stand their weltings with serenity, can watch his unanchored personal belongings go mad with the March hare, and still thrird the sombre boakage of the wood with sunny thought and no venom beneath his tongue, ought to be President. Even the New York papers could not make him bring suit."

Mr. Packard's "Woodland Paths" lead, as he suggests the roads about Ponkapog do, "from the land of humdrum to the country of romance." Unpretentious as are the pages of his book, they stir in one the virtue of imagination — which also should have been mentioned as one of the chief of the nature-virtues. For example, he says:

"I never tramp these roads, which it sometimes seems as if the pudwudgies moved about in the night for the confusion of men, without being lost, at least for a time, and finding a new boulder to worship. Once, thus lost, I found a little gem of a pond, which hides in the hollows a half-mile or so east of Pongapog Pond. This, too, I fear the pukwudgies move about in the night, for I hear of many men who have found it once and sought it again in vain."

MAY ESTELLE COOK.

A VARIED GROUP OF GARDEN BOOKS.*

To the chagrin of the many prophets of evil who foresaw the cessation of all life which was to follow the plunge of the good old Earth into the tail of Halley's Comet, seedtime and harvest are still to be depended on, and year by year new generations of toilers must be taught what

*LITTLE GARDENS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Myrta Margaret Higgins. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

INDOOR GARDENING. By Eben E. Rexford. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS FOR PLEASURE, Health, and Education. By Henry Gracom Parsons. Illustrated. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

IN PRAISE OF GARDENS. Compiled by Temple Scott. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

THE GARDEN MUSE. Poems for Garden Lovers. Selected and edited, with an Introduction, by William Aspinwall Bradley. With frontispiece. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

A HISTORY OF GARDENING IN ENGLAND. By Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil. Third edition. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

men have already learned by way of coöperation with those seasons. To sow, to reap — of all the arts of man, these are the most symbolic; and in right sowing and right reaping depend all things everywhere.

It would seem to be almost an instinct — the desire that leads a man who has grown a cabbage or planted an orchard, or a woman who has achieved the art of bedding out a plot of hardy perennials, to set forth his or her experience in a book. The reviewer of even a part of the annual output of garden books must often shake his head over the problem of grouping into a well-balanced article the widely separated themes and styles which gather themselves on his table at this time of the year.

Four volumes on the list now to be considered may be classed as pleasant and profitable handbooks for beginners in the art of gardening. In Miss Higgins's "Little Gardens for Boys and Girls," both style and matter are simplified to a degree which would make its pages a delight to a child of ten or twelve years old who had a bit of ground all his own, a very little money, and an honest heart turned in the right direction. From Mr. Rexford's long experiences in "Indoor Gardening," many harvests have already been gathered. He has long sat as chief justice in a court of appeals to which countless readers of journals devoted chiefly to household affairs have turned in troubled hours, and from the endless questions which he has been asked concerning ailing rubber-plants or despondent geraniums he has learned exactly how to put into words the advice most needed by owners of a window-full of potted plants, or the more fortunate proprietor of a small greenhouse. There be folk who will gain more hope for the welfare of the republic from Mr. Parsons's study of "Children's Gardens" than from official announcements of many "Dreadnaughts" or the convening of delegates of many congresses of peace. "True and well-balanced conceptions of the great game of life" can nowhere be more successfully taught than by observation of and coöperation with the laws that govern plant-life, upon which all sociological problems, directly or indirectly, depend. The inspiring pages of Mr. Parsons's book have for their basis the work at the Children's Farm School at Dewitt Clinton Park in New York City; and so well is that work done that it is hard to see why a second book need be written on that subject for years to come. Into "The Garden Primer," Miss Tabor and Mr. Teall have condensed many of the facts which all

gardeners ought to know, but which many have yet to learn, the result being a handbook both pleasant and valuable. Good advice about soils, fertilizers, insecticides, and fungi-destroyers, outweigh in value the appended "Kalendar," which is not infallible.

From handbooks like these, one turns to another world in the collection of verses "In Praise of Gardens," compiled by Mr. Temple Scott. The margins of its pages are not all that could be desired, but otherwise the setting of the poems is satisfactory for a book which is of a happy price that permits it to go on many bookshelves where the costlier volumes are barred out, and of a pocketable size which is an added recommendation for it now that garden-days are here, and there are those who can even read in gardens. On each alternate page a dial-inscription serves as headline, and the divisions into which the selections are grouped are also prefaced by dial-lines. The range of poets is both long and broad: Homer sings of the Garden of Alcinous, Theocritus of later Greece, and King Solomon his old Asian Canticle. The vernal melodies of Chaucer usher in the songs of the English bards, which extend from Elizabethan days to those of the king who has just laid down the sceptre of the island famous alike for its gardens and its poets. There are loved voices for which we listen here in vain, but the omissions are comparatively few when all things are considered.

Still another anthology of garden verse is Mr. W. A. Bradley's "The Garden Muse," published almost simultaneously with Mr. Scott's volume, noted above. The compiler in this case "has simply sought to please himself, and those whose taste chimes with his own, by weaving a chaplet of choice garden flowers culled more or less at random from the richest and rarest pastures of poetry." Mr. Bradley has a right eye and ear for the best poetry, and the bouquet which he has brought together is of a fragrance and diversity to delight every one who, either in fact or fancy, owns a garden.

So comprehensive and scholarly a book as Mrs. Cecil's "History of Gardening in England" has heretofore scarcely crossed the Atlantic to show us the difference between the best we can do in gardens and the splendid things of which the mother country can boast in countless instances. As the Honorable Alicia Amherst (now Mrs. Evelyn Cecil), the writer of this noble volume has had the inestimable privilege of a life-long association with the great library of her father, known as the Amherst Library; and in the

exhaustive bibliography which serves as one of the appendices to this history, she attests her familiarity with an astonishing number of the great old books of the great old English horticulturists. We learn something of the sincerity of her studies from the short preface to the three editions of the work already published, in which, speaking of her preparation for deciphering the old English and old Latin (or Latinized English) of the deeds, leases, rolls, and other manuscripts necessary to her work, she says: "I learnt to read the cramped handwriting and abbreviations of the old records I had to consult, by practising on the Wyklif, Northwode, Hampole, and other fourteenth century manuscripts, to which I had free access at my home." Some fifteen years ago Mrs. Cecil was given the Freedom of the Gardener's Company, and was furthermore admitted to the Freedom of the City of London — honors almost never bestowed upon a woman — in recognition of her scholarship, as evidenced in the present work. As one turns these absorbing pages one sees the old-time life of England, political, social, and ecclesiastical, interpreted through its gardens in a manner wholly fresh and delightful. The "brief island-story" is told, not to the thunder of the captains and the shouting, but in the beneficent flowerings and fruitings which came of changes and developments of the national life. The Romans built walls that have crumbled and vanished, but a list of Saxon plant-names show how many fruits and vegetables they introduced. The Norman Conquest affected the common people through the new methods of horticulture introduced; the Crusaders brought home strange Asian growths; and from the wild searovers many treasures were gained from foreign shores. The Tudors gardened very differently from the monks who had kept the gentle art alive through long ages, and the Jacobean had yet other plans than those of the days of the Georges and Victoria. Every great event that has affected England — the Revolution, the Edict of Nantes, the Boer war — has meant something new, something beautiful, to the old gardens, whose yew hedges and pleached alleys have sheltered so many generations that the life of one man is but an incident in their quiet growth. Mrs. Cecil's tireless industry has made it possible for us to identify almost every plant named by our oldest poets and garden-writers, and she has chosen her illustrations so fitly that they include facsimiles of ancient MSS., plans and elevations of noteworthy estates, portraits of eminent herbalists, and photographic reproduc-

tions of old iron gates, fountains, leaden statues, and topiary work, all of which may be studied with profit and delight. The great lessons which her book has for Americans lie in the noble use of evergreen hedges, in the salutary humility which recognizes that such historic gardens can never be for us, and a becoming gratitude that our friends across the sea hold their treasures in such tender reverence.

SARA ANDREW SHAFER.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.*

After the firing of heavy artillery in the African wilds for the past year, and the resultant discharge of a score of books that have sometimes enlivened but more often deadened our sense of the glory of the chase, it is pleasant to hear the softer snap of the camera, and to see the game after the shot, still on its feet, in the splendid illustrations in Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore's excellent book entitled "Camera Adventures in African Wilds." These illustra-

* **CAMERA ADVENTURES IN THE AFRICAN WILDS.** An Account of a Four Months' Expedition in British East Africa. By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

FIGHTING THE SLAVE-HUNTERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA. A Record of Twenty-Six Years of Travel and Adventure. By Alfred J. Swann. With introduction by Sir H. H. Johnston. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

PEAKS AND GLACIERS OF NUN KUN. A Record of Pioneer-Exploration and Mountaineering in the Punjab Himalaya. By Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman. Illustrated in color, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

CRUISES IN THE BERING SEA. A Record of Further Sport and Travel. By Paul Niedieck. Translated by R. A. Floetz. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD. A Narrative of Personal Experience. By Harry A. Franck. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co.

A WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE PHILIPPINES. By Mary H. Fee. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE SHIP-DWELLERS. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

GLIMPSES AROUND THE WORLD through the Eyes of a Young American. By Grace Maxine Stein. Illustrated in color, etc. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

OUR SEARCH FOR A WILDERNESS. An Account of Two Ornithological Expeditions to Venezuela and to British Guiana. By Mary Blair Beebe and C. William Beebe. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

UP THE ORINOCO AND DOWN THE MAGDALENA. By H. J. Mozans. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WALKS AND PEOPLE IN TUSCANY. By Sir Francis Vane. New York: John Lane Co.

TENT-LIFE IN SIBERIA. Adventures among the Koraks and Other Tribes in Kamchatka and Northern Asia. By George Kennan. Revised edition. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE PICTURESQUE ST. LAWRENCE. By Clifton Johnson. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

tions, a hundred and forty in number, selected from several hundred negatives made by the author, are likely to lead the reader to think that snap-shooting game in Africa is mere child's play. The text will, however, prove that nervous prostration is more likely to follow the man with the camera than buck-fever is to attack the man with the gun. A charging rhinoceros at a distance of fifteen yards may be an excellent target and a sure bag for a modern gun, but as the object of a harmless camera it presents quite a different picture. Yet Mr. Dugmore got one of his best photographs under just such conditions. At another time he and his companion set up a thorn-shed for protection, made preparations for "flash-lighting" lions, and when the lions came within three yards of the hiding-place, growling in a nerve-racking fashion and displaying fantastic shapes in the dark, the daring sportsmen not only released the flash-light but calmly went out into the field where the four lions were in concealed quarters, and re-set their apparatus. A typical passage in the volume recounts the photographing of a herd of buffalo, considered by African hunters to be one of the most dangerous of all game.

"I returned with the utmost caution to where the cameras were, and after making everything ready, crawled through the grass as carefully as possible toward where the buffalo were still feeding. In some way they had become suspicious, and were sniffing the air in a way that boded ill for me and my chances of obtaining any pictures. Not daring to go nearer than about 125 yards, I quietly lifted the camera above the level of the grass, focussed carefully, and with trembling fingers pressed the button . . . Were they getting ready to charge? and if so, what should I do? I had no rifle with me, and my companion was some distance away; and at any rate, what would one rifle do in the way of stopping such a large herd if they meant mischief? There being no visible means of escape, I could see nothing to be gained by wasting time in conjecturing; so I distracted my thoughts by taking another photograph just as one of the big bulls was bellowing. Then to my great relief they turned tail and retreated to the shelter of the deep forest. As they went I got one more picture just before the herd had disappeared."

Though Mr. Dugmore went into the African wilds primarily for just such scenes and pictures, his book has the additional charm that comes from a wide sympathy for all natural beauty and from a sympathetic understanding of man in his savage state as revealed in the native tribes dwelling in British East Africa between Nairobi and Guaso Nyiro. Such a book as this, with its large page, clear type, and wonderful illustrations, will appeal to a far larger circle of readers than the multitude of books on Africa that are now finding their way to the reading table.

Another book on Africa has lately appeared that is worthy of serious attention — Mr. Alfred J. Swann's "Fighting the Slave-Hunters in Central Africa." The author's residence of twenty-six years, from 1882 to 1909, in the great lake region of the Dark Continent, makes him one of those who can speak with authority on the history of the overthrow of the slave-trade carried on during the last quarter of the nineteenth century by Tippu-Tib and his partner Rumliza, together with other notorious slave-drivers. The primeval African wilderness makes a startling background for Mr. Swann's account of his efforts to wipe out the nefarious human traffic which existed around Lakes Nyasa, Tanganyika, and Victoria Nyanza, and of his ultimate success in establishing a rigid patrol and a protectorate for the hapless natives. The human element in this tragic drama played for so long a time in Central Africa assumes almost heroic proportions in the great trades. Mr. Swann's account of African development will enlighten many readers, both missionaries and others, who have followed Livingstone's and Moffat's accounts of their efforts to heal "Africa's open sore" in the British dominions.

The sumptuous volume entitled "Peaks and Glaciers of Nun Kun," by Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman and Dr. William Hunter Workman, will appeal particularly to those who have scaled high places on the globe. Students of geography too will find the present volume, like all the well-written narratives of these famous mountain-climbers, bristling with statistics of that little-known group of mountains lying about a hundred miles east of Srinagar, in the Province of Suru, southwest of Ladakh and northwest of Zaskar in the Himalayan region. These mountains were first seen by the authors in 1898, when they were making another exploration in Northern Ladakh; but their determination to explore the wondrous snow-bedazzled rock-peaked range was postponed until 1906, when they succeeded in making more extensive discoveries and more accurate investigations of the Nun Kun range than any other explorers have succeeded in doing. Mrs. Workman's ascent of Pinnacle Peak is a record ascent for women — twenty-three thousand and three hundred feet. "It was indeed," says Mrs. Workman, in speaking of the septette of great peaks rising in solemn majesty in the weird crepuscular light, "a *Dämmerung* of the mountain-gods, different in meaning from Wagner's *Gotterdammerung*, yet filled with the same spirit as that which inspires his finest *Nibelungen* music, the deep

significance of Nature." Four sleepless nights, an excessive scarcity of oxygen, a diet of granular kola, and a temperature ranging from high summer heat to below-zero cold, with the resultant depressing mental and physical difficulties, made up some of the personal cost for this glorious sight in the dwelling-place of the gods. Ninety-two superior illustrations of mountain scenery enhance the beauty and interest of the work.

Mr. Paul Niedieck's volume entitled "With Rifle in Five Continents," published last year, was apparently so well received that the author hastened to publish his more recent experiences in Siberia and Alaska in a book having the title "Cruises in the Bering Sea." This account is different from that recorded in his first book, in that it deals more with ethnological observations and with the natural resources of the countries traversed. Nevertheless, the author—who may be fittingly characterized as one of the globe-chasing Nimrods now so numerous—is best seen in his natural guise of a mighty hunter. After a not uninteresting account of his voyage from Seattle to Japan, he takes us bear-hunting with him in Kamschatka, thence to Marsovga Bay after bighorn sheep, and on to Petropanlovsky and Anadyr to Cape Meechen after walruses—the latter quest, however, meeting with no success. This part of Mr. Niedieck's book is marked by such a remarkable tale of things going awry that it makes uncommonly good reading, for the author is not at all reluctant to lay the blame on other shoulders than his own. The second part of the book, which relates to Alaska, tells about the history and development of that land, its mythology, industries (especially gold-mining) salmon-fishing and fox-breeding, and the manners and customs of the nations. The last part of the book tells the story of the author's adventures in the moose country. Though he makes lamentable moans for the continued mishaps that befell him during his seven months' trip in Siberia and Alaska, he may rest assured that his second book has gained such strength of structure and breadth of view that it is far superior to the rambling discursiveness of his first attempt.

Mr. Harry A. Franck's unusually interesting volume, "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," is a venture in the field of those famous student-tramps, Flint and Wyckoff. After some varied experiences as a tramp in vacation-time, during his college days at Ann Arbor, he planned a two-years trip around the world, of which he says:

"The chief object of investigation being the masses, I made no attempt during the journey to rise above the estate of the common laborer. My plan included no fixed itinerary. The details of route I left to chance and the exigencies of circumstances. Yet this random wandering brought me to as many famous spots as any victim of a 'personally conducted' tour could demand; and, in addition, to many corners unknown to the regular tourist."

With but scant equipment of means for the journey, but with the merry heart and stout will that characterizes the true vagabond, the author made his way from Detroit to Glasgow by tending cattle; earned his living in Marseilles as a stevedore and "handy man"; shipped as a sailor to Port Said, where he pounded beans for a living; acted as interpreter, scribe, and guide in Beirut, and as a translator in Jerusalem; ran errands in Cairo; played the circus clown in Colombo; inspected the street-cars in Madras; "fagged" on the tennis-courts at Delhi; worked as a general laborer in Calcutta, Burma, Yokohama; and made his way home as a sailor, and landed in Chicago as a cattle-tender. His conclusion is that "A man *can* girdle the globe without money, weapons, or baggage." Few books of travel will hold the reader's attention closer and set his emotions astir quicker than this one.

Miss Mary H. Fee was one of the host of school-teachers who followed the flag into the Philippines; but, unlike many of her associates, she had the fortitude to remain there long enough to gather more than surface impressions. A decade of work in the islands, chiefly at Capiz and Manila, enabled her to gather sufficient interesting and instructive material to write her book of "A Woman's Impressions of the Philippines." Though Miss Fee has a goodly amount of humor—an excellent thing in a school-teacher—and plentifully sprinkles her volume with it in describing her ardent endeavors to engraft western civilization on the hybrid native stock, she dwells at length on the greater problems of the political, religious, social, and industrious conditions of the Filipinos. American readers generally, at this season of the year, will be ready to agree with Miss Fee that the future of the Philippines is more likely to be determined by the introduction of the great American game of base-ball than by the insistence that the Filipino youngsters should learn to sing "My Country 'tis of Thee" every morning! Were old Fletcher of Saltoun to revise his statement, he might say, "Let me make the games of a nation, and I care not who makes its songs." But Miss Fee, after a furlough in America, is quite content that

the "hurry-up" ideas of her native land should remain there; for she finds the Philippines a pleasing place — "a mañana country, a fair, sunny land, where rapid transportation and skyscrapers do not exist." Her conclusion is, however, that this fair land, now wavering between American domination and the growing national sentiment for independence, with the possibility of Japanese guns some fine morning awakening the echoes of 1898 in Manila Bay, is in a very unenviable position. Miss Fee's volume adds nothing particularly new to our knowledge of the people of the Philippines, but it is not unworthy of having a place among the books pertaining to our foreign possessions.

Very fittingly, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine has dedicated his book entitled "The Ship-Dwellers" to "Mark Twain, Hero of my Childhood, Inspiration of my Youth, Friend of These Later Years." In his introductory chapter the author tells of the influence that Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" exerted on his boyish imagination, and how as he grew older he learned that the track of the Innocents might be a reality for him. This possibility was made a certainty one day when he heard that "the S. S. Grosser Kurfurst would set out on her cruise to the Orient with two tons of dressed chicken and four thousand bottles of champagne." The days at sea remind the author, and to some small extent the reader, of the days that the lamented author of the greater book spent in that questionable pleasure. Then we pass with Mr. Paine through his humorous account of his progress along the shores of the Mediterranean, to Algiers, Malta, Athens, into the Dardanelles, to Ephesus, into Syria, down to Damascus, following in the steps of the pilgrims of yesterday and to-day, to Jerusalem, thence to Egypt, and home again. When Mr. Paine writes of his personal experiences, and those of his companions, he is capitally diverting and original. The many pages of serious matter in the book are uncommonly instructive, so much so that we wish the author had not followed in his humorous master's tracks with such painfully short legs.

"I am merely a reporter of impressions," is the remark written by Miss Grace Maxine Stein on the title-page of her book, "Glimpses Around the World through the Eyes of a Young American." When one starts from Chicago for a trip around the world *via* the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Flowery Kingdom, "The Core of Conservatism" [China], "The Pearl Drop in India's Brow" [Ceylon], "The Cradle

of Civilization" [Egypt], "The Land of Kings and Prophets" [Palestine], "The Garden of Europe" [Italy], thence through a series of properly adjectived lands, back to "The Land of the Free and Home of the Brave," and when one with equal propriety fortifies oneself with fitting or fitful quotations from the world's great classics, then one may very rightly call one's observations impressions. Unkind persons may describe these impressions as gossip; while those who have a blunter way of putting things, but a more intelligent way of looking at them, may be inclined to associate the impressions with that cosmopolitan dish called "chop suey." For our part, we are disposed to apply that much overworked word, *naïve*, to Miss Stein's impressions of the world as she saw it, — with the reservation that she makes no attempt to solve the world-problems as they presented themselves to her wondering eyes. If any reader of books of travel has never read a book about a trip around the world, he may as well begin with this one. It will introduce him to the facts and the fictions of the notable objects on the globe with sufficient accuracy and with a corresponding appeal to the emotions, so that he may continue to read more about the world without impaired mental indigestion.

In the volume entitled "Our Search for a Wilderness" we find "an account of two ornithological expeditions to Venezuela and to British Guiana," by C. William Beebe, curator of ornithology in the New York Zoölogical Park, and his wife, Mary Blair Beebe, the granddaughter of Roger A. Pryor. The first of these expeditions, made in 1908, was up the Orinoco Delta into the unknown mangrove jungles, thence to the great pitch-lake La Brea. In 1909 these enthusiastic bird-hunters made three trips from Georgetown: one to Hoorie Creek in the northwest; another on the Aremu and the Little Aremu in Central Guiana, and the third to the southern Savannas. More than three hundred and forty living birds, of sixty-five species, were captured and placed in the zoölogical collection. The authors carry something of the brilliant coloring of their tropical surroundings into their narrative. Their stories of the hunting ants, the wonderful butterflies, the talon-winged hoatzil bird of the mangrove wilderness, the song of the quadrille bird, the strutting of the curassow, the flight of the scarlet ibis, the penetrating cries of the wilderness of monkeys, and the multitude of things that make life a constant surprise in a land but little ex-

plored and never fully described, will appeal to the unscientific because of their newness and to the scientific because of their fidelity and instructiveness.

"Up the Orinoco and down the Magdalena," by Dr. H. J. Mozans, is "the record of a journey made to islands and lands that border the Caribbean and to the less frequented parts of Venezuela and Colombia." Our general impression is that South America is a land teeming with a variegated animal life; but the author, after spending a year in the land, dissipates that impression into thin air. "Nowhere along the Orinoco, the Meta, the Magdalena, or elsewhere, did we ever catch even a glimpse of a jaguar or a puma, a manati or a sloth, a wild cat or a wild pig. More than this, not once during our entire trip through Venezuela and Colombia, through forests and plains, did we ever see a single monkey, except two or three that were kept as pets by the natives." The birds, too, which we have always imagined as clouding the sky, the author informs us are conspicuously absent. The uncommon interest of this book will cause its readers to desire to see the author's next volume, to be entitled "Along the Andes and down the Amazon," which is promised by Dr. Mozans in his preface.

The journeys of Sir Francis Vane, recounted in his attractively printed book entitled "Walks and People in Tuscany," were a continuous triumphal procession "of quite the best sausages I have eaten." Seemingly, all out-of-the-way quaint old towns lost their picturesqueness unless they accorded the author the welcome of Montemignajo: "We arrived there certainly as prepared to enjoy the pleasures of lunch as the more æsthetic pleasures of landscape." The twenty-five chapters of the book centre around Florence and Bagna di Lucca. Each chapter concludes with a short predigested account of roads and personally-tested inns. Practically all of Sir Francis's walks took him to little-known communities — to Tucecchio, the homeland of the Bonapartes; to Ferrara, with its ideal castle; to Montelupo, the place where the monster she-wolf (whence the name) once saved the inhabitants from destruction; to San Martino, an *imperium in imperio*, the only existing example of a fourteenth century Italian republic; and to Turrice di Cava, with its pastoral mystery play. Here and there in the book Sir Francis rises to the height of his subject, especially when he points out some vivid contrast between the Old and the New Italy;

and he tells us much of interest about this secluded region little travelled and undefiled by tourists.

Mr. George Kennan's "Tent-Life in Siberia" is now a classic in the literature of travel. First published in 1870, the work has since gone through many editions in the old familiar blue binding, until now it is reissued in a more befitting dress, with a new preface, new illustrations, and some new subject-matter. This revised edition contains about fifteen thousand added words — "including 'Our Narrowest Escape' and 'The Aurora of the Sea,' and it also describes, for the first time, the incidents and adventures of a winter journey overland from the Okhotsk Sea to the Volga River — a straightaway sleighride of more than five thousand miles." The illustrations are from paintings made by Mr. George A. Frost, who was with Mr. Kennan on his expedition, and from photographs taken by Messrs. Jochelson and Borgoras, two Russian political exiles. If unique experiences by field and flood, unusual hardships in a detestable land, hazardous explorations among a strange people, and a keen appreciation of the various natural scenery of Siberia, attract the present generation of readers of books of travel, then this new edition of an old favorite is worthy of its new dress.

Mr. Clifton Johnson's book on "The Picturesque St. Lawrence" sets forth the story of the settlements along the great river, and details the historical settings that lend such an awe-inspiring aspect to the river from Lake Ontario to the Gulf, a distance of seven hundred miles. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Johnson's own illustrations greatly enhance the value and interest of the book, which is one of the excellent volumes in the "Picturesque River Series."

H. E. COBLENTZ.

MR. FRANCIS H. ALLEN, who was associated with Mr. Bradford Torrey in the editing of Thoreau's complete Journal, has brought together in a volume entitled "Notes on New England Birds" (Houghton) all of Thoreau's references to bird-life to be found in the fourteen volumes of the Journal. As Mr. Allen points out, Thoreau was a writer before all else, — a describer rather than an observer, one too intent on analogy to become a trained scientist; and so for scientific accuracy we must go to other and duller writers. But we can never go elsewhere for the finer and rarer qualities that permeate his work. To have collected these scattered bird notes into a single compact volume is a service for which nature-lovers should be grateful.

RECENT FICTION.*

It is quite safe to say of Mr. Thurston's "Sally Bishop" that it is not a work to be recommended for the reading of the young person. The more difficult question of its fitness for the older person, presumably fortified by virtuous principle and knowledge of human wickedness, cannot be given so simple an answer. It belongs to a large class of books constructed upon a too familiar formula. A young woman sins, and discovers the consequences to be more serious than she had reckoned upon their becoming. She is just weak enough to make the sin inevitable, the impelling circumstances being given; and from the time of her lapse to the tragic ending, the writer's every effort is bent to the task of making her a sympathetic figure, and of weakening the props of our moral judgment. She is so good in most respects, and her seducer is so far from being a villain of melodrama, and the cry of her soul for happiness is so poignantly voiced, and the whole bewildering entanglement is set forth with such artfully sentimental sophistry, that the most austere reader is in danger of being beguiled from his adherence to the elementary standards of conduct, and forced almost against his will to condone the woman's offence. This is the subtlest form of immorality, and its corrosive influence affects a large share of our modern fiction; the present example is more notable than most others because of the unusual power which it displays in the analysis of motive and the portrayal of character. As far as most of the attributes of artistic fiction are concerned, it comes near to being a great novel; but the canker is at its heart. Unless we are to take refuge in the comfortable doctrine that there is no such thing as sin in

*SALLY BISHOP. A Romance. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

FORTUNE. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

THURSTON OF ORCHARD VALLEY. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

LADY MERTON, COLONIST. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

POPPY. The Story of a South African Girl. By Cynthia Stockley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

NATHAN BURKE. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

CALEB TRENCH. By Mary Inlay Taylor. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

A MODERN CHRONICLE. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

PREDESTINED. A Novel of New York Life. By Stephen French Whitman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A VIGILANTE GIRL. By Jerome Hart. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE ISLE OF WHISPERS. A Tale of the New England Seas. By E. Lawrence Dudley. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE RED SYMBOL. By John Ironside. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THE SKY-MAN. By Henry Kitchell Webster. New York: The Century Co.

any absolute sense, and that the demand for expiation is a morbid self-delusion, we are bound to condemn the treatment given the theme in all such works as "Sally Bishop," and to resent the effort to make us substitute sentimental for ethical standards in our theories of conduct. It will doubtless be replied that all this is begging the question; for our modern thinking is so permeated with hedonism that the very rocks of principle have become slippery, and all the categorical imperatives of old-fashioned morality are marks for the shafts of skepticism. But we are still confident that the marks are not as "easy" as they seem to their light-hearted assailants.

We notice that Mr. H. G. Wells now classifies his works of fiction as "romances" and "novels." The former group includes all the wonderful inventions that have to do with Martians and lunar expeditions, and air-ships and comets, and fantastic biological imaginings. These works are romantic enough (in the sense of the romance of science), and they appear all the more so when contrasted with the smaller group, which makes us acquainted with Mr. Lewisham and Kipps, and the haughty Ann Veronica, and the hero of "Tono-Bungay," and the Mr. "Elfrid" Polly who now claims our attention. When Mr. Wells comes down to the plane of ordinary mortality, he seems to feel it his stern duty to depict for us types of depressing meanness and blatant vulgarity. No Bohemian of the Latin Quarter was ever quite so hard on the *bourgeoisie* as Mr. Wells is by habit and malice prepense. We presume this is a manifestation of the *doctrinaire* element in his writing, and that he thinks his socialist propaganda best served by filling us with contempt for man as he is actually shaped by the existing social pressure. Mr. Polly is perhaps the meanest of all his creations. A draper's assistant at first, then a small shopkeeper on his own account, married to a slattern, he becomes so disgusted with life that he attempts to escape from it by a combination of arson with suicide. The latter does not come off, because his nerve fails him (he is going to do it with a razor); but the shop is burned up, and the insurance money collected from an unsuspecting company. He then deserts his wife; and the rest of his story (as far as it is told us) is an Odyssey of vagabondage followed by an Iliad of warfare for the occupancy of a humble post as handy man in a rural tavern. All the figures in this tale are caricatures, often highly amusing ones, but Mr. Wells is so much attached to the mannerisms of his invention that he worries them to death. It is amusing for a time to guess at Mr. Polly's meaning when he says "rockcocky," and "allitrition," and "altaclation," but it proves wearying in the long run. The author's humor is everywhere in evidence, and not all of it is of this low type; but the smiles which it provokes are apt to be dreary. On the whole, we find less entertainment in this book than in the astronomical and biological fantasies.

Mr. J. C. Snaith is a man of surprises. Each new book that he gives us is the exhibition of a new manner, and his accomplishment comprises the real or the romantic, the sordid or the ideal, the comic or the tragic, about as he pleases. His latest venture, called "Fortune," is a study in the archaic picaresque, being concerned with the Spanish adventures of Sir Richard Pendragon, a valiant braggart whom we at first barely tolerate, but at last come to admire and almost to love. He suggests at times Don Quixote, Falstaff, Captain Fracasse, D'Artagnan, and Zanglo; and the setting-forth of his exploits is after the fashion of Mr. Maurice Hewlett as exemplified in "Richard Yea-and-Nay." The scene of this romance is the Spain of several centuries ago—a period not too exactly defined—and the interest increases steadily in joyousness from beginning to end.

Mr. Harold Bindloss, in his "Thurston of Orchard Valley," gives us another novel constructed in accordance with his familiar formula. An Englishman, more or less unfortunate or handicapped at home, goes to the new world to build up his fortune. His goal is British Columbia; and there he engages upon a struggle for the conquest of nature which arouses all his latent energies. His beginnings are of the humblest, and he encounters obstacles that would break a less determined spirit, but he overcomes them with undaunted energy. A heroine appears at the proper juncture, to provide him with inspiration. She is far above him socially, and has to struggle long and strenuously with her inherited ideals before she can admit, even to herself, that simple strength and sincerity of character outweigh all the external attributes of a man. In the end, of course, she yields sweetly and wholly, in the hour of her lover's dramatic triumph over the hostility of nature and the villainy of man. Mr. Bindloss has told this story a dozen times before, but each time with an interest that makes it seem almost fresh. We should say that he has never told it more effectively than in this latest book, which is distinguished for fertility of invention and straightforward dramatic action. Thurston makes a very satisfactory hero, and his engineering exploits are difficult and daring enough to hold us fairly breathless. The author does not indulge in subtleties of analysis, and his characters are never deeply convincing in their psychology; but he has a feeling for nature that he knows how to make contagious, and an instinct for the picturesque. If the company to which he introduces us is made up of lay figures, it is at least an interesting society,—and it must not be forgotten that most of the people we meet in actual life are hardly more than lay figures in our consciousness.

When we read Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Merton, Colonist," we almost suspect that she has taken a lesson from Mr. Bindloss; for she has given us essentially the same pair of lovers that his books acquaint us with, provides them with the same background in the Canadian Northwest, and writes with the same glowing enthusiasm of man's struggle

with nature on that outpost of civilization. That she has bettered the instruction in some respects, goes without saying, for her style always has something of the quality of distinction, and she sees deeper into characters than the facile psychology of Mr. Bindloss. Lady Merton is an aristocrat to the fingertips, and George Anderson—the self-made and self-reliant colonial—is somewhat handicapped by being the son of a drunken reprobate; but love finds a way—or, rather, Mrs. Ward finds a way for it—and the outcome is all that could be desired by the most sentimental of young women readers. The author has evidently been a good deal impressed by her Canadian journeyings, and it is also evident that the C. P. R. has seen to it that she should be impressed in the proper way; her voice rises at times to a positive psalm in praise of the new country, its possibilities and its enchantments. There has been nothing like it since Charles Eliot Norton came to Chicago, was personally-conducted to its sights, and proclaimed his discoveries to the world. It must be confessed that the literary fruits of Mrs. Ward's American travels are not exactly what we should have expected. The present example is almost as curious as its predecessor, which was heralded as a study of life in the United States, and turned out to be a tract on the divorce problem, with a Spanish-Irish lady for a heroine. We cannot say that either of the books has added materially to the author's reputation.

It is evident that the colonial note is destined to be heard with increasing insistence in the chorus of British fiction. The self-consciousness and the sentiment of local patriotism that are so rapidly developing in the far-off lands that owe allegiance to the British crown are rapidly making their way into literature, and are bringing with them a new coloring and a new imagery. This is all to the good; and the freshness of the new portrayals goes far to atone for what crudity they still exhibit. We may fitly link upon this occasion Miss Cynthia Stockley's "Poppy," a romance of South Africa, with Mrs. Ward's Canadian venture. Since Miss Schreiner first took us by storm, we have had nothing from South Africa more impressive than this vivid and glowing romance of an Irish waif blossoming into opulent womanhood under the skies of Natal. The story is immensely complicated, and will not bear summarizing; but it all centres about the heroine, who sinned and was not defiled, and for whose pure and passionate nature "a peace out of pain" was finally wrought by the mysterious agencies of destiny. So vital a creation is not often met with in the pages of fiction, and even the book of life does not frequently reveal a woman whose emotions are raised to so high a power. This superb central study is combined with many others, sharply-limned but kept in proper subordination, and with various picturesque and dramatic accessories which contribute to the total impressive effect. The book lacks something in coherence and lucidity, but of its remarkable power there can be only one opinion.

"Nathan Burke," by Miss Mary S. Watts, is one of those novels which aim to give a cross-section of American life as it appears to the sympathetic observer in some carefully-chosen place and period. It is much the same sort of book as Mr. White's "A Certain Rich Man"—equally generous in dimensions and equally overloaded with details—but having the Ohio of the forties for its scene, instead of the Kansas of a later half-century. It is also a book that reveals a great deal of minute historical knowledge and a remarkable power of characterization, besides being informed with a very wholesome idealism. Its hero is the Nathan Burke of the title, a backwoods youth when we first know him, then a resident of Columbus, where he passes through the stages of chore-boy, grocery-store clerk, and fledgling attorney; then a volunteer soldier in the Mexican War; and finally a battle-scarred veteran of about thirty returning to civil life. His story is unfolded in the most leisurely way, and he tells it himself from the vantage-point of his later years, although the narrative is mostly given in the third person. When he drops into the first person, as is now and then the case, the effect is a little confusing, for we are apt to fancy that the author is speaking on her own account upon these occasions. While the book is essentially a work of fiction, a great deal of actual history is imbedded within it, and many adroit touches are added for the purpose of making it seem like a real autobiography. The Mexican War scenes take up nearly half the book, and give us an intimate view of that inglorious episode in our history. Otherwise, the story is historical only in its faithful reproduction of the conditions of life in those early Western days—the social customs, the forms of speech, and the phases of political opinion. The characters offer a great variety of types, are sharply individualized, and are presented with a sympathy which embraces even the most despicable among them. It is life itself that the author gives us, rather than the artificial arrangements of life found in most novels; her people are real people rather than the studies of virtue and villainy that we usually get, and that are so much easier to make. The story is doubtless too long-winded at times, but it is so human that we cannot complain seriously of its length. It is certainly a remarkable product of the sympathetic imagination, and one of the surprises of the season, coming, as it does, from a writer hitherto almost unknown.

The novels of Miss Mary Imlay Taylor always suffice for entertainment, and exhibit a constantly increasing skill in their construction. They give us familiar situations worked out upon familiar lines, and never worry us with problems or perplex us with casuistry. The familiar story told us in "Caleb Trench" is that of the man of the people who from humble beginnings makes his way to the esteem of the community in which his lot is cast, and to the heart of the young woman who is destined for him, but whose wealth and social position

seem to set her too far apart for hope. We know, of course, that the chasm will be bridged, and that the haughty maiden's pride will be subdued; we know also that the man will reach his goal by deeds of prowess, and will suffer discouragements that would break the resolution of almost any man not the hero of such a romance. The scene of these sentimental operations is a town in the South, somewhere near the Mississippi; and the plot makes a judicious mingling of political with private interests. The rival aspirant for the heroine's hand is clearly marked for defeat in the eyes of the practised reader, and the sum of villainies piled up against him is very satisfying. Seducer, embezzler, and murderer, he betakes himself to other scenes when the revelation is imminent, and Caleb, to whose charge most of the offences have been laid, comes in on the home-stretch without a rival in sight. Incidentally, he wins in the political game also, and sees a Republican governor elected in a hidebound Democratic Commonwealth. We should call this the best story that Miss Taylor has thus far produced.

Neither the romance of American history nor the network of American parochial politics is given us in Winston Churchill's latest novel, but instead a study of the restless luxury-loving young woman of these later days, who drains the cup of pleasure until she makes the natural discovery that there are dregs at the bottom. The novel is called "A Modern Chronicle," and its heroine might quite properly be classified with the collection made for our edification in Mr. Herrick's "Together," while her environment is perhaps rather more suggestive of that which Mr. Chambers is wont to provide for those of his readers to whom the ways of "society" are always an object of alluring and envious interest. Honora Leffingwell begins her life in Europe, although of American parentage; but she is orphaned when hardly beyond infancy, and transported to St. Louis, where she finds a home with Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary. It is a simple and charming home, sweetened by all the elements that enter into true human happiness; but Honora has inherited worldly instincts, and she has glimpses of glittering things just beyond her reach that seem to her infinitely desirable. When she visits some wealthy friends in their summer home on the Hudson, she becomes so enamoured of luxurious living that she accepts, almost without reflection, the proposal of marriage made her by a commonplace stock-broker. His self-confident manner and general air of prosperity win him an easy victory, upon which follow the years of inevitable disillusionment. When Honora at last reaches the breaking-point, she obtains a divorce, and throws herself into the arms of a masterful Rochester sort of man, who takes her to his Virginia plantation to live. But his conservative family and neighbors have old-fashioned ideas of morality, and the couple find themselves practically ostracized. The husband thereupon develops a violent temper, and, one day seeking to work it off, is thrown from a vicious horse and instantly killed.

More dark years then follow for Honora, until, a chastened and ennobled woman, she accepts the devotion of Peter — simple, homely, faithful Peter — the childhood friend whose love has never failed her, and whom, had she possessed any discernment of character, she would have married in the beginning. The story is indeed "a modern chronicle," paralleled by countless examples in our age and country. Such women as Honora have a great deal to say about the individual's right to happiness, and do not understand, until taught by stern experience, that the only right recognized by the order of nature is the right to suffer the full consequences of impatient folly and a false perspective of the value of life. Mr. Churchill's heroine learns the lesson very thoroughly, and we leave her at the close with the belief that she will really profit by it. We think also that the author has shown himself fairly free from the fault of most novelists who deal with similar types and situations. He does not, in other words, permit judgment to become dissolved in sentiment, nor does he coerce his readers into a sympathy, which makes the heroine appear to be more sinned against than sinning, more a victim of circumstances than of her own unregulated will. For the rest, Mr. Churchill seems to have acquired a closer hold upon life than his romantic excursions have heretofore evidenced, and he has also improved in his literary technique, although his style is still far from achieving anything like distinction.

"Predestined," which is described as "a novel of New York Life," is the work of Mr. Stephen French Whitman, a writer whose name we have not before seen upon a title-page. If it is a first novel, it is a surprisingly good one, — a portrayal of character both vivid and penetrating, a study in realism shot through with poetic glints. Its hero is ironically named Felix, and his predestination is to become entangled with one woman after another, and with each new affair to sink lower in the scale of degradation, becoming in the end a hopeless derelict. He is endowed with most of the graces and some of the virtues; but a fatal weakness preys like a canker upon the core of his being. In early manhood, he learns with a shock that the fortune he had supposed would come to him has disappeared, and that he must gain a livelihood by his own efforts. He wins the love of a beautiful and noble-hearted girl, who might have saved him from himself, but speedily forfeits her respect and his own happiness by a *liaison* with the wife of one of his friends. His next affair is with a "chorus lady" of mercenary instincts, who throws him over when she discovers that his castles are all in Spain. Then he is attracted by a faded and plaintive creature who has been abandoned by her husband. This time he actually marries, and drags out a miserable existence in her company until her death sets him free. There is not much more to relate; his progress to the gutter is now rapidly accelerated, and he dies a suicide. In outline, it is a gloomy enough story; but in detail it seems less sombre, because the gloom is relieved by

much cheerful incident, and by the sense of a life which is at least intensely lived, if with no high ultimate purpose in view. The hero's occupation (he is a journalist) gives a kaleidoscopic pattern to his career, and the promptings of his better nature keep him in close contact with our sympathies, despite the lamentable lack of self-restraint which is his undoing. We instinctively murmur, "Oh, the pity of it!" when we come to the closing pages of this ill-starred record.

California in the fifties — in the period when crime was rife, when the arm of the law seemed paralyzed, and when well-meaning citizens thought they were doing civilization a service by organized lawlessness — is the scene of "A Vigilante Girl," by Mr. Jerome Hart. The veteran editor knows his subject thoroughly, and exhibits a fair degree of accomplishment as a novelist, although it is only proper to say that his tale is more important in its instructive than in its constructive aspect. As a piece of fictive art, it is rather mechanical and disjointed; but as a detailed reproduction of the life of a half century ago on the Pacific coast — the wild politics and the wild money-getting, the unbridled corruption and the untamed passion — it is vigorous and effective. We must say that the hero does not stir us to any very warm sympathy, but the heroine is quite satisfactory. She is called "a vigilante girl" because she at first defends the vigilante methods; but she learns in the course of time to recognize in them a menace quite equal to that of the crime which they were designed to combat. This seems to be essentially the attitude of the author, and we cannot doubt that it is justified by a dispassionate historical survey of the whole unique situation.

"The Isle of Whispers," wherewith Mr. E. Lawrence Dudley's ingenious romance is concerned, seems to be only a few miles out of Boston, but it is the headquarters of a gang of pirates whose methods are both original and entertaining. A young New York stockbroker is the hero, and his yacht is wrecked upon the island in the first chapter. The rascally inhabitants are ruled over by an aged reprobate who has a beautiful daughter. The new arrival falls in love with the girl (who is surprisingly innocent of the nefarious character of her father's enterprises), and accepts in pretended good faith the offer of a partnership in the pirate business. But he contrives to get word to the authorities, who make a descent upon the island, and obtain possession after a bloody scrimmage. The old man is killed, while the hero and heroine escape together, and land in New Bedford. It all makes a capital yarn, quite as plausible as we have any right to expect, and the excitement is not allowed to flag for a moment.

The romantic novelist, casting about for a plot, may easily do worse than find one in the history of the revolutionary movement in Russia. Hardly any other available field offers such attractive possibilities for melodramatic effects, and a reasonably fresh story is almost always to be found in that quarter. We have read at least a hundred such

stories, and yet confess that "The Red Symbol," by Mr. John Ironside, proves vastly entertaining. It is based upon the happenings of the past five years, which serve to make it really fresh in the literal sense. The hero is a dashing American, and the heroine is — twins. These sisters are so much alike that the hero, although otherwise a person of much perspicacity, cannot tell them apart, and thus we are enabled in one chapter to mourn over the tragic death of the heroine, and in the next to make the pleasing discovery that she is alive and safe. The plot all hangs upon a mysterious secret organization, and has the usual concomitants of the chosen symbol, the midnight assassination, the tribunal which judges traitors, the accomplished spy, the gallant rescue, and all the rest.

The romance of the air is clearly destined to rival the romance of the sea as a motive for the story of adventure. Among the pioneer uses that have already been made of it, "The Sky-Man," by Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster, is easily the most successful. So thrilling a tale, indeed, and one so good for boys of all ages, has not recently come within our reach. The hero, erstwhile an American officer in the Philippines, has been falsely charged with unbecoming conduct, has left the service in disgust, made himself an exile from civilization, and devoted himself so successfully to the art of flying that when the story opens he is disporting himself in the Arctic solitude, a true monarch of the kingdom of the air. He is cumbered with neither aeroplane nor dirigible, but simply straps on his wings (measuring a hundred feet from tip to tip), and makes something like a hundred miles an hour at his own sweet will. One day he becomes mixed up in a complicated situation in the northern wilds. The complication has three elements: the remnants of a polar expedition long given up for lost, a piratical crew rescued by the survivors and afterwards treacherously turning against them, and a yachting company sent out in search of the lost explorers. In this latter party is the daughter of the lost leader of the original expedition, and thus a heroine is provided for our sky-man hero. These two are marooned for the winter on an ice-bound coast, and near them lurks all the while the pirate chief, seeking for an opportunity to destroy them, but for a time awed into inaction by his superstitious terror of the huge bird-like creature that he occasionally sees hovering in the air. When he discovers that this aerial monster is only a man with wings, he forces matters to a speedy conclusion, and is killed after a desperate struggle. Nothing now remains to be done but to provide a second rescue expedition for the two young people (now avowed lovers), and we leave them upon their return to civilization, having brought back with them a ship-load of gold. Every sort of romantic satisfaction is thus provided, and in liberal measure, by Mr. Webster, who has the merit of knowing how to write in addition to that of possessing an unusual fund of knowledge and inventive ingenuity.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

VARIOUS BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

Diversions of a fisherman in western waters. At a time when South Africa has served so conspicuously as a field for the hunter, the photographer, and the adventure-seeker, a book devoted to sport and travel in our own country comes as a novelty. Professor C. F. Holder's "Recreations of a Sportsman on the Pacific Coast" (Putnam) is a welcome diversion in a home field. The author has fished in the deep seas of the Pacific and in the streams of the high Sierras and Cascades — has trailed swordfish in the waters off San Clemente Island in Southern California and moonfish off the Channel Islands near Santa Barbara, has "killed" salmon in the bay of Monterey and trout in the mountain streams of the whole Pacific coast, has "angled" in the crater of Mount Mazama and chased whale with a revolver. On many of his expeditions he has been accompanied by other noted sportsmen, among them Mr. Gifford Pinchot and Mr. Stewart Edward White. The frontispiece shows Mr. Pinchot and Mr. White trolling for swordfish in San Clemente Channel, an exciting account of which adventure is given by the author, who, in a small launch on a dead black night, aided Mr. Pinchot in his struggle with a swordfish weighing a hundred and eighty pounds. We quote a stirring passage:

"The work cut out for Pinchot sitting in a skiff going at five miles an hour, stern first, against a sea, in the dark, was to reel in a fish fighting mad or crazed by fear, that was anything from ten to twelve feet long. . . . Now I could see him dimly bracing to it, pumping with all his strength, gaining a foot to lose two, literally hauling the skiff up over the flying swordfish, and standing all the strain on the tip of his rod and his arms. That it was a good and hard fight, only those really know who have tried swordfish or tuna. The fish never rests; he fights until he is dead, until the end. When you rest, he rests twice as fast, and to rest is to lose. . . . Suddenly I heard a shout of elation from Pinchot. 'We've got him alongside.' The wind was blowing a high sea and tossing us about. Before I knew it I saw Joe [the Mexican in the skiff with Pinchot] directly underneath us, and I nearly lifted that coughing, hiccupping eight-horse-power engine out of the launch trying to back her away. But it was too late; a big sea tossed me over, and they seemed to suddenly come at me out of the night. I did not hit the skiff, but I disconcerted Joe, who thought I was aboard of them, and he yelled, 'I've lost him!' The gaff had slipped, or he had lost his hold, and there was a smashing, rolling, surging, and bounding, choice talk in Spanish. Then came Pinchot's voice, 'I've got him by the tail!' And so he had. He held the floundering swinging fish with grim desperation until Joe got a fresh hold, and a rope about him, and, as Pinchot told me later, he determined to 'hang to his fish if he went overboard.'"

Besides being the most enthusiastic of sportsmen, Mr. Holder is a thorough man of science; and thus the account of his recreations has a double interest. His attitude, too, is that of the born angler — that angling should be approached as an art, and results considered as incidents. Like the immortal Walton, who "went fishing that he might commune with all the beautiful things of life and nature, sometimes forgetting his angling for echoes, the songs of birds and milkmaids," Mr. Holder finds interest in the quieter aspects of the game, and

devotes pages to descriptions of some of the most picturesque portions of the western coast. The illustrations are from photographs taken by the author and his friends, and are a decided addition.

Trees and tree-lore of England.

"Trees and Shrubs of the British Isles" is the title of the latest tree-book on our table. Messrs. Cooper and Westell of London are the authors, Mr. Newall is the artist, and Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers. The work is in two rather sumptuous looking quarto volumes, with sixteen full-page colored plates, and seventy of the same dimensions in black and white, from Mr. Newall's drawings. The reader thinks at once of Sargent's monumental "Silva," with its half-thousand species and hundreds of lithographic plates; but with such a work the present volumes do not at all invite comparison. Sargent's is a descriptive history, telling all that is known concerning each arboreal species; the present work is more in the style of a handbook designed for practical men and intended to be of every-day use to the lover of trees in the "green-walled garden." The opening sentence tells us that the work has been prepared to enable the reader to identify the trees of the British Isles, and to present much valuable information on such subjects as insects and fungoid pests, the more common galls, etc. Such a book, it would seem, should be offered in one volume, bound in oil-cloth or some similar fashion, that it might be of omnipresent service: we fear the smear of the gardener's thumb or the touch of rain-drops on these handsome covers. About half of the first volume is devoted to what may be esteemed "valuable information." This part of the work consists of a glossary, a list of "Latin roots" and Greek "root-words," a calendar to show the date of flowering for the listed species, an introduction full of "a number of things," and four chapters on insects, galls, and fungoid pests. The glossary descends to great detail of erudition, giving even the Saxon origin of English words; "acuminate" is cited among Latin roots, "latex" is derived from *lao*, and "paraphysis" from *para* and *phyllon*, etc. The chapters on plant-maladies and their remedies will be found serviceable; it may be noted in passing, however, that the American gardener who would attempt to follow English prescription here must use kerosene where *paraffin* is cited. The descriptive pages follow the order of the older books, beginning with the crowfoots. There is no objection to this, but the text should be covered by some sort of a key that would enable the less expert reader to name an unknown species or to find the description of familiar forms. As the matter stands, your ordinary gardener or reader can refer to a description only as he knows the name of what he seeks. The illustrations are generally excellent. The colored plates are three-color half-tones. The plates from drawings are striking in effect; they remind one of the old wood-cuts that made intelligible the lore of the herbalist and the botanics of long ago. In fine, these volumes, although primarily

for English use, are of interest also in these western fields. Fully a fifth of the species described are North American plants; and it will interest every lover of trees and every friend of out-door art to see to what extent the wild beauty of this newer world has been transplanted in its freshness to adorn and beautify still further the loveliest gardens of the world.

Tending trees and saving them.

In Mr. B. E. Fernow's volume on "The Care of Trees" (Holt) we may find lessons in a very practical sort of tree conservation. Here we are taught the care of individual trees, how to look out for our pets, the special favorites of park and street-side and lawn. We are told how to plant trees, how they must be trimmed and tended if they are to realize our higher sense of symmetry and dendritic beauty. Full information is given relative to soils, tools, fertilizers, and repairs that go on either naturally or artificially; for in these days there is "an art which does mend nature," an art which in this case is *not* nature,—"tree surgery" the gardeners name it,—an art by which to the "brotherhood of venerable trees" new life is given. One thing it seems the author here forgets to urge: all our care and skill avail not unless we first select a proper tree. Trees of the same kind differ in *habit*, and for happiest ultimate attainment must be carefully selected. Half the present volume is given thus to arboriculture; the remainder is a descriptive and well illustrated list of species suitable for planting, with their advantages and disadvantages in particular locations. The list of both trees and shrubs includes those suitable for every section of the eastern side of the continent. Many species are cited as "half-hardy" or "half-hardy as far as Ottawa." A half-hardy species is sooner or later wholly disappointing, and may as well be at once stricken from the category. A list of trees and shrubs perfectly hardy as far north as Ottawa or Chicago—and there is possibly such a list—might be brief, but would be extremely useful. The book is a convenient and valuable addition to our literature concerning trees. It is more to be commended for matter than for manner. Our author speaks for himself on this point: "This book is not a sentimental effusion on the beauty and need of trees, but a compilation of information such as the owner of trees may be in search of."

The penive oyster and retting clam.

It is not a simple matter to combine within the covers of a single book a discussion of food-mollusks which is of interest to the connoisseur of blue-points and little-necks, to the oyster-culturist in Narragansett, Chesapeake, Mobile and Willapi Bays, and to the naturalist interested in the biology of mussels and their relatives the scallops, oysters, and clams. Professor Kellogg has succeeded admirably, however, in his volume on "Shell-Fish Industries" in Holt's "American Nature Series," in making an attractive and entertaining book for all who are interested in these animals, whether as food or for industrial or scientific

purposes. The work deals with the structure, life history, and habits of the important shellfish used as food, and gives a rather full account of the oyster fields on the American coasts and of the methods of culture, capture, and marketing, in vogue both here and in Europe and Japan. The enemies of the oyster and means of combating them are discussed, and the relation which uncooked oysters and clams bear to the spread of typhoid fever is plainly set forth. The book also contains a number of original observations on the structure, physiology, and natural history of the oyster and clam, here published for the first time. The book is essentially an American work, and deals only with the principal edible mollusks of the Eastern Coast. The great part which the parcels post plays in the distribution of the enormous product of the French oyster-beds throughout Europe might well have been mentioned. One looks in vain for mention of periwinkles, abalone, or the delicious octopus of Naples which can at least claim relationship to the shellfish. Our great fresh-water clam-shell industries, the pearl fisheries and mother-of-pearl industries, are scarcely noted in the book. As with other natural resources of our bountiful country, we have wasted and exterminated our food supplies of our coasts, raked our oyster and clam beds bare, and, worst of all, we have ruthlessly fouled their waters with industrial wastes and sewage of our great cities. Fortunately, there are great stretches of coast, especially in the south, well suited for the development of oyster culture under scientific methods, both profitable and productive of a cheap and abundant food supply. To plant and reap and distribute this harvest of the sea is the problem of the future. Professor Kellogg's book will help on the good work.

A tourist's talk of his travels.

Professor Harry Thurston Peck is in a happy vein, a vein of holiday jocularity touched now and then with amiable derision and good-humored sarcasm, in his latest collection of reprinted sketches. "The New Baedeker, being Casual Notes of an Irresponsible Traveller" (Dodd) possesses a pleasantly personal and engagingly anecdotal character which is at the furthest possible remove from the business-like curt-ness of Herr Baedeker's highly useful manuals. Nevertheless the book is dedicated to the pious memory of the Leipsic guide-book publisher, and is bound in the familiar Baedeker red cloth, but without the Baedeker maps and hotel-lists and currency-tables and careful indexes. But the New Baedeker, unlike the old, is a book to read at home and for fun, not to be carried in hand by the neck-craneing tourist "doing" three cathedrals and four art-galleries in a day. Both foreign and domestic travel are treated in the book, Part I. taking the reader to Havre and Trouville, Berlin, Rome, Rouen, Brussels, Malines, and Liverpool; and Part II. revealing the peculiar charms of our own Portland (Maine), Boston, Lake Pleasant (Mass.), Utica (N. Y.), Trenton Falls, Atlantic City, and the "savage beauty" of the scenery on the Canadian Pacific Railway — all

appropriately illustrated from photographs. That the book is no dry catalogue of things seen, that it is not at all an orthodox guide-book, we may prove conclusively by ending this notice with a stanza from its author's metrical diversion at the close of his chapter on Rome. "Roma Recentiorum" is the title given to the poem, the third stanza of which trips it nimbly in the following manner:

"Where Claudia mocked the rabble route
And laughed its helpless rage to see,
Now giggles as she flits about
Some cheerful chit from Tennessee;
And where great Caesar passed in state
And where Catullus kept his tryst,
Now potters with uncertain gait
The blear-eyed archaeologist."

An antidote to drowsiness.

Another "inveterate individualist," as Mr. George Sylvester Viereck calls himself, has some opinions of his own to declare in a book of European impressions entitled "Confessions of a Barbarian." It is Germany especially that has inspired these journalistic jottings, which are now gathered into a handy volume of two hundred pages. The author, a German-born American, has those impartially divided sympathies that fit one for depicting the peculiarities of one nation in a manner that shall amuse the readers of another while giving offense to neither. The positiveness of omniscient youth gives to his utterances no uncertain ring, and his short snappy sentences are an excellent antidote to summer drowsiness. Some of the questions which he takes up jauntily and settles conclusively in a few pages have to do with the morals of Europe, the character of the German Emperor, the intellectual drama, Gambrinus and Bacchus, inspired bureaucracy, and the philosophy of militarism. Youth and impressionability disport themselves in Mr. Viereck's pages, the writing of which must have been great fun for him, as we hope the reading will be to others. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

Right ideas of nature-study.

The little volume by Professor L. H. Bailey, entitled "The Nature-Study Idea" (Macmillan), brings us the latest word on this important topic. The idea of nature-study should be simple enough, one might think; it ought to be plainly the study of Nature — the natural world. But the hyphenated title here stands for something different — something that would describe an educational effort of some years standing, designed to interest children and youth in Nature and her ways, all apart from the more formal presentments of science. The effort is really an outcome of the kindergarten movement, and was at first, and is yet in some places, the application of kindergarten methods to the investigation of more familiar natural objects. The attempt was in some instances unfortunate. Some of the nature-study text-books are downright nonsense. The play-idea involved in the kindergarten system, when carried into the fine movement of natural things, is apt to

degenerate into myth and foolishness. Professor Bailey would have us see the outside world just as it is, just as it lies before our unaided senses. His laboratory is the open field, and his nature-study is like that of Gilbert White, Thoreau, and Burroughs. We are carried away, in these days, by revelations of the microscope, and are in danger of losing that fine sympathetic appreciation of out-door objects which must ever lie at the basis of all true nature-study, and of true science as well; for nature-study, in the right sense, may not traverse science. Nature-study need not be systematic. It does not especially care for the relations of things, except as these are related to the observer and claim his appreciation and love. Science is formal and severe; nature-study is natural and human, and should contribute directly to the interest and individual happiness of men. The present volume is really a revised edition of a valuable book published some years ago. Professor Bailey is indefatigable, and we have here not only much new matter but a thorough revision of the former text. The pages are full of suggestions born of wide and wise experience, and deserve careful reading by teachers and nature-lovers generally.

*Gardening
in a library.*

Redolent of the odors of field and forest and flower-bed, and bright with the manifold colors wherewith nature adorns the earth, "A White-paper Garden," by Mrs. Sara Andrew Shafer, brings into the study as much, perhaps, of the glorious out-door world as it is in the power of pen and paper to transfer. Its qualities make their appeal, of course, not to the bodily senses, but to the finer perceptions of the mind and the imagination. "A garden for the garden-less" the writer calls her book, which she has designed especially for those country-bred city toilers who pine for a sight of the green fields and blossoming hedges of their childhood. "I will have a garden!" she declares. "Reams of paper shall be my acreage, and pen and ink shall be my spade and trowel." The work is divided into twelve parts, one for each month of the year, and each combines description and reflection with seasonable horticultural advice. Twenty-eight illustrations, four of them colored, are provided, with the aid of the camera. It is a pleasing book, admirably conceived and lovingly executed. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

*In the field with
horse and hound.*

Mr. Frank Sherman Peer is a veteran sportsman, and "The Hunting Field with Horse and Hound" (Kennerley) is the second book he has written based on his experiences of cross-country runs here and abroad. He tells of fox-hunting in New and Old England, at the famous Meadowbrook and Old Rose Tree Hunts, in Virginia, in North Carolina by moonlight, in Scotland, and in Ireland. He has pursued coyotes and jack rabbits in Colorado, stags with Lord Rothschild's pack, wild red deer in Devonshire, and wild boar at Baron de Dorlodot's French preserve. He has enjoyed milder sport with the foot beagles at

Oxford and with the Essex otterhounds. His experiences are narrated in an easy, natural fashion, and the distinctive methods of each section are made prominent. Photographs of fine packs, big "meets," exciting runs, and distinguished masters of hounds, are supplemented by a few colored plates from spirited hunting pictures.

NOTES.

"Morning Star" is the title of Mr. H. Rider Haggard's new romance, which the Messrs. Longman will publish immediately.

The probable title of Mr. William de Morgan's next novel, which Messrs. Holt & Co. announce for early publication, will be "An Affair of Dishonour."

Mr. James Oppenheim, whose "Dr. Rast" stories have been widely successful, has written a novel entitled "Wild Oats," which Mr. B. W. Huebsch will publish next month.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the genial English M.P. who has already given us volumes "On Nothing" and "On Everything," will soon issue a new book called "On Anything."

Mr. John Adams Thayer, who was a co-partner with Erman Ridgway in establishing "Everybody's Magazine," has written an account of his eventful business career, which Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. will publish immediately.

An authorized work on the life and times of King Edward was nearly completed at the time of the King's death, and will soon be published under the editorship of Sir Richard Holmes, the official biographer of Queen Victoria.

A new book by Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt, author of "The Little Brown Brother," is announced by the Dodge Publishing Co. Its title is "Biffel: A Trek Ox," and it has to do with the experiences of a South African draught ox.

When toying with the phenomena which have become the stock in trade of the new mysticism, Björnsterne Björnson wrote, about forty years ago, a little book called "Wise-Knut." Mr. Bernard Stahl has just put this story into English.

Mr. Edmund Dulac, whose colored illustrations form a distinctive annual feature of the holiday season, is preparing for the coming Fall a series of paintings to illustrate "The Sleeping Beauty" and other old French fairy tales, as retold by A. T. Quiller Couch.

On the same plan as her successful little book called "Science through Stories," Miss Constance M. Foot has prepared an account of "Insect Wonderland" (John Lane Co.), in which the essential facts of insect life are made attractive and intelligible to the youngest reader.

The late Alexander Johnston's useful "History of American Politics" is to be still further enlarged for its fiftieth edition by Professor Winthrop More Daniels. He will continue the volume from the first administration of McKinley to the inauguration of President Taft.

Mr. Alfred Noyes, the young English poet, has written an imaginative verse drama, "The Forest of Wild Thyme," which Sir Herbert Tree is to produce in London and later in America. It is possible that Mr. Noyes will visit this country at the time of its presentation here.

The Japanese artist Yoshio Markino, whose charming interpretations of London, Rome, and Paris have attracted wide attention, has written an account of his interesting life, which Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co. will publish soon under the title, "A Japanese Artist in London."

It is announced that beginning with the July issue "The Forum" is to be published by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley of New York, though it will continue to be owned by the Forum Publishing Company, of which Mr. Isaac L. Rice has been the president since its formation twenty-four years ago.

The Academy of Pacific Coast History publishes in pamphlet form Miguel Costanzo's "Narrative of the Portolá Expedition of 1769-1770," giving the text in both Spanish and in English translation. This publication is edited by Messrs. Adolph van Hewert-Engert and Frederick J. Teggart, officers of the Academy.

Volume V., Part 2, of Philip Schaff's "History of the Christian Church" carries the chronicle to what may fairly be called the close of the Middle Ages—that is, to the beginning of the Protestant Reformation. This new volume of a monumental series is the work of Dr. David S. Schaff, and is published by the Messrs. Scribner.

Mr. L. H. Bailey's "Manual of Gardening," lately issued by the Macmillan Co., is a combination and revision of the main parts of the same author's well-known "Garden-Making" and "Practical Garden-Book," together with much new material, the results of later experience. A better book in its field is not likely to appear for a long while.

Mr. Horace Kephart, author of an authoritative manual on "Camping and Woodcraft," now issues through the Outing Publishing Company a little manual of "Camp Cookery," in which the camper-out of whatever degree of experience or proficiency is likely to find many useful suggestions toward the enhancement of his alimentary welfare while in the woods.

A new book by Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine, to be called "The Land of Living Men," will be brought out by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. in the early Fall. This author's books are having a very large circulation in Germany at the present time, and his "In Tune with the Infinite" is published in translation in eleven different countries, while an edition in Esperanto is now being brought out in London.

Miss Harriet L. Keeler, the author of two excellent handbooks on American trees and shrubs, now publishes through the Messrs. Scribner a popular study of "Our Garden Flowers," describing in detail their native lands, their life histories, and their structural affiliations. A profusion of well-executed illustrations in half-tone and line add to the usefulness of a volume which must be considered practically indispensable to the amateur gardener.

Mr. William Swan Sonnenschein's valuable reference work, "The Best Books," is soon to be issued in a new and revised edition by the Messrs. Putnam. All the matter in the old editions that remains of value has been retained; the characterizations have in many cases been changed, and much added, bringing the record of literature down to the end of 1909. The whole contents of the book will probably cover more than 100,000 titles.

Under the editorship of Professor Joseph Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish a series of volumes intended to consider

the several aspects of mental life of largest theoretical and practical interest, and to survey the ethical, social, and æsthetic aspects of human nature in relation to their origin, development, and influence. The books will be simple in treatment and will have a direct appeal to the general reader. Among the titles in preparation are "Psychology in Common Life," "Character and Temperament," and "The Health of the Mind."

A bathchairman with a leaning toward literature is the unique discovery recently made by Mr. H. G. Wells. Under his encouragement, George Meek, who for nineteen years has pushed and pulled a bath chair up and down the Parade at Eastbourne, has written an autobiography whose naked simplicity and unaffected realism has attracted marked interest among the London reviewers. Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish the book in this country.

A blend of Epictetus, George Borrow, John Ruskin, and his own refreshing and undervived self, appears in that finely conceived character, already familiar to readers of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Open Country,"—John Maxwell Senhouse, whose "Letters to Sanchia" are now published by the Messrs. Scribner in a small volume extracted from "that true tale" above-mentioned. To have created such a character as Senhouse is to have lived and labored not in vain, and Mr. Hewlett has done his readers a favor by issuing this separate collection of his original utterances.

Announcements of English fiction for the coming Fall season include, among others, the following titles: "The Creators" by Miss May Sinclair, "Mr. Ingle-side" by Mr. E. V. Lucas, "Clayhanger" by Mr. Arnold Bennett, "All the World Wondered" by Mr. Leonard Merrick, "Lady Good-for-Nothing" by Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch, "Panther's Cub" by Mr. and Mrs. Castle, "Rest Harrow" by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, "An Affair of Dishonour" by Mr. William de Morgan, "Second String" by Mr. Anthony Hope, "Daisy's Aunt" by Mr. E. F. Benson, and "The Golden Silence" by Mr. and Mrs. Williamson. It is safe to say that all these books will be published in this country also.

The first number of "The Romanic Review" has made its appearance from the Columbia University Press. "A quarterly journal devoted to research . . . in the field of the early Romance languages and literature," the new review proposes for itself a definitely limited field; and within the limits set, its work bids fair to be scholarly and valuable. One may object to the choice of "Romanic" instead of "Romance" in the title; but, barbaric as it is, the Germanism is of course better fitted to indicate the philological character of the new periodical. If the promise of the table of contents is carried out as a definite policy, as would seem likely from a consideration of the choice of editors, we can only lament that the university attitude toward the Romance literatures is developing the same tendencies which have so largely helped to drive out Greek and Latin from our undergraduate curricula. Why should the cry of "dilettanteism" drive our scholars away from purely literary studies? Why should we consider Molière or Balzac less worthy of scholarly study than Raoul de Cambrai or the provenance of some forgotten *Chanson de Geste*? However, this perhaps is a minor objection. Romance scholarship in America has always been a bit self-conscious, and it is eminently fitting that it should become conscious of itself in a special review.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

June, 1910.

African Game Trails—IX. Theodore Roosevelt. *Scribner*.
 Agriculture, Scientific Work in. W. J. McGee. *Pop. Science*.
 American, A Plain, in England. O. T. Whitefield. *American*.
 American Preparatory Schools. Arthur Buhl. *Scribner*.
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No. 576. JUNE 16, 1910. Vol. XLVIII.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE NEW THEATRE	411
GOLDWIN SMITH	413
CASUAL COMMENT	413
A brilliant literary blunder.—The untimely end of "O. Henry."—A superfluous functionary in the dramatic world.—Mrs. Howe at ninety-one.—The centennial of the "Learned Blacksmith."—Dr. William Gordon-Stables.—The dedication of the Smith College library.—The resources of the reference department.—Ten million dollars for book-shelter.—Poetry as a by-product.—"Big brass generals" as heroes of boys' books.	
COMMUNICATION	416
A Striking Case of Literary Foresight. <i>Lewis Piaget Shanks</i> .	
MILL REVEALED IN HIS LETTERS. <i>Paul Shorey</i>	417
THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY. <i>Anna Benneson McMahon</i>	420
IS PRAGMATISM PRAGMATIC? <i>T. D. A. Cockerell</i>	422
SHERIDAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. <i>James W. Tupper</i>	424
MODERN LANDSCAPE. <i>Edward E. Hale, Jr.</i>	425
MARCUS WHITMAN ONCE MORE. <i>F. H. Hodder</i>	427
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	429
Practical problems of American life.—A packet of John Hay's early letters.—Humorous phases of life in a library.—The story of a struggle with evil and misrule.—A book for book-lovers.—The Russian Navy in the Japanese war.—Influences of religion on English literature.—The life of a famous queen.—"The nephew of his uncle."	
BRIEFER MENTION	432
NOTES	433
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	434

THE NEW THEATRE.

With much that is discouraging in the condition of the American stage at the present day, it is possible to discover here and there a sign of promise indicative of better things to come, and even to chronicle now and then the actual accomplishment of something that is really worth doing in the theatrical field. Such a promise was held out to us when the New Theatre was projected in New York; and such an accomplishment has now become, with the close of the first season of that enterprise, a matter of recorded history. The enterprise had much to contend with in the way of suspicion, cynicism, and the scarcely-veiled antagonism of the interests that are well content with things theatrical as they are. It was scoffed at as a "highbrow" venture, and that label offers much opportunity for cheap derision. It was despaired of as something too good for the depraved public of this wicked world, and the analogy of certain earlier ventures in idealism seemed to deny it the hope of enduring success. It was decried from the seats of the mighty who take counsel together in the "syndicate" and who have substituted commercialism for art in nine-tenths of our playhouses. Nevertheless, it persevered in its quixotic undertaking, built and opened its playhouse, collected and trained its company, and has now shamed the tongues of incredulity and malice by a completed season of artistic effort that has surpassed the expectations even of its friends.

This first season has been to some extent experimental, and of necessity, for it had pioneer work to do, and standards had to be created, or at least pieced together out of lapsed memories of the past and of suggestions from other countries which take the stage seriously as one of the chief instrumentalities of culture. There were some mistakes, such as the building of too large an auditorium, the initial toying with stellar attractions, the ill-advised inclusion of operatic performances in its programme, and the occasional selection of an unworthy play. But these mistakes were not fatal, for they admitted of obvious remedies, and the management has been quick to realize them and to profit by the experience. On the other side of the

account, there is the solid achievement of a long season quite successful from the box-office standpoint, and highly satisfactory from the standpoint of observers who are mainly concerned with artistic and cultural aims.

At the close of the New York season about a month ago, the Company set out on a missionary expedition to a few selected cities, the most important of them being Chicago. It is too expensive an organization to expect to pay for itself upon such a tour, and the management made a generous appropriation to meet the deficit. In other words, it decided to give to a few favored cities an object-lesson in the subsidized theatre that has often been advocated, but that has seen small prospect of becoming realized in this country. The fortnight allotted to Chicago has falsified a good deal of pessimistic prophesying, and has opened many eyes to the fact that conscientious art is not the least among the attractions that may draw audiences into theatres. In brief, the eighteen performances given in Chicago have been presented in most cases to "capacity" houses, and great numbers of visitors have been turned from the doors for the simple reason that there were no more seats to sell. No other success equal to this has been achieved in Chicago during the past season, and it is pleasant to think that for once the most successful enterprise has been also the most meritorious.

Seven plays were given an average of three performances each during the Chicago engagement. Of these plays, three were approved classics — Shakespeare being represented by "Twelfth Night" and "A Winter's Tale," and Sheridan by "The School for Scandal." The two Shakespearian performances were made the occasion of an interesting contrast in method, since the former was given with the usual modern accessories, while the latter was given "in the Elizabethan manner," which means without change of scene. There is something to be said for the archaic mode of representation, but we imagine that Shakespeare himself would have welcomed many of our modern appliances, and that the bareness of the Globe performances was rather a matter of necessity than of set determination. The ideal setting for a play of Shakespeare in our day is one that spares nothing likely to make the action intelligible, and permits nothing likely to distract attention from either the action or the thought. For the rest, it was a pleasure to witness a "Twelfth Night" which was something more than the exploitation of a Viola or a Malvolio, "A Winter's Tale"

which was something more than series of stage-pictures grouped about a Hermione. Likewise, it was a great satisfaction to witness a "School for Scandal" in which Lady Teazle took her proper place and did not always read her lines from the centre of the stage. With this comedy, and with "The Rivals," it is going to take us a long while to forget Ada Rehan and Joseph Jefferson; but it must be admitted that they put the works considerably out of balance.

Of the modern plays included in the fortnight's repertory, the triumph was scored by Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice." We have rarely seen upon the stage anything as lovely and as appealing. It was at once the embodiment of the most exquisite poetry and of the most delicate spirituality, besides delighting the eye with a color-scheme of enchanting beauty. In the production of such a work as this, a theatre becomes a temple, and a play-goer a worshipper. Since "Sister Beatrice" is a short piece, it had to be coupled with something else to fill out the evening; and its pendant was Mr. Besier's "Don," a comedy that is serious as well as amusing. The two remaining offerings of the engagement were "Strife" and "The Nigger." Mr. Galworthy's "Strife" is the work of a writer intensely in earnest, with an extraordinary power to make us feel the poignancy of suffering, and to arouse our social sympathies. Although its spirit is that of a sermon, it proved dramatically effective. Mr. Sheldon's "The Nigger" is interesting as the work of a very young man, and is a thoroughly honest composition. It comes a little too near to melodrama in its situations, and its gloom is unrelieved. But it is a work of promise, and we anticipate with interest the play that this young writer is likely to give us when he shall have more suitable material to deal with.

Such is the varied selection of plays by which Chicago has been permitted to judge of the New Theatre and its significance. The judgment has been so favorable, and the support accorded so hearty, that the company will undoubtedly include this city in all its future plans. The season has brought home to us the lesson of what was lost when the stock company ceased to occupy an important position in our theatrical world, and has aroused in several thousands of people a determination to work for a restoration of the older and better order of things. It has been so much the most satisfactory of the year's theatrical happenings that the "star system" and the "long run"

have been clearly shown to be comparatively indefensible. It has proved to us the immense advantage of measure and balance and good taste over emphasis and distortion and meretricious display.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

A ripe scholar, a sane and sagacious observer of the activities of men, and a wise counsellor upon the deeper problems of the political, social, and intellectual life, passed away in Toronto on the seventh of this month. Goldwin Smith was eighty-six years of age, and for the nearly forty years of his residence in the Dominion has been easily the most distinguished of Canadians. Coming to America for permanent residence at the age of forty-five, he brought with him a brilliant reputation as a student of history and political science. For eight years he had been Regius Professor of modern history at Oxford, and had published something like a dozen volumes. He had also identified himself with the group of liberal leaders, among whom Mill and Bright were numbered, who realized the underlying causes of our Civil War, and championed the Federal government in its struggle to preserve the Union. It was in 1871 that he settled down in Toronto, soon after to be happily married, and to make "The Grange" a kind of Mecca for statesmen and scholars. Since then, more than a score of books have come from his pen, besides countless contributions to periodical literature. Some of his books are of the sort that serve their purpose and no longer need to be read, but many of them are works of lasting value — profound discussions of the philosophy of history, keen studies in literary criticism, and wise reflections upon the riddle of existence. Goldwin Smith was, like Mill and Leslie Stephen, a convinced exponent of the supreme authority of reason in all intellectual concerns; and the truth, even if it might seem chilling, was to him more desirable than the comforting delusions with which many men are content. "Individual freedom, national independence, and the reign of justice, universal peace, and the happiness of the masses of mankind, are the ends for which this publicist has consistently striven, with voice and pen alike, in England and on the American continent" — this is a summing-up by President Schurman. It is impressive to think that the great Englishman now dead has lived under five sovereigns, and that he once "talked with a man who talked to the man who was premier of England in 1801 — to Addington about Pitt." He remembered the Reform Bill, the destruction of threshing machines by an angry peasantry, the time when fires were lighted by tinder, when the curfew was heard, and when men were put in the stocks. His death has snapped one of the few remaining links between that remote past and the twentieth century.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A BRILLIANT LITERARY BLUNDER has just made its appeal for immortality in the columns of a current newspaper, in connection with the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Margaret Fuller's birth, May 23. The reports of her death by shipwreck, sixty years ago, when nearing New York harbor, have always seemed harrowing, and it is a relief to hear that the accepted narrative is "all a mistake" — that she is still alive, and well enough to join in the celebration of her own centennial, at her birthplace in Cambridgeport, Mass. The newspaper referred to printed in its issue of May 24 an article headed, "Countess d'Ossoli is 100 years old." It read, in all seriousness, as follows: "Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli, observed the 100th anniversary of her birth yesterday at her home, 71 Cherry street, Cambridge. Addresses were made by the Rev. Woodman Bradbury, Miss Edith Fuller, and Miss Megraw. Music was rendered by Miss Harriet Wescott, Mrs. A. H. Richards, Miss Ella M. Chamberlain, and Miss Sarah F. Rainlet. Miss Fuller was married many years ago to the Marquis d'Ossoli of Italy, when she was working for Italian liberty. She was a fellow-pupil of Holmes and Richard Henry Dana, and a friend of Emerson. She was the only woman prominently identified with the transcendental movement and the Brook Farm community. Hawthorne pictured her as Zenobia in his 'Blithedale Romance.'" This charming story appeared, not in some "raw country weekly" in Arkansas or Arizona, but in a prominent morning journal of Boston. This fact might incite to comment; but we give, instead, a quotation. It is from a well-known literary woman of that city. "A few weeks ago," she writes, "we had a literary pow-wow at our Boston Authors' Club, and pointed out our sad need in this country of the best criticism, and of journals voicing the same. And we gave thanks, in closing, for Chicago and THE DIAL." Chicago and THE DIAL! — and literary Boston giving thanks for these! How strange it seems, and new! . . .

THE UNTIMELY END OF "O. HENRY," short-story writer and master of a mirth-provoking style that was as vigorous and untrammelled as an unbroken Texas steer, brings sincere regret to thousands of readers. William Sidney Porter, as he was known outside the world of literature, was a native of Greensboro, North Carolina, where he was born in 1867. Ranch life in Texas, journalism in Houston, banana-raising in Central America, and short story writing in New Orleans and New York, — these were a few of the varied activities in which the restless young man engaged, finding his place at last in the pages of the popular monthlies, which were glad to pay him as much as \$750 and \$1000 apiece for his tales. Although he has written voluminously of Western life in exhilarating English redolent of the prairie and untraversed places, it is essentially in his portrayals of New York life that his fame most

securely rests. The field of the Tenderloin he made his own; and his characterizations of its types—the chorus girl “artiste”; the shop-girl of the alluring pompadour; the stenographer, i. e., “a picture-hat and a piece of pineapple chewing-gum”; the park-bench loafer with his fear of the “cops” and his regular place in the “bread-row”; the Tammany boss of the big diamonds and the fat cigar; the “John Doe” who “sits to have his shoes polished within sound of a bowling-alley, and bears somewhere about him turquoises”—all these stand out in his gallery of portraits with never-to-be-forgotten vividness. While some of his later work has obviously suffered in the interests of commercialism, yet at his best—in the collections which comprise “The Four Million,” “The Trimmed Lamp,” and “The Voice of the City”—he has been named, not unworthily, in the same breath with Maupassant and Kipling as an artist in short-story writing.

A SUPERFLUOUS FUNCTIONARY IN THE DRAMATIC WORLD is a “literary director,” if we may judge by the experiences of the New Theatre in New York, as set forth by the discouraged functionary himself in the June number of “The World’s Work.” Out of three thousand MS. plays submitted to the New Theatre, only *three* seemed to him worth accepting. This showing is so little inspiring as to the future of play-writing in America that he appears to have thrown up his job in disgust: a not irrational procedure, since there can be no pressing need of a “literary director” when there is nothing literary to direct. While one can hardly wonder at this reader’s pessimistic attitude regarding the output of our native playwrights, yet there might be other ways of accounting for what to him seems “an unmitigated staggerer.” In the view of the rejected playwrights, the trouble might be with the “literary director” himself; they might believe, in all sincerity, that he did not know a good play when he saw it. But that could hardly be regarded as an unbiassed judgment. A more reasonable explanation we suspect might be found in the number of old plays submitted—the number of would-be dramatists who furnished up their oft-rejected and dilapidated manuscripts and offered them to the New Theatre whose vaunted feature of “endowment” made it a shining mark for them. If theatres are to be endowed, why not playwrights as well? And if subsidies are going round in the theatrical world, why should they not be shared by the children of gifts and grace who furnish the plays without which the theatre, New or Old, would be but empty walls? “Let us furnish the plays for the people,” they might say, “and we care not who pays the bills for their production.”

MRS. HOWE AT NINETY-ONE is a most interesting and venerable figure. While her fame with posterity will rest largely on her “Battle Hymn of the Republic” (in spite of its author’s conscious and unconscious advocacy of universal peace and good-

will), her wide range of talents and sympathies will not be forgotten. As a graceful and winning platform speaker, able to address her audience, if need be, in other tongues than her own, and as the friend and promoter of many worthy causes, she has stamped the impress of her personality on her age and generation. As a late example of her still active participation in matters of public concern, it is interesting to note her appearance lately before a legislative committee to plead the cause of pure milk for Boston, where, as in many other places, the laws for protecting the community from the dangers of adulterated or diluted milk are much too laxly enforced. Fortunate indeed is Boston, the home of many noble women, to have in these days—as it is to be hoped she will have for some years to come—this one of the noblest of them all. Mrs. Howe is almost the same age as that other remarkable woman, “the mother of women’s clubs” in America, Mrs. Caroline Severance, once of Boston, but now living in Los Angeles, California, where, like Mrs. Howe, she is still actively interested in whatever concerns the welfare of the community or the nation.

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE “LEARNED BLACKSMITH,” as Elihu Burritt was commonly called, has had its celebration some months in advance of his hundredth birthday, which falls on the eighth of next December. The New England Peace Congress, sitting at Hartford and New Britain, Conn., on the tenth of May, paid appropriate tribute to the memory of the man who conducted the first American newspaper (“The Christian Citizen”) that devoted considerable space to the cause of universal peace, and who also originated the “Olive Leaf Mission,” a monthly issue of printed slips, headed by a dove with an olive leaf in its bill, that were sent out to hundreds of newspapers for insertion. Among the many other reforms claiming Burritt’s more or less active interest was the scheme of an ocean penny-postage to promote international correspondence, and so, indirectly, international peace. This was in 1847, sixty-two years before the slow world showed itself ready for such a beneficent innovation. Anti-slavery, temperance, self-culture, and other good causes, were also advocated in “The Christian Citizen,” and the sufferings of Ireland in the famine of 1847 called its editor to the Emerald Isle and formed the subject of a pamphlet written by him and widely circulated. “The Citizen of the World,” an anti-slavery journal, was a few years later taken charge of by him in Philadelphia. Besides editorial labors he wrote more than thirty books and pamphlets of a philanthropic or instructive character, among which may be mentioned “Sparks from the Anvil,” “Walks from London to Land’s End and Back,” “Peace Papers for the People,” and “Ten-Minute Talks on All Sorts of Subjects, with Autobiography.” Of his early thirst for knowledge, especially linguistic, and his way of economizing the odds and ends of time for its acqui-

sition, everyone has heard and read considerable. His Autobiography is the authoritative source of our information under that head. But like many men of great acquisitive powers and wonderful memory, Burritt possessed no great originality of thought, and his title to fame rests on his philanthropic labors rather than on his wide learning and his mastery of many tongues.

. . .

DR. WILLIAM GORDON-STABLES, surgeon, traveller, and author, has written the last of his many popular books. Death claimed him last month, at the age of seventy years and a few days. His fertile brain and his well-stored memory of personal adventures in many lands and on many seas furnished him with material for a hundred and fifty volumes of vivid description and narrative and varied invention, many of his books being written for and well liked by boys. Born in Banffshire, he studied medicine at Aberdeen University, and while still but a youth he shipped as surgeon on a small whaling brig bound for the Arctic regions. A false report of the loss of the vessel with all on board preceded his home-coming, so that when he presented himself at his father's door he was met by father and sister both dressed in deep mourning. "Which of the family is dead?" he inquired anxiously. "Why, you are," was the reply. Nine years of service in the navy then followed, and still another voyage to the frozen zone. Among his books a few of the best-known are "From Pole to Pole," "Every Inch a Sailor," "A Girl from the States," "The Rose of Allandale," "Frank Hardinge," "Cycling for Health," and "Tea: the Drink of Pleasure and of Health." In "Who's Who" it is recorded that his recreations were "curling, swimming, caravan touring all summer, and music," and that he was a member of the Humanitarian League and Wandering Secretary to the Sea Birds Protection Society. In the caravan that formed his summer home many of his books were written.

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THE DEDICATION OF THE SMITH COLLEGE LIBRARY, the fine building to procure which President Seelye and the graduates and friends of the college have been putting forth strenuous efforts for more than a decade, took place on the twenty-seventh of last month, and was made memorable by a gathering of many distinguished guests and by the meeting of the New England College Librarians' Association. This latter body convened in the morning and did what it could to promote the intellectual regeneration of man by discussing such questions as "How Shall We Encourage Cultural Reading?" and "Is it Advisable for Colleges to Print Lists for Summer Reading?" and "The Relation of Required Reading to the Capacity of Undergraduate Students," and "Methods of Filing Newspaper Clippings, Extracts, etc." At the dedication exercises in the afternoon, President Seelye gave the history

of the development of the Smith College Library from the time it occupied what is now the Registrar's office to its removal into its present stately quarters. The orator of the day was Dr. W. Dawson Johnston, Librarian of Columbia University, who spoke on "Academic Ideals in Library Administration," and emphasized the indispensability of trained and educated librarians to minister to the literary wants of college students. Miss Josephine A. Clark, the college Librarian, called attention to the need of an endowment fund of at least a hundred thousand dollars for the proper development of the library now so handsomely provided with a home.

. . .

THE RESOURCES OF THE REFERENCE DEPARTMENT of the well-equipped public library are acquiring dimensions that will ere long merit the adjective "vast." General and technical cyclopædias, biographical dictionaries of the living and of the dead, concordances and other literary aids, lexicons in increasing size, atlases of growing bulk, — these and many other kinds of helps to the studious and the curious are being produced with that plodding, untiring industry which has hitherto been regarded as preëminently characteristic of German scholarship. With the daily increasing number of special departments of learning and research, what will be the aspect of the reference room of a century hence? Already the complaint reaches us from the Providence Public Library that this department is there suffering from acute congestion. More than thirteen hundred volumes of reference books, writes Mr. Foster in his current Report, have been crowded out of the reference room to more or less distant parts of the building. But there is a prospect of ampler quarters, sometime. Dictionaries and encyclopædias and similar works take up a great amount of shelf-room, but they are indispensable.

. . .

TEN MILLION DOLLARS FOR BOOK-SHELTER, expended on a single building, cannot but seem a regrettably lavish outlay on externals. If we estimate the average cost of standard works in all departments of literature at two dollars a volume (a rather high estimate), we find that with this immense sum spent, or soon to be spent, on the great building in Bryant Square known as the New York Public Library, a thousand collections of five thousand volumes each could be bought. A thousand small towns throughout our country could thus be provided with much-needed reading matter, in a sufficient quantity, for what has gone, in ways known to those who have studied the history of public buildings in this land of the politician and home of the grafter, to keep the wind and the weather from a single collection of public-library books. The first estimate of two and one-half million dollars as the probable cost of a structure worthy to serve as a central library for our metropolis was certainly a generous one; and yet already nearly

four times that amount has been expended, and the end is not yet. Sometime in 1911 — thirteen years after work began in preparing the ground for the new building — its doors will probably be opened, and the public will see something more than the now long-familiar exterior of this monument to municipal extravagance and interminable red tape.

POETRY AS A BY-PRODUCT of plodding toil in the least poetical of trades and callings fills a larger place in literature, especially current literature, than might be imagined. A London literary letter calls attention to the number of English verse-writers who are workmen in the humbler walks of life. Although Mr. William H. Davies, whose "Farewell to Poesy" has lately appeared, apparently prefers to be known as a tramp, there is Mr. James Dryden Hosken, postman in Cornwall, occasional supernumerary on the stage, one-time custom-house employee, and at present doing extra duty as librarian and secretary of a small religious establishment in his county. He was "discovered" by Mr. Quiller-Couch, and is the author of a volume of poems and a play. Mr. Alfred Williams, another minor poet who may some day (who knows?) develop into a major poet, works at his forge in Swindon by day and turns the graceful rhyme at night. Mr. William Dowsing is an artificer in gutta-percha as well as in verse; indeed, he works in a factory, an ordnance factory. On friendly terms with the muse are also "A Railway Lad" of Belfast, a Derby laborer who writes verses over the signature of "Gurnet," and the "Galloway Poetess" who is a mill girl. The well-known dialect poet, Mr. Jonathan Denwood, is a draper in his uninspired hours. Is it that the eye of poetic imagination, like the eye of physical sense, catches glimpses of certain things only by not being too directly focussed on them?

"BIG BRASS GENERALS" AS HEROES OF BOYS' BOOKS have demonstrated their inability, despite all their brave trappings and splendid courage, to compete with the humbler and hence more easily conceivable "ragged Dicks" and "tattered Toms" of Horatio Alger's creation. Mr. E. T. Tomlinson, in his "World's Work" article on "The Perpetual Best Sellers," calls attention to the decline of Henty's popularity and the continued vogue of Alger. One can well understand why it is that a Clive in India or a Wolfe in Canada seem to a boy reader far less real, less imitable in daily life, than a Ragged Dick in the streets of New York. Yet theoretically, and on high artistic and moral grounds, Henty's bespangled heroes ought to do the young and ambitious reader far more good than Alger's street gamins. But if the boys cry for Alger and Oliver Optic, and weary of sailing under Drake's flag with Henty, it may be that for the promotion of honest American citizenship, rather than for the creation of British generals and admirals, whereof we are in no pressing need at present, the humbler and homelier tale will be of

more service. Even impatient childhood ought not wholly to neglect Tranio's counsel in "The Taming of the Shrew," — to "study what you most affect."

COMMUNICATION.

A STRIKING CASE OF LITERARY FORESIGHT.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Students of French Romanticism will be interested in Mr. Francis Gribble's article on "Alfred de Musset after George Sand," in the April number of "The Fortnightly Review." It is an absorbing bit of literary gossip, this story of Musset's later love affairs, and perhaps some of the readers of THE DIAL may care to know the French version of the subject. Mr. Gribble, alas! neglects to mention it, although he does give us his sources for some minor anecdotes (pp. 731, 732) in his story. So I have amused myself by noting the incidents related in the "Fortnightly" article, as they occur in M. Léon Séché's scholarly volumes on Alfred de Musset (Paris, 1907).

<i>Fortnightly.</i>	<i>Séché.</i>
P. 721, par. 2: author's view of Sand's guilt	ii. 21.
" " 3: Tattet's letter to Musset	i. 99.
" " 4: Ste. Beuve's opinion of La Belgiojoso	ii. 89 (note).
P. 722 " 1: Balzac's estimate of her	ii. 79.
" " 2: quotation and incident	ii. 91.
" " 3: another incident of this amour	ii. 90.
P. 723 " 1: Musset's caricature of the Princess B.	ii. 93.
" " 2: his letter to Mme. Jaubert	ii. 94.
" " 5: Musset, Rachel, and Janin	ii. 108.
P. 724 " 1: " " " "	ii. 110.
" " 2: Musset's letter to Janin	ii. 114.
" " 3: his liaison with Rachel	ii. 117.
" " 4: character of Rachel	ii. 118, 124.
" " 5: her introduction into the <i>beau monde</i>	ii. 122 (note), 124.
P. 725 " 1: Walewski and Rachel	ii. 125.
" " 2: Dr. Véron and Rachel	ii. 126.
" " 3: Rachel's letter of protest	ii. 126.
P. 725 " 4: result of scandal	ii. 125, 118.
P. 726 " 2,3: Mme. Allan-Despréaux	ii. 153-5.
P. 726 " 4: character of Mme. Allan	ii. 158-9.
P. 727 entire: Mme. Allan and Musset	ii. 178-9, 180, 182-3.
P. 728 <i>passim</i> : " " " "	ii. 184-5.
P. 729 entire: " " " "	ii. 186-7.
P. 730 " " " "	ii. 197-8.
P. 731-2 <i>passim</i> : Louise Colet	ii. 210 sq.
P. 732 " 4: Colet and Ste. Beuve	ii. 213, 215.
P. 732 end: Colet and Flaubert	ii. 218.
P. 733 " " " "	ii. 220, 221, 223.
P. 734, par. 1: her pertinacity	ii. 225.
P. 734-5: Colet and Musset	ii. 226, 243.

Those who read the story in the French will miss, of course, Mr. Gribble's sprightly style; they will have to forego his numerous clever asides. But of the story itself they will miss not a detail. They may even find that M. Séché can be witty too. And what clairvoyant critical insight is his! A literary tact delicate enough to divine, over three years ago, just what particular passages the English writer would choose for quotation from the original letters, is indeed little short of wonderful. But the great French critics are constantly giving us surprises of this sort. LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.

University of Tennessee,
Knoxville, Tenn., June 4, 1910.

The New Books.

MILL REVEALED IN HIS LETTERS.*

"To me it appears a very weighty matter to write a letter; there is scarcely anything that we do which requires a more complete possession of our faculties." These words from an early epistle from John Stuart Mill to Carlyle prepare us to learn that Mill composed his letters with the same conscientious care which he gave to his books. He wrote out a fair copy for the mail and preserved the rough original, corrected and interlined, for eventual publication. The bulk of the letters now for the first time published are taken from these first drafts. The Mill whom they present to us is essentially the Mill of the Autobiography. They give the history of a mind, and only indirectly the revelation of a personality. There were probably no new disclosures to be made. But if there were any, they have been withheld. There are no letters to the lady whom Carlyle styled "Mrs. Platonica Taylor," and none to the members of Mill's family.

Mr. Elliot's Introduction is the sketchiest of biographies and characterizations. The "Note on Mill's private life" by Mary Taylor is a sincere but timid apology for Mill's relations with Mrs. Taylor. The question detains us at the start only because the general nobility of Mill's character and the unswerving rectitude of his conduct in all other relations of life make us reluctant to acknowledge any defects. The obvious external aspect of the matter was, as his father bluntly put it, "that John was in love with another man's wife." But Mrs. Taylor had been forced into a loveless marriage as a girl, Mr. Taylor acquiesced in the friendship with Mill, and Mill tells us that although he and Mrs. Taylor "did not consider the ordinances of society binding in so purely personal a matter" their relation was conventionally correct. Mill's friends were rather amused at the infatuation of his judgment than shocked by any sense of impropriety in his conduct. Only John Mill's reputation, they said, could stand the testimonials that he gave to his Egeria in prefaces and dedications. "She is a fine woman," said his brother, "but nothing like what John thinks." All the pent-up emotionality dammed by his unnatural education, and held in check through years of a

purely intellectual existence, found vent in this passionate devotion. We can hardly blame him. More serious is the fault, first clearly revealed to the public in Mary Taylor's apology, that he was permanently estranged from his mother because of her neglect to call upon Mrs. Taylor the day after he had announced his intended marriage with her. "Mill's letters to his own family," says Mary Taylor, "are too many of them painful . . . reading. He cannot . . . shake their faith in him as a 'great and good man.' He seems to endeavor to do this but fails. . . . It is wonderful to see a whole family thus loving and enduring. Not one bitter word is flung back to him." It is a pity. Mill seemed so nearly perfect — the saint of positivism — that we are saddened to find this flaw. But in default of fuller knowledge of all the conditions, we cannot judge him. It is more profitable to turn at once to the letters which are given to the public and which deepen our admiration for the Mill that we know.

The letters fall into two unequal groups: the more intimate letters written between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-eight mainly to Stirling and Carlyle, and the vast almost impersonal correspondence of the recognized leader of liberal thought between the years 1847 and 1873. For John Stirling, the hero of Carlyle's vivid biography, Mill seems to have felt more warmth of affection than for any other man. He tells him, anticipating Tennyson's words of Hallam: "I know no person who possesses more of what I have not than yourself." They were much separated, and of course were not at one in regard to religion. Four years after the correspondence opens Mill writes: "I suspect that your mind and mine have passed that point in their respective orbits where they approximate most." But he continued to regard Stirling as "quite the most lovable of all men I have known or ever look to know." And in the same last letter, written in answer to one announcing that his friend was at the point of death, he tells him: "I have never so much wished for another life as I do for the sake of meeting you in it."

The longest letter, written after a summer vacation at the Lakes, gives an interesting account of Wordsworth and Southey. What chiefly struck Mill in Wordsworth was "the extensive range of his thought and the largeness and expansiveness of his feelings." Evidently Peter Bell had more sides than he showed to Shelley and Hazlitt. "Another acquaintance which I have recently made," writes Mill, "is

*THE LETTERS OF JOHN STUART MILL. Edited, with Introduction, by Hugh S. R. Elliot; with note on Mill's private life by Mary Taylor. In two volumes, illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

that of Mr. Carlyle. I have long had a very keen relish for his articles in the *Edinburgh and Foreign Reviews*, which I formerly thought to be such consummate nonsense." About eight months later, we have the first letter to Carlyle. Mill was at this time, as he tells Carlyle two years afterward, in "a state of reaction from logical utilitarian narrowness of the very narrowest kind, out of which after much unhappiness and inward struggling I had emerged and taken temporary refuge in its extreme opposite." This naturally brought the two men into a semblance of agreement that was not permanently possible for their temperaments. Mill's scrupulous conscience is troubled by his suppression of points of difference, and finally he makes full confession, adding: "I have not till lately, and very gradually, found out that this is not honest." Carlyle of course reassures him that many divergencies of opinion will not alter his regard. The real difference, however, went deeper than abstract theology, of which at bottom Carlyle had as little as Mill. It was a difference of rhetoric, that is of psychology and temperament. *Apròpos of Teufelsdröckh*, Mill ventures to ask "whether this mode of writing between sarcasm or irony and earnest be really deserving of so much honor as you give to it by making use of it so frequently." Mill at this period of reaction from extreme Benthamism to appreciation of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle, conceived it to be his mission to mediate between the two schools of thought as he attempted to do in his essay on Coleridge. "If I have any vocation," he tells Carlyle, "it is exactly this, to translate the mysticism of others into argument." But Carlyle, who cultivated metaphor, antithesis, paradox, and picturesque exaggeration, as assiduously as Mill suppressed them, could have no wish to see how his thoughts would look stripped of their gorgeous investiture and exposed in the unpromising garb of a style designed to reveal the precise truth and proportion of things. Mill could and always did humbly acknowledge the superiority of Carlyle's genius. "I certainly could not now write," he says, "and perhaps never shall be able to write, anything from which any person can derive so much edification as I, and several others, have derived in particular from your paper on Johnson." Mill could understand and do justice to Carlyle. It was impossible for Carlyle to perceive that in range of knowledge and power of reasoning he was a child compared to Mill.

The correspondence with Carlyle dies out after 1835. The intensity of feeling on both sides in the Eyre controversy (1866), and with regard to the war in America, must have emphasized the incompatibility. Carlyle said petulant things of Mill, as he did of everybody. Mill's later estimate of Carlyle appears in a letter to Thornton (by Helen Taylor) in 1869: "It is only at a particular stage in one's mental development that one benefits much by him . . . but one continues to read his best things with little, if any, diminution of pleasure after one has ceased to learn anything from him."

The multifarious correspondence from the year 1847, aet. 40, to 1872 shows us Mill the authority whose opinions are sought on taxation, on the education of women, on flogging in the schools, on predestination, on profit-sharing, on the freedom of the will, on divorce for incompatibility, on miracles, and on the value of a pretty face in a suffragette orator, as a means of influencing not men but women; Mill the thinker exchanging views with Grote, Bain, Ward, and Taine, on the foundations of logic and psychology, the idea of cause, inconceivability as a test of truth, and the systems of Comte, Spencer, and Hamilton; Mill the publicist and member of parliament consulting or consulted by the liberal leaders of England, France, Germany, Italy, and America. We can only hint at the wealth of thought contained in these letters, or rather these finished little essays. A closely argued letter to Gladstone, on the Alabama Case, stands in immediate juxtaposition with a searching criticism of Spencer's philosophy addressed to Bain. A theory of the origin of the moral sentiments which evolution has not bettered is followed by a letter to Villari on the situation of Italy in 1849. The twentieth century can exhibit examples of like versatility of interests but none of equal competence. For Mill illumines, if he does not adorn, every topic on which he touches.

Many of the letters are in defense or explanation of misunderstood passages in the "Political Economy," the "Logic," or the "Utilitarianism." The abuse by Americans and New Zealanders of Mill's concession that protection of infant industries may sometimes be economically justifiable, led him to withdraw it altogether. To those who herald his "Political Economy" as a "refutation of Socialism," he repeatedly explains that he is rather in sympathy with the ideals of socialism, though he thinks that it will

be long before the world is ripe for them. The considerable correspondence with Dr. W. G. Ward displays Mill's readiness to discuss philosophic problems with representatives of the opposite school, and his fairness and courtesy in weighing objections.

To only a few does Mill write often or as a personal friend. Chief of them is the historian Grote, of whose death, shortly before his own, he says to Villari: "He was the oldest and by far the most valued of my surviving old friends." Next, perhaps, is Alexander Bain, who survived him and wrote his life, who supplied many of the scientific illustrations for the *Logic*, and with whom the subtlest problems of philosophy are frequently discussed. A large number of cordial letters, written mostly in French, are addressed to the Italian Pasquale Villari, author of the standard work on Machiavelli. Many letters are acknowledgements of presentation copies or replies to such acknowledgments from those to whom he had sent his own books. In such cases Mill rarely confines himself to meaningless commonplaces. He criticizes and replies to criticisms always in the spirit of what he says to Thornton in reply to some animadversions on the *Utilitarianism*: "Were you to attack my book or my arguments with any amount of severity, I should only see in the attack, coming from one of whose friendship I am so certain, an additional proof of friendship." Perhaps the only failure of the judicial temper in these volumes is the remark in a letter to Bain: "I have found by actual experience of Hegel that conversancy with him tends to deprave one's intellect."

Mill always took intense interest in American affairs. To his old philosophic adversary, Whewell, he writes: "I have felt drawn to you by what I have heard of your sentiments respecting the American struggle. . . . No question of our time has been such a touchstone of men." How splendidly Mill himself stood the test is known to all readers of the magnificent paper on "The Conflict in America," published in 1862. His American correspondents include Motley, Parke Godwin, Godkin, E. L. Youmans, Mr. Horace White, Charles Eliot Norton, and others. He is not blinded by his enthusiasm for American liberalism. To a South Carolina Library Committee, in 1854, he expresses the tempered hope that "the United States may lead the way to mental and moral as they have already done to much political freedom." He tells Motley that the war which has called forth

so much heroism and constancy has also exhibited "the incompetency and mismanagement arising from the fatal belief of your people that anybody is fit for anything." And writing to Mr. Brace, of New York, in 1871, he fears that the ultimate result of the "organized system of plunder of the many by the few which is called protection" will be to place "all Americans in a circle, each with his hand in the pocket of his right-hand neighbor" — therein anticipating, if we mistake not, a recent cartoon.

This review must close, although nothing has been said of "votes for women," the cause of high prices, taxation of the unearned increment, spiritualism; estimates of Tennyson, Darwin, and Spencer; and countless other topics as interesting and as timely as any touched upon in this rapid survey. Mill on principle avoided rather than sought sententiousness and epigram. But he comes perilously near them in the observation: "Reformers should assert principles and only *accept* [not propose] compromises;" or in the remark addressed to a Sabbatarian: "Any place unfit to be open on Sunday is unfit to be open at all."

Many of the later letters are here said to have been composed in whole or part by his secretary, Helen Taylor. I cannot think that all of these ascriptions are correct. I should be loth to believe it of the sentence, "But then I am a man" (Vol. II., p. 100). And it is not probable that she wrote the characteristic French letter to Taine in defense of his countrywomen. In the last sentence of this letter (II. 248), "Dont vous ne *surprenez* pas encore l'existence," we should obviously read *soupconnez*. So in the letter to Motley (II. 264), the "feeling of all English liberals . . . is one of sincere *respect* for the disruption which they think inevitable," *respect* is clearly a wrong decipherment of *regret*.

This is not the place for an estimate of Mill as a thinker, or for extended protest against the fashionable assumption that he is an antiquated and negligible representative of obsolete Victorianism. "What *was* there so significant in John Mill?" asks our most popular psychologist. If the up-to-date student of those profound philosophers, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, will read, mark, and inwardly digest these letters, and then go back to the series of sane and lucid works to which they form so admirable an introduction, he will find out.

PAUL SHOREY.

THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY.*

In its attitude toward the theatre, the present generation has been living in a transition period. Forty years ago, the theatre was regarded simply as an amusement; actors (except a few of the greatest) were social outcasts; the writing of plays was counted unworthy of the best pens; the drama, in John Hare's happy phrase, was the Cinderella of the arts. We have lived to see the theatre regarded as one of the most powerful agents for the education of the people, the actor the most feasted, photographed, and flattered of men during his life, and promptly made the subject of elaborate biography at his death; the writing of plays the greatest ambition of every young writer; courses in the technique of the drama offered at most of our great universities; a play ("Salvation Nell") accepted in place of a thesis from a candidate for Master's degree at Harvard; and Cinderella the most pampered, caressed, and courted of the art sisters.

With such and so great changes going on under our eyes, it is inevitable that the old books dealing with the theatre—even the books of ten years ago—should have become quite obsolete; inevitable also that the new books dealing with dramatic art, dramatic composition, dramatic ideals as they exist to-day, should be of a wholly new type. Their mission is to trace this new trend of the times—to help us to decide whether we are justified in taking the theatre seriously, and if so, why. Thus artistic and literary criticism fares forth on a new path, to meet new situations, to cast forth, if may be, the lingering ghosts of Puritanism that have hovered about the stage so long and have prejudiced or terrified so many worthy persons.

A delightful escort into this new region is Mr. Clayton Hamilton in his book on "The Theory of the Theatre." Although some of the chapters have had previous publication in the magazines, the treatment is not in the least scrappy; he answers the questions and explains the problems in proper order, and in an analytic fashion very satisfactory to all who wish to look below the surface of things. It is by no means superfluous that the author first takes up and answers the apparently simple question, What is a Play? A play not being a composition intended primarily to be read, the attempt to

test it by its literary quality only, or even chiefly, involves an academic fallacy. The very plays that we now read in the closet were intended primarily to be presented on the stage. So immeasurably superior as a poet is Shakespeare to Dryden that it is difficult for the college student to realize that, considered solely as a play, Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" is far inferior to Dryden's "All for Love, or The World Well Lost," dealing with the same characters. Shakespeare's play is merely dramatized history; Dryden's is constructed with a sense of economy and emphasis that makes it historical drama. The beautiful and poetic passages in all of Shakespeare's plays make it hard to realize that some of them—like "Cymbeline"—are really very bad as plays.

From the standpoint of the theatre, therefore, literature is only one of a multitude of means which the dramatist must employ to convey his story effectively to his audience. To be remembered by posterity he must cultivate literary excellence, but he need not write greatly to secure the plaudits of his own generation. As a matter of fact, an audience is not capable of hearing whether the dialogue of a play is well or badly written. What really moves it at Hamlet's line, "Absent thee from felicity awhile," is not the perfectness of the phrase but the pathos of Hamlet's plea for his best friend to outlive him in order to explain his motives to a world grown harsh.

The problem of the dramatist is less a task of writing than a task of constructing. His primary concern is so to build a story that it will tell itself to the eye of the audience in a series of shifting pictures. Any really good play can be appreciated, to a great extent, even though acted in a foreign tongue. "Hamlet," being a great masterpiece of meditative poetry, would of course lose much if deprived of its literary quality; but it is, besides, so great as a play that its essential interest would remain if it were shown in moving pictures. Every playwright understands that the scenario is more important than the dialogue; before a line of the dialogue is written, it is possible in most cases to determine, from a full scenario, whether a prospective play is good or bad.

An important difference between drama and most of the other arts is that it is designed to appeal to a crowd instead of to an individual. As Mr. Hamilton, the author of the work before us, says:

"We have to be alone in order to appreciate the 'Venus of Milo,' or the 'Sistine Madonna,' or the

*THE THEORY OF THE THEATRE, and Other Principles of Dramatic Criticism. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

'Ode to a Nightingale,' or 'The Egoist,' or the 'Religio Medici,' but who could sit alone in a wide theatre and see 'Cyrano de Bergerac' performed? The sympathetic presence of a multitude of people would be as necessary to our appreciation of the play as solitude in all the other cases."

Hence the playwright must take into account the psychology of a crowd. A crowd is less intellectual and more emotional than the individuals that compose it. The dramatist, therefore, because he writes for a crowd writes for a comparatively uncivilized and uncultivated mind, a mind richly human, vehement in approbation, emphatic in disapproval, easily credulous, eagerly enthusiastic, boyishly heroic, and somewhat carelessly unthinking. A theatre audience is composed of all sorts and conditions of men,—the rich and the poor, the literate and the illiterate, the old and the young, the native and the naturalized. It follows that the dramatist in the same single work of art must incorporate elements that will interest them all. A theatre audience wants to have its emotions played upon; it seeks amusement—in the widest sense of the word—amusement through laughter, sympathy, terror, tears. And it is amusement of this sort that the great dramatists have ever given it. Yet once they have fulfilled this prime necessity, they may also write (and the greatest always do write) secondarily for the few. So full of human interest is "Othello," so great is its constructive skill, that it appeals to the rabble in a thirty-cent show; but Shakespeare, being a great poet as well as a great playwright, employed a verse that, though lost upon the throng, lingers forever in the ears of the few.

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou own'st yesterday."

The greatest dramatist of all, in writing for the crowd, did not forget the individual.

In discussing the evolution of the drama, the drama of to-day is called the Drama of Illusion, to distinguish it from its predecessors, the Drama of Rhetoric and the Drama of Conversation. Ask the average theatre-goer about the merits of a play, he will praise it not for its stately speeches (as Sir Philip Sidney praised "Gorboduc"), not for its clever repartee (as Dryden praised the Restoration drama), but because it was "so natural." Sunsets and starlit skies, moonlight rippling over moving waves, fires that really burn, windows of actual glass, fountains plashing with real water, all of the naturalistic devices of our Drama

of Illusion, have been developed in the last few decades—largely due to the possibilities of electric lighting.

Moreover, besides a whole new set of stage conventions we have a wholly new type of drama—the modern social drama, popularly known as the problem-play. It came into existence about the fourth decade of the nineteenth century; but in less than eighty years it has shown itself to be the fittest expression in dramaturgic terms of the spirit of the present age, and it is now adopted to the exclusion of almost every other type. It is continually assailed by a certain set of critics, and by another set continually defended. Especially has its morality been a theme of bitter conflict. Critics have been so busy calling Ibsen and his followers either corrupters of the mind or great ethical teachers, that they have not found leisure to consider the more general and less contentious questions of what the modern social drama really is and on what ground its morality should be determined.

The distinguishing character of this new type—our modern social drama—is that the individual is displayed in conflict with his environment. A mighty war is waging between personal character and social conditions. The Greek hero struggled with the superhuman; the Elizabethan hero struggled with himself; the modern hero struggles with the world. On the one side are the legions of society; on the other side, a man. They who belittle the importance of the modern social drama and regard it as an arbitrary phase of art devised for business reasons merely, by a handful of clever playwrights, have read but ill the signs of the times. For the most important topic of our day is precisely this: the relation between the one and the many, in politics, in business, in religion, in the every-day dealings of men and women with each other. The theatre does not and ought not to shirk these problems.

The morality or immorality of certain plays is not a question of subject-matter. There is no such thing *per se* as an immoral subject for a play; in the treatment of the subject, and only in the treatment, lies the basis for ethical judgment of the piece. Critics who condemn "Ghosts" because of its subject-matter might as well condemn "Othello" because of its subject-matter—might as well condemn it because the hero kills his wife: what a suggestion, look you, to carry into our homes! "Macbeth" is not immoral, though the play makes night hideous with murders. A dramatist is immoral

only when he is untrue. To make us pity his characters when they are vile or love them when they are noxious, to invent excuses for them in situations when they cannot be excused,—in a word, to lie about his characters,—this is for the dramatist the one unpardonable sin. To it must be added a second, almost equally great—to allure the audience to generalize falsely in regard to life at large, from the specific circumstances of his play. Because plays are so rarely printed now-a-days, it is chiefly through attending plays, and studying what lies beneath the acting and behind the presentation, that even the most well-intentioned critic of contemporary drama can discover what our dramatists are driving at.

But the theatre is a business as well as an art. Therefore the critic who considers the drama of to-day must often turn from problems of art to problems of economics. He must seek for the root of certain evils, not in the technical methods of the dramatists, but in the business methods of the managers. At present, there are too many theatres; there is an over-production which is unsound not only from the business standpoint, but in the long run it is likely to alienate the more thoughtful class of theatre-goers.

In a fine chapter on "The Function of the Imagination," our author concludes his book by defining the proper function of the dramatist.

"To imagine some aspect of the perennial struggle between human wills so forcibly as to make us realize it in the full sense of the word,—realize it as we daily fail to realize the countless struggles we ourselves engage in, the Theatre, rightly considered, is not a place in which to escape from the realities of life, but a place in which to seek refuge from the unrealities of actual living in the contemplation of life realized,—life made real by imagination."

Mr. Hamilton's book is dedicated "To Brander Matthews, Mentor and Friend"; and it does indeed show traces throughout of the older man's influence. Nevertheless, it occupies a place distinctly its own, and bears well a comparison with Mr. Matthews's almost simultaneous "Study of the Drama." In a general way Mr. Matthews is more academic, Mr. Hamilton more popular without being less critical or scholarly. Like Macaulay in his reviews, he brings his subject "down to last Saturday night," and hence his book will be of great help to readers and playgoers who are not quite clear why the theatre of to-day is something to be reckoned with in all sincerity and seriousness.

ANNA BENNESON McMAHAN.

IS PRAGMATISM PRAGMATIC?*

"Pragmatism asks its usual question. Grant an idea or belief to be true, it says, what concrete difference will its being true make in any one's actual life? What experiences may be different from those which would obtain if the belief were false? How will the truth be realized? What, in short, is the truth's cash-value in experiential terms? The moment pragmatism asks this question, it sees the answer: True ideas are those that we can assimilate, validate, corroborate, and verify. False ideas are those that we cannot."—*William James*.

"There is no difference that does not make a difference. The best of theories must be found in practice. The pragmatic philosophy is a renewed emphasis of this truth. It is a philosophy of doing, and of knowing only in relation to doing. It is a philosophy of work, of activity, of enterprise, of achievement. And for this reason it has taken up arms against all forms of dogmatism and apriorism, in so far as these stand for intellectual interests which do not grow out of, nor minister to, the needs of life."—*H. H. Bawden*.

"Note that I have no reproach to urge against society for being pragmatic, that is to say, for watching over its own interests. On the contrary, I think it is perfectly legitimate that it should do so. And, besides, the word 'interests' may be taken in the widest, or, if you please, most elevated sense. But I do reproach a school of modern philosophers for wishing to force impersonal philosophy, a moral science, indifferent nature, to speak the same language as our aspirations and our passions, and even, I grant, our generous aspirations, our noble passions. Our innate and psychic tendencies (in the moral, social, and religious realms) are phenomena for science to record and authenticate, not to justify or legitimize."—*Albert Schinz*.

Pragmatism is not a new philosophy; it is the name of a movement seeking to alter the trend of philosophic thought so as to lay emphasis on practical values. Philosophy, if hitherto a wild thing of the woods, is now to be harnessed to the cart of our needs, and with a little training may prove a serviceable and docile beast. It is feared by some, however, that when this happens philosophy will no longer lead us anywhere, but will have to be driven. The nag may be easier to hitch and better to go than the star, but will it have as constant a sense of direction?

It is curious that this controversy should ever have arisen. With the partial exception of man, all living nature is frankly pragmatic. It is an axiom of the biologist that every creature lives for itself, and no case is known in which one species possesses any activity solely for the good of another, much less for no good at all. A

*THE MEANING OF TRUTH. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

ANTI-PRAGMATISM. By Albert Schinz. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PRAGMATISM. By H. Heath Bawden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

few supposed cases of this sort, such as that of the plant in forming a gall for the gall-fly, break down on examination. It is not rarely true that the individual is sacrificed for the species, but each species has no other object than its own preservation. This being the case, pragmatism ("opportunism in philosophy" Mr. Schinz calls it) seems natural and inevitable, and any departure from it suicidal in the long run. Shall there be a science or a philosophy which deals with things that are absolutely of no consequence to human life? Put in this way, the question is absurd. Professor Schinz has no such idea; the quarrel really is on the question "What is worth while?" Professor James says—and all other pragmatists repeat—that, for us, things are not different if they *make* no differences. This again is in some sort an absurdity; for we could not conceive them to be different if they really were psychological equivalents, while if they were metaphysical we could not conceive of them at all. The real *crux* of the debate can be represented by the query, Is pragmatism pragmatic? Does the particular kind of philosophic emphasis represented by the pragmatic school, in the largest sense and in the longest run, really serve the best needs of mankind?

For our guidance, we may take note of the history of science. For long ages science progressed hardly at a snail's pace; in the last two hundred years it has passed through a trot to a gallop, and, so far as we can see, will shortly take to an aeroplane. This tremendous acceleration may be partly explained in the sense of maturity following a long period of youth, but it must be mainly due to a difference in method. The science of the middle ages mostly revolved in circles or followed blind alleys. With some brilliant exceptions, it was academic in the sense of being apart from life. It was contemplative rather than progressive, static rather than dynamic. It is not true to-day that it made *no* difference, even in its least valuable forms; but as compared with its modern representative, it made very little. The study of a grasshopper's hind leg, as carried on to-day, is more worth while, intellectually and practically, than was the study of the universe at a time when the student asked no question but "What do the ancient classics say?"

Pragmatism, then, if we may venture to interpret it briefly, accuses philosophy (and ultimately some other things!) of being in large part where science was several hundred years ago. If it tries to prove that these things have *no* purpose and *no* meaning—even the poorest

of them—it will fail; but taking the stand that we must get the *greatest* amount of good out of life, and that our philosophy must be a going concern, it appears to be abundantly justified. There is, indeed, a danger on the other side. There are many signs that science in these days tends to become so opportunistic that it denies itself the larger outlook, and eventually defeats its own ends. The advice to seek *first* the kingdom of heaven is as sound as it ever was; and there can be no doubt that the adoption of pragmatic ideals would in crasser minds lend justification to conduct which, from the standpoint of the race, would be highly injurious. Perhaps we may put the thing in this form: Science progresses in proportion to its workableness and unity. Philosophy might do the same, but the ordinary individual is something like a planet kept in its course by the interaction of two (or more) opposing forces. To him, a single consistent working philosophy would perhaps be destructive, just as though one of the factors in a balance had been removed. It would necessarily accumulate around the larger influences in his life, and if these were good, well enough; but if they were inferior, what then? This, I think, is the real essence of the anti-pragmatist position; and it cannot be lightly disposed of.

To those who are conservative by training and disposition, the ancient cobwebs in the halls of learning seem beautiful and precious; to others (including the writer) it seems that they should be removed, for we have better things to put in their places. We desire for Professor James the longest broom and strongest arm; but we are not sure that we wish the whole household to go spider-hunting. We suspect, in fact, that some are not expert arachnologists.

After all this, we have not described the contents of the books that have formed the text of our discourse, but have merely tried to indicate in some manner the nature of their subject. It should be said about Professor Schinz, that he really represents what from our standpoint is a reactionary social policy. We do not agree with his opinions on things in general, and do regard him as a defender of cobwebs; but that does not prevent the recognition of the valid part of his argument.

Professor Bawden's book is really a general treatise on philosophy and psychology, and it does not seem to us that the title accurately describes the contents.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

SHERIDAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

It is doubtful if there is in the whole range of the eighteenth century a man more fascinating to the biographer than Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and that too in a century crowded with remarkable and picturesque men; yet it is not till now, nearly a hundred years after his death, that we have a just and adequate biography of him. Mr. Sichel's work gives us the real Sheridan in his proper environment; it presents him in all the pomp and circumstance of his age. Equally brilliant, as Lord Holland said, "in the closet, the theatre, and the senate," Sheridan had a personality as varied as it was attractive, as contradictory as it was persuasive. He was in some respects a genuine child of the century. He had all the sentimentalism and melancholy of the time. He was in sympathetic touch with the new romanticism, as is shown by an Ossianic fragment quite in the fashion of the romantic Macpherson, which Mr. Sichel gives us. And yet again he was no mere child of the period. He was a democrat at a time when the haughty Duchess of Buckingham could say of the Methodists, "It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and revolting." In an age when political purity was a largely negligible quantity, he was above a bribe and he could therefore the more effectively prosecute Warren Hastings. But he was most of all a Sheridan, the grandson of the erratic and guileless Dr. Thomas Sheridan, Swift's friend, who on the anniversary of the accession of the Hanoverians innocently preached on the text, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." His procastination was as notorious as his carelessness. His wife speaks of "the bottomless pit of his pocket," and records that "anything in his hands is irrecoverable." He would discharge large sums that were not even claims, and yet leave his old servants, Martha and Sarah, coalless and without their wages. He was "god-like in giving but the devil to pay." When his purse was full, he would empty it for children and servants; and he would push over an "I O U" with the exclamation, anticipating Micawber, "Thank God, that's settled." His wit was unfailing; even when he lay dying besieged by bailiffs, he ordered a placard to be placed with this inscription: "I know your necessities before you ask them and your ignorance in asking." On the other hand, we have his keen

sensitiveness to suffering, as shown, for instance, when his first wife died, his beautiful and accomplished St. Cecilia.

Sheridan's Irish origin helps in part to explain the man; but, as Mr. Sichel says:

"This is not all. He was no ordinary Irishman, nor, indeed, an ordinary being. Take his career. His progress seemed slow, but his successes were sudden. He became great, as it were, by stealth. He sauntered into notice and glided into fame. He stole into the wills and affections of men and women by a wizardry of his own. Yet out of many incongruous colours, which at first sight might seem to baffle portraiture, a distinct picture emerges. . . . The knight of the free lance enters the lists, tilts at bewitched quintains, and in every tournament carries away the prize. . . . He owns the talisman of personal magnetism, and often as the courtiers turn on their heel—their wont when genius blocks the way—he calmly pursues the zigzag of his course with an inscrutable smile that wins them back again. But the plaudits die away. Without an audience he broods and dies. He waits, drowning reflection, and draining bumper on bumper to the past which he vows to retrieve. A fresh bugle-call dispels his apathy. He starts eager from his cups, charges new enemies, and gathers fresh laurels. Once more he feels invincible, till, too often the world's dupe and his own, disillusionised, though never soured, battered by disease, intemperance, and distresses, he sinks at length into a neglected death-bed but an honoured grave."

Such is the man that Mr. Sichel admirably portrays in two large volumes of over a thousand pages. But he does more. He outlines the century as the fitting background for the picture, and shows Sheridan's relations to the multifarious activities of the age. It was the time of Rousseau and Sterne, of the American and the French Revolutions; it was a carnival of drinking and gambling, and of "bare, bald corruption" in politics; it was an age of scandal, immortalized in Sheridan's comedy, of extortion, of preciosity and brutality, of taste and turbulence, of color and costume, of gallantry and gaiety. And all this Mr. Sichel illustrates from the careers of Sheridan and his contemporaries.

The course of Sheridan's life, his courtship and runaway marriage with the beautiful and talented Miss Linley, his duels with his rival, his remarkable success with the drama, his social and political rise to the very foot of the throne, reads like a romance, and it loses none of its effectiveness in this spirited narrative. And Mr. Sichel is scholarly and as interesting whether he is treating Sheridan's literary and dramatic work or tracing his steps to the eloquent arraignment of Warren Hastings. His discussion of "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" is a sound piece of literary criticism. He traces the evolution of "The School" from the sheet of dialogue for "The Slander-

*SHERIDAN. By Walter Sichel. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

ers—A Pump-Room Scene," through two short scenes, one satirizing an ill-assorted match (the Teazle story), the other a melodramatic comedy of jealousy and intrigue, which is the real nucleus of the plot, to the perfect comedy. The charge of plagiarism is disposed of, and the relation to Sheridan's predecessors in comedy is dealt with at some length. An interesting sketch is given of contemporary and subsequent performances of "The School for Scandal" down to the masterly revival by Mr. Beerbohm Tree last summer in London.

A considerable amount of new material has enabled Mr. Sichel to reveal the Sheridan of politics and society as he has not been hitherto known. The Diary of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, from November 20, 1788, to January 12, 1789, gives interesting glimpses of him, and is especially entertaining in its account of the insanity of George III., for she tells a goodly number of the things he did when really crazy. Mr. Sichel has been able, moreover, to recover parts of Sheridan's great speeches, especially the Begum speech preliminary to the trial of Warren Hastings, and the still greater speech of the trial itself—the speech that took four days to deliver, that was heard by all the social and political world, and that was the crowning glory of Sheridan's career. The relation of Sheridan to the French Revolution, his opposing Burke and defending the French, his condemnation of the war against France, and his loyal defence of England against the threatenings of Napoleon, is discussed with insight and sympathy. The pathos of Sheridan's later life is brought out with all the affection of a lover. "Exclusion," says Mr. Sichel, "forms the motto of these dismal years (1809–1812): exclusion from the theatre, exclusion from his party, exclusion eventually from Carlton House, and exclusion from St. Stephen's." The closing chapter is sad indeed; disease and poverty were followed by death, and then, as in keeping with the strange changes of fortune that marked his whole career, his burial was in Westminster Abbey with all that the nation accords those whom she delights to honor.

Sheridan's life was a remarkable one, for the man himself was remarkable,—so much so that Mr. Sichel seems justified in saying that he remains "a sprite, hovering above the puppet-show of existence. He belongs not to the white-robed immortals who sit radiant and aloft, but to the elfin band who have never faded from our atmosphere. His province is not history but wonderland."

JAMES W. TUPPER.

MODERN LANDSCAPE.*

Nature is not the same thing as scenery, nor is scenery the same thing as landscape. And it may be that both Dr. Myra Reynolds and Mr. Birge Harrison will think it is confusing what they wish to make clear, to put together their two books—one on the poetic treatment of Nature in the eighteenth century and the other on landscape-painting at the present day. Really, however, there is a good deal of connection. Miss Reynolds, it is true, deals with a larger topic in a broader field. She speaks of the sense of Nature in general, as exhibited in literature, painting, landscape-gardening, travel; while Mr. Harrison writes especially of pictures. Still, although it is a mistake to confuse the arts, and to speak as though they were all much the same sort of thing—except perhaps in material and audience,—yet these two books show a difference in general culture and thought that is very interesting.

Our feeling in art at the present day differs decidedly from that of the age of Queen Anne. That the classicism of Pope gave way in the course of a hundred years to the romanticism of Byron, of Shelley, and Wordsworth, is a commonplace; as also that this change of artistic feeling is to be observed in other forms of culture than literature. Music and painting have had their classicism and their romanticism as well as poetry, though their times and seasons in the different nations of Europe have been rather different. The transitions of the eighteenth century are very clear, but it is not always clear what changes may have occurred since.

Mr. Harrison, concerned with the artistic things of art rather than the speculative or the historical, makes a remark that suggests the result as far as landscape painting is concerned. Miss Reynolds has a chapter on landscape painting in the eighteenth century, in which (besides collecting a splendid mass of material) she traces the development of a love of nature among English painters, and, indeed, writes: "But in abundance and variety of theme the English landscape artists have by the end of the century surpassed even the poetry of the period" (p. 321). Mr. Harrison, however, writes: "Not until the early years of the nineteenth century, and then in far-away England, did the first

*THE TREATMENT OF NATURE IN ENGLISH POETRY between Pope and Wordsworth. By Myra Reynolds. The University of Chicago Press.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By Birge Harrison. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

true school of landscape make its appearance" (p. 5). This does not mean that Mr. Harrison has never heard of Richard Wilson, is unaware of Gainsborough's painting every tree within miles of Ipswich, does not know that there was a painter named Girvin. It simply means that he holds that the movement which began with Crome, Borington, Cotman, Constable, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, has so influenced modern painting that whatever went before is simply not worth considering.

All this has no bearing on the historical character of Miss Reynolds's facts and deductions; but it has something to do with what we shall think of her book and Mr. Harrison's, and what we shall think of the nature and the art that they present. And this will be the case even more here in America than elsewhere, because in America the influences traced by Miss Reynolds had more free play than in Europe, where they almost at once were confused with other powerful forces, and also because the influences of which Mr. Harrison writes have hardly been of importance for more than thirty or forty years. For we shall want to read the books of those two authors, I take it, not merely as historic or artistic treatises, but because we may find in them guidance, stimulus, suggestion, or what not, for our own thinking and feeling and enjoyment of nature, whether in the garden or in the woods, and in art whether in picture or in poetry. We read of the rise of romanticism out of classicism, and are interested because we enjoy those things that were dear to the romantic soul; or we read of the ideas and principles of modern schools of landscape, because it makes clearer to us the beauty of the last picture we saw, or opens to us the beauty of some new one. As we read and appreciate how the English poets came to enjoy and love the mountains and the lakes, we feel that we understand all that; as we read of the change from the trim and clipped conventionality of the formal garden to the open and free English parks we enjoy that too; as we look at the difference between the early classic landscapes of Wilson and his later more romantic scenes, or as we look at Gainsborough and think of Claude, we feel that we understand the change, even that it is a part of us. Somewhat disconcerting, then, is the idea that that view of landscape (at least) is non-existent to-day; that in all that reading we were merely interesting ourselves in archæology; that if we wish to be modern we must become acquainted with other feelings, other emotions, other ideals; that Gainsborough, Wordsworth, Repton are now

historical, and that art to-day has masters of very different kind.

In America, as has been said, this feeling will be stronger than elsewhere, for in America our traditional ideas of beauty in landscape and in poetry and in landscape-painting developed directly, and without much external influence, from the ideas of England in the eighteenth century. When Constable and Borington were impressing the simple quiet claim of domestic scenery, as well as their very striking mode of rendering it, upon Rousseau and Millet, Thomas Cole and Asher Durand were carrying out the romantic ideals of Wilson and Gainsborough, just as Cooper and Irving were carrying out the romantic conceptions of scenery that we love in Sir Walter Scott. The result was aided by the fact that America had much of the wild and romantic in her scenery. Our mountains and our rivers, with their gorges and waterfalls, aroused and stimulated a pleasure in the free and grandiose forms of nature that has by no means died out. In the eighteenth century Europe learned the beauty of the mountain; and, in America at least, the lesson has not been forgotten. It is probable that more visitors to the Metropolitan Museum admire the great picture of the Rocky Mountains by Bierstadt than pause before all the pictures by George Innes put together. This does not show that it is better for one to do so, but simply that such is the widely-prevailing popular feeling for landscape in America.

Miss Reynolds's book treats admirably the growth of this sentiment in England in the eighteenth century. Originally a study only of poetry, it has been extended to cover the other fields of art and culture, and now gives an immensely interesting study of the growth of the romantic love of nature. Her reading is very wide and her treatment includes much, indeed almost everything that one can think of. For myself, I must confess that she seems rather to lack temperament, or at least the power to convey temperament. Take Thomson, for instance. We learn much from her about Thomson, — that he was most sensitive to the sights and sounds of nature, that he wrote from a deep personal experience, that he knew the sterner phenomena of nature and also her less ordinary phases, that he loved her for her own sake. But with all that, I miss some appreciation of why or how it was that Thomson thought that these were the great things of life, the things that poetry should render. In the mass of facts that she has gathered and so clearly

correlated, Miss Reynolds often seems at a loss to appreciate values. Of Wilson, for instance: it is delightful to find in her book some of Wilson's Welsh pictures which will be new to all but the student of his art. But what is it in Wilson that gives him still something of a hold on painter and public alike? What is there, in other words, of value in this romantic view of nature? At a time like ours, when that view is being lost in the past, when one is likely to be distracted by all sorts of more modern interests, one would gladly find some "appreciation" (as they say) of the spirit of romantic art.

Miss Reynolds will perhaps remind us that her work is historic and not critical; and certainly in the field of the history of culture she has produced a book that one cannot do without. I know of no other place where so much of value in its own field is given, where the course of general culture of that day is so well exhibited. I presume there are deficiencies and errors in the book, but certainly not very many. If there be a lack, I should find it in the failure sometimes to give adequate causes or reasons for the phases of feeling that she chronicles. Thus — just for one thing — take the love of mountain scenery. One may find in Miss Reynolds's pages the successive steps of its growth in poetry, picture, travel. But where did the feeling come from? If one is going to deal with literary history, this is certainly a fair question. Miss Reynolds — unless I have missed something — says nothing about it. She quotes in a footnote, and without comment, the commonplace that Rousseau opened the eyes of Europe to the beauty of the Alps. But that has little application to England: long before the "Nouvelle Heloise" was thought of, Horace Walpole and Thomas Gray had appreciated to the full the wonders of the Alps. They were probably themselves not the first; probably there were always in England those who were struck by the wild and grand in mountain scenery. Evelyn in the seventeenth century is not without appreciation of mountains, nor Lady Mary Wortley Montagu at the beginning of the eighteenth. They liked other things better, doubtless, as did Horace Walpole; but, like him, they felt but now and then the romantic wildness of mountain scenery. It was to them, perhaps, an escape from the conventional which they otherwise loved, an opening of a new horizon, as it has been to so many since their day.

It may be the exhilaration of the discovery of a new world that gives character to the newer landscape of which Mr. Harrison writes. One

will find in his book few, perhaps none, of the motives noted by Miss Reynolds. If we may judge from him, it would be a matter of indifference to an artist whether he painted a mountain or a haystack in the pasture. That England, as also Europe and America, should have been aroused to the wonders of mountain and valley, cataract and precipice, is a fact that one may neglect on turning over his pages, for he is absorbed in the delight of other and newer discoveries. Light and vibration, color and value — these may be seen alike on mountain and haystack; indeed, rather more conveniently on the latter. One can find as much pleasure in a common November hill-slope with its stone walls and its patches of wind-driven snow as Dr. Thomas Brown found in the view of Thirlmere, which he said might have occupied the united genius of Poussin, Claude, and Salvator. One can find as much in the quiet brook that runs through Woodstock meadows as in the leaping and tumbling water that comes down at Lodore. The modern landscapist sees all nature transfigured; and if the modern public does not, it may well read Mr. Harrison's book to find out something about it. It is worth getting the two books just to compare their pictures; and I venture to say that whoever will do so will gain something worth having in his appreciation of modern landscape.

"I wish someone would explain to me this new school of Boeklin, Childe Hassam, and La Touche," said a perplexed business man not long ago, on returning from Pittsburg. Mr. Harrison's book will not wholly perform so extraordinary a feat, but it may help out in some directions.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

MARCUS WHITMAN ONCE MORE.*

Still another life of Marcus Whitman has been published. It is the posthumous work of the Reverend Myron Eells, who died in January of 1907. Mr. Eells was a son of the Reverend Cushing Eells, an associate of Dr. Whitman in the work of the Oregon missions, the author of one of the early versions of the Whitman story, and the founder of Whitman College. Born in Oregon in 1848, and brought up in the hotbed of Whitmanism, Mr. Eells was never able to see beyond it. Although much moderated in tone, this book still claims that Whitman went East in the winter of 1842-43 to "save

*MARCUS WHITMAN, PATHFINDER AND PATRIOT. By Rev. Myron Eells, D.D. Seattle: The Alice Harriman Co.

Oregon," and that Oregon was "saved" as the result of his representations in Washington and of the assistance that he rendered to the emigration of 1843. What new evidence does it present in support of this contention? Absolutely none. In all essential points it is little more than a repetition of the pamphlet that Mr. Eells issued in 1888. The case still rests upon the pseudo-recollections of Spalding and Geiger, from twenty to forty years after the event, and upon the books of Gray and Barrows, whose authority has been hopelessly discredited. These statements are crowded with contradictions, impossibilities, and absurdities, which it would be a work of supererogation to analyze in detail, since they were fully covered in Professor Bourne's well-known essay. That Mr. Eells should have continued to cling to Spalding as an authority is passing strange, since he has himself shown that the Spalding version of the story was almost wholly erroneous, and excused its vagaries on the ground that Spalding was "unbalanced" by the hardships he suffered at the time of the Whitman massacre.

That Mr. Eells had no conception of the nature of historical evidence, and no knowledge of the source material of American history, is clear from his arguments in this book. It is claimed that there would be no record of the negotiation of the supposed treaty for the surrender of Oregon, because it was not consummated; that the fact that no copy of Whitman's supposed pamphlet in support of the emigration of 1843 has ever come to light is "no valid objection," and that the argument that "evidence given from memory and written many years after the events occurred . . . is not good when unaccompanied by contemporary written documents . . . is of little weight." Now in this case the "evidence given from memory" is accompanied by an abundance of "contemporary written documents," all of them entirely consistent and flatly contradicting the recollections "written many years after the events occurred." The only parts of this evidence that the present book notices are Whitman's own letters, which it endeavors to explain by claiming that Whitman omitted all reference to his larger purpose from fear of the Hudson Bay Company and the Mission Board. The letters, taken together with those of Mrs. Whitman, are too consistent to admit of any such construction, and Dr. Whitman was too honest a man to have been guilty of the systematic evasion that this construction assumes. That Dr. Whitman rendered great service to the emigra-

tion of 1843 is unquestioned; but the claim that this emigration was dear to his heart is absolutely disproved by the two letters that he wrote from Shawnee Mission.

Much that has been written about "saving Oregon" has been based upon an entire misconception of the status of the Oregon question. Despite the party shibboleth of "Fifty-four forty, or fight," the United States was absolutely committed to the line of the 49th parallel. The British government was similarly committed to the line of the Columbia river. The only part of Oregon that was in question was the part between the Columbia river and the 49th parallel. Dr. Whitman understood this perfectly, and wrote his brother-in-law, November 5, 1846, before he had heard that the boundary had been settled, and without expressing any interest in the matter: "North of the Columbia, you know, is in dispute between the British and the States; you may early learn the result." This is the only part of Oregon that was "saved," and with this part Dr. Whitman never had anything whatever to do.

The book charges the late Professor Bourne with inaccuracy in saying that "Greenhow's exhaustive history was being distributed as a public document" in 1843, inasmuch as Greenhow's "History of Oregon and California" was not published until later. The book to which Professor Bourne referred was Greenhow's "Mémorial, Historical and Political, on the North-West Coast of North America," which was published as a public document in 1840, and of which the Senate ordered the issue of twenty-five hundred copies "in addition to the usual number." Professor Bourne's statement in regard to Fremont was also absolutely correct. With respect to the date of Dr. White's report as Indian Agent, he appears to have been in error. This is all there is of the vaunted "mistakes of Professor Bourne."

The editors of this volume present as a frontispiece a picture of the statue of Whitman on the Witherspoon Building in Philadelphia, a replica of which in staff was unveiled last year at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition. As there is no portrait of Whitman extant, this representation of him must be largely imaginary, and therefore serves as an appropriate introduction to the pen-picture in the text. The purpose of the volume is indicated by the map at the end, illustrating the educational field of Whitman College. It would contribute greatly to the reputation of this institution if its friends would abandon the unfounded pretensions that have

been set up in Whitman's behalf, and would base their claims for public support upon his real worth as an honest man and a devoted missionary.

F. H. HODDER.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Practical problems of American life.

In Professor Münsterberg's volume appearing under the title "American Problems from the Point of View of a Psychologist" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) we find a collection of the miscellaneous essays contributed by him to various magazines, and which at the time of their first publication attracted unusual attention and aroused considerable discussion; for each one of them treats of an important question in an original and forceful way. The opening paper, on "The Fear of Nerves," declares that we twentieth-century Americans are not so much victims of overwrought nerves as victims to the belief that we ought to be or are bound to be nervously prostrated by the conditions of our complicated and breathless manner of life. The author reassuringly points out how much better off in all that makes for bodily and mental ease we are than our ancestors were. In "The Choice of a Vocation" and "The Market and Psychology" some important and little-recognized functions of psychologic science are discussed. In "The Standing of Scholarship" and "Books and Bookstores" the viewpoint of the educated German reveals itself. In the closing essay, on "The World Language," the false assumptions and mistaken zeal of the Simplified Spelling Board are incidentally held up to criticism. Especially significant is the German-born author's testimony that this language-mending — or language-marring, rather — will greatly increase the difficulty experienced by foreigners in learning our tongue. Among other objections to the whole deplorable business, he says: "Even the obscuring words with a double meaning have been increased: *mist* is now *mist* and *missed*; *past* is now *past* and *passed*; and yet nowhere unity: *wisht* but not *flisht*, *winkt* but not *linkt*." He also effectively disposes of the contention that it is our English spelling that keeps our schoolchildren one or two years behind the German schoolchildren. There are other polemic chapters in the book quite as good and almost as much needed as this timely protest. The volume is one to read with that wholeness of attention which the writer repeatedly warns us we are in danger of losing.

A packet of John Hay's early letters.

With the dust of half a century on their faded wrappings, a little parcel of letters, written from Warsaw and Springfield, Illinois, by John Hay, just graduated from Brown University, to Nora Perry, his much-admired and esteemed friend in Providence, are now edited by Miss Caroline Ticknor, under the title "A Poet in Exile," and published in the Riverside series

of limited editions, by Houghton Mifflin Company. Not only Hay's exile from cultured New England to the rude West of fifty years ago is indicated by the book's title, but also his early banishment — self-banishment it might be called — from the poet's peaceful Arcady, where his temperament and tastes fitted him to dwell, to the dust and turmoil of the world of affairs. Accompanying the letters went a few metrical compositions, which the maturer and more fastidious John Hay would doubtless have blushed to own, but which, in their present setting and with Miss Ticknor's graceful and appropriate words of introduction, present an interesting and not unworthy picture of the young writer's mental and emotional state in that storm-and-stress period when he was making the feverish attempts of ardent youth to find himself. Five in number, the letters were written at long intervals in the years 1858, 1859, and 1860. It is Hay the possible great poet, the possible eloquent preacher, the possible smart lawyer or man of business, but always Hay the idealist and dreamer, not yet entered on the path of positive achievement and assured renown, that flits uncertainly before the vision in reading these soulful outpourings of his to a sympathetic and highly-gifted friend. They have the deep seriousness of ingenuous youth, and the verses they enclose treat (with the natural propensity of unclouded adolescence) of the dark things of destiny and the melancholy charms of death. But in aptness and fluency of expression, at least, they and the letters reveal powers above the average. There is certainly no cause for regret, but rather much reason to be thankful, that these glimpses of what may be called the ante-Lincolnian John Hay have been vouchsafed us. An expressive portrait of the young man makes a charming frontispiece for the beautifully printed volume.

Humorous phases of life in a library.

From the Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vermont, issues the second volume of "The Librarian's Series," entitled "The Library and the Librarian," being "a selection of Articles from the Boston Evening Transcript and other Sources," from the pen of that chronicler (and inventor) of bibliothecal humor Mr. Edward Lester Pearson. He is "The Librarian" of the above-named journal, and also the cleverly disguised author of the first number in "The Librarian's Series." Philobiblos, *alias* Jared Bean, the whimsical compiler of "The Old Librarian's Almanac," now stands revealed, by the publishers' confession, as no other than Mr. Pearson himself the ostensible editor of that mirthful publication. His second appearance, in the book under review is almost equally provocative of smiles and chuckles. His irrepressible Mrs. J. Pomfret Smith, his clamorous and disputatious Mrs. Douglas Boomwhacker his patient and cheerful Miss Anderson, and his pompous Professor Sears, with numerous other types of library-users and library attendants, are characters that will live in library literature as long as librarians retain their present relish for humor

that is at once quiet and keen, and a due sense of the peculiar trials and vexations of their increasingly arduous calling. Mr. Pearson's chapters, fourteen in number, are short and crisp, and, with the exception of one reprinted from "The Library Journal" and one read at the librarians' gathering at Lake Minnetonka two years ago, are from the upper stratum of the cream of his "Transcript" articles. Especially timely are two chapters containing words of eloquent defense of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," which "Miss Timmins" and certain other maiden custodians of children's reading-rooms are trying to suppress. The amusing quality of Mr. Pearson's book must not beguile the conscientious reviewer into overlooking certain small errors, which are the more noteworthy because of that minute and painful accuracy that characterizes, or is supposed to characterize, every librarian to the manner born. The long-suffering printer cannot be chargeable with all the lapses we have noted. Scott's fiction is spoken of as "the Waverly novels." "Sanatarium" is perhaps written in an attempt to please two opposing factions, the "sanitarium" and the "sanatorium" advocates. Page 1467 of a certain imaginary book is described as "the left hand one," with no explanation of this unaccountable pagination. Finally, one is surprised that a librarian should deliberately use, in writing for publication, so loose English as occurs in the author's reference to "the saying of Dr. Johnson about the two kinds of knowledge—the first being when you know a thing itself, the second when you know where you can find it out." And so, with these not captious criticisms, we regretfully close "The Library and the Librarian."

The story of a struggle with evil and misrule.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the "boys' judge" of national fame, has been contributing to "Everybody's Magazine" a series of chapters describing his fight with "the Beast" in Denver. The Beast represents in his narrative all that is corrupt and greedy and brutal and unscrupulous in public government and in business corporations. The whole story is now gathered into a book entitled "The Beast," and published, with a frontispiece picture of the author and some of his boy friends, by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins has given efficient aid as editor, or amanuensis. It will be difficult for anyone to begin the book without going on to the end. Judge Lindsey is the father of the Juvenile Court now known to many large cities, and naturally the most important chapters of his relation have to do with his long and at last victorious fight for the rescue of Denver's boy and girl law-breakers from the revoltingly corrupt influences of the ordinary jail and prison. One passage, from the middle of the book, exposes the root of the evil in Denver's corruption and misrule. "The rule of the plutocracy in Denver was the cause of three-quarters of the crime in Denver. The dependent and delinquent children who came into my court came almost wholly from

the homes of dependent and delinquent parents who were made such by the hopeless economic conditions of their lives; and those conditions were made hopeless by the remorseless tyranny of wealthy men who used their lawless power to enslave and brutalize and kill their workmen." What is most impressive in these leaves from a life of heroic service is the evident fact that the writer is not a man to be bought with however high a price. His moral control of boys, even of the hardest cases, is also something admirable. The book is as interesting as it is sorely needed in this era of plutocratic and governmental wrong-doing.

A book for book-lovers, by one of them.

Dr. Frederic Rowland Marvin's "Excursions of a Book-lover" (Sherman, French & Co.) contains a rich store of exceptionally interesting out-of-the-way booklore. The author has read widely and thought deeply, and his varied experiences as doctor of the body and also of the soul (he is entitled to the use, which he foregoes, of both D.D. and M.D. after his name) give his utterances a certain impressiveness and his reminiscences a certain human quality that are beyond the reach of the mere book-worm. Yet in his very first chapter, on "Books," after properly stigmatizing the modern daily newspaper as largely responsible for the neglect of good literature, he startles us by proceeding to castigate the public library as "another enemy of good books." Though thankful for the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the Emmanuel Library at Cambridge, and the Harvard University Library, he has no good word for our Library of Congress, but calls it "that vast dumping ground for thousands upon thousands of copyrighted books!" However, in his subsequent chapters, on literary fame, on an old-time bibliophile (Isaac Gosset), on authors and publishers, on the man of genius, and on other fruitful themes, he amply redeems himself. The public library *does* have the defect of its qualities, all must admit; and Dr. Marvin's is no spiteful attack (like Miss Marie Corelli's quarrel with the library as cutting down the sale of her books), but a sane and sober expression of opinion. He quotes aptly from the ancient classics, even printing one considerable passage from Marcus Aurelius in the original Greek, and also draws on the English poets, notably in his excellent chapter on "The Physician and his Work." On an earlier page he incidentally enumerates seventy-three authors made famous by a single poem or song—an interesting exhibit, capable, of course, of considerable extension. The book is a worthy offering to book-lovers by a book-lover.

The Russian Navy in the Japanese war.

With the possible exception of the work of General Kurepatkin's on "The Russian Army and the Japanese War," much the most valuable book which thus far has appeared from the pen of a participant in the contest of 1904-05 is "Rasplata," otherwise "The Reckoning" (Dutton). The author, Commander Wladimir Semenov of the Russian Imperial Navy,

was detailed for service in the Far East at the beginning of 1904, as second-in-command of the cruiser "Boyarin." On the day of his departure from St. Petersburg (January 29, 1904) he began the keeping of a systematic diary, which was continued until his return, December 19, 1905. The present volume is written from this diary; and the author assures us that, while he has had no thought of writing a history of the war (such a history, he rightly observes, cannot be written until a multitude of secret instructions and reports shall have been made public), he has taken every precaution to attain unimpeachable accuracy in his work, and thus to contribute material which shall be of first-rate value to the future historian. In so far as the claim can yet be put to the test, it seems well-founded. In any event, the book is a human document of very unusual interest. It fairly exudes the Slavic temperament, Slavic ideas, Slavic aspirations. Easily the most striking portion is the ten chapters recounting the sixteen-thousand-mile voyage of Admiral Rojestvensky's Baltic Fleet to Oriental waters, at the end of 1904. In a volume published in advance of the present one, Captain Semenoff has written of the memorable fight off Tsushima, May 22 and 28, 1905, in which Rojestvensky's great squadron was totally destroyed, so that the book ends at a point just prior to the battle. In a series of remarkably vivid chapters, however, the author depicts the forlorn hope which Russia placed in her ill-equipped and antiquated ships, and arouses in the reader a feeling of mingled admiration and pity for the heroic men, officers, and subordinates, who in the face of an impossible task never once lost their *morale*, or even their good humor. The critical historian is likely to discount more or less the sort of material contained in the volume, and obviously it cannot be infallible. But one may expect to get from it more of the real flavor of the war-epoch than from any of the more formal histories that may subsequently be written.

*Influences
of Religion
on English
Literature.*

In "English Literature in Account with Religion" (Houghton Mifflin Company) Mr. Edward M. Chapman has attempted to indicate the relation of English and American literature, mainly of the nineteenth century, to religion. The germ of the book was presented in two lectures delivered at Yale in 1906, entitled, "The Influence of Religion upon English Literature During the Nineteenth Century." The book is well written, but can scarcely be said to add much of value to the growing body of criticism of Victorian literature. According to Mr. Chapman, religion has influenced nearly every writer of importance and a good many of no importance. He takes an exceedingly broad view of the scope of religion. It is much as if one were to write on English literature in account with goodness, or with human nature; or on existence in account with the cost of living. Take out of literature all the good qualities of men, which religion fosters, and all the conflicts of life, in which religion is somehow sure to be a

factor, and very little is left. In this book religion is repeatedly confused with theology. But the author scarcely confines himself even to the large view of religion that he has here outlined. There is more or less on literary technique; on humor, which the author connects with religion as based on confidence in the constitution of things; and on the literary movements and tendencies of the century. The book thus suffers, we think, from too much scattering of shot. If the book was written to defend the thesis that religion has greatly influenced literature, it is superfluous; for to deny this would be absurd. On the other hand, as a sufficiently intensive treatment of any one author or any one phase of this great subject, it will hardly do. Mr. Chapman carefully points out the errors of the Unitarians (pp. 150f., 339), the one group that comes in for correction; and indulges in his little joke on Renan's "Vie de Jesus," which he says is "essentially a romance, marked by great literary charm, and occasional lapses into history." These are needless blemishes on an otherwise catholic discussion. The book is thoroughly readable, and is equipped with a good index.

*The life of
a famous
Queen.*

Miss I. A. Taylor, to whom we are already indebted for several useful biographies of interesting queens and princesses, has recently added another volume to her series, published by the Appletons. This time the subject is Queen Christina of Sweden. Christina was the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, became queen at the age of six, resigned the crown at the age of twenty-seven, embraced the Catholic faith, and spent the remainder of her life—thirty-five years—in wandering from court to court, though her chief abiding-place was Rome. These are well-known facts, as are all the facts of Christina's life; "her life, from childhood upwards, was lived in public; she was from first to last a centre of interest." In writing her biography the questions to consider are, therefore, scarcely of the historical sort; they are not problems of data or interpretation; they are rather of the psychological type, questions of character and motives. To all these problems Miss Taylor finds the solution in Christina's singular character, especially in her supreme self-confidence which would not permit her for a moment to doubt the validity of her own conclusions or the expediency of her plans and purposes. This faith in self is particularly apparent in her punishment of Monaldesco, an officer of her household who proved a traitor. Christina condemned him to death, and the sentence was actually carried out, to the great disgust of the French king whose guest she was. In spite of her abdication, she considered herself an absolute monarch, and refused to be bound by the laws of the land where she was in temporary residence. Her abdication the author attributes to a variety of motives, but especially to a longing for a larger liberty than was possible at a provincial court where conventions met her at

every turn. The Queen's later efforts to obtain the crowns of Naples and Poland, the author does not regard with much seriousness: the excitement of the canvas and the negotiations brought diversion and pleasure; failure was accepted without apparent regret. In her attitude toward her subject, Miss Taylor is almost an ideal biographer: she is sympathetic but not excessively so; she appreciates Christina's strong and brilliant qualities, but makes no attempt to defend or excuse her eccentric and almost lawless behavior. Miss Taylor closes her study of this apparently masculine woman with the startling conclusion that she was, after all, simply suffering from an exaggeration of feminine qualities. "The fact remains that in gifts, virtues, deficiencies, faults, and failings, she was essentially feminine, and never more so than when she masqueraded as a man."

"The nephew
of his uncle."

Mr. F. A. Simpson's study of "The Rise of Louis Napoleon" (Putnam) is a book that is worth while, for the reason, if for no other, that there is literally nothing in English which covers the same ground. But it has other claims to favor. Few more readable biographies have ever been published. From the prefatory suggestion that his subject would have been the ideal pretender if he had only abstained from succeeding in his pretensions, to the thrust at Bismarck in the concluding sentence of the volume, "But while the dreamer gazed on far horizons he stumbled over more than one of the obstacles at his feet, and at last fell headlong, tripped by an antagonist who never lifted his eyes from the ground," the reader is charmed by an eloquence that is in no wise inconsistent with sober and accurate presentation of fact. A quotation which supplements the prefatory estimate mentioned above may be given as completing a striking picture of Louis's character: "The very qualities which have made him seem a prince among pretenders will hereafter (*i. e.*, after he assumes charge of the government) stamp him as a pretender among princes." The narrative ends with his election to the Presidency of the French Republic. An appendix contains a number of suggestive passages from his early letters, with a bibliography and an exhaustive index. Unpublished sources of information appear below the text, while all references to published data are included in the bibliography. The volume is generously illustrated with photographs and facsimiles from Napoleon's correspondence.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"Around the World with a Business Man," by Mr. Leander A. Bigger, is a work in four handsome volumes, with something like two hundred full-page illustrations. It is published by the John C. Winston Co. The author states that his text has "been compiled from letters written to friends at home." He puts it forth with be-

coming modesty, and claims no attempt "at eloquence, wit, or literary excellence." We presume that it will find readers, just as the Stoddard and Holmes lectures in book-form found readers, and that it will stir in many a humble soul yearnings to go forth and see the things pictured or described.

A new edition of Mill's "Principles of Political Economy" is edited by Professor W. J. Ashley, and published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. The editor supplies an elaborate introduction and a highly useful bibliographical appendix. If our "new" economists would really read and digest their Mill, we should be spared many of the vagaries that now intrude upon our attention and make our study of the subject unprofitable.

"Routledge's Every Man's Cyclopædia" (Dutton), edited by Mr. Arnold Villiers, is an inexpensive volume, moderate as to dimensions, and a veritable *multum in parvo* as to contents. It includes ten sections, of which the more important are dictionaries of biography, geography, law, synonyms, abbreviations, and "words frequently misspelt." There are also "Historical Allusions," "Battles and Sieges," and other matters. On the whole, the book is a useful compendium.

"Skies Italian" (London: Methuen) is described as "a little breviary for travellers in Italy." Less figuratively, it is a selection of poems about Italy, by English and American authors, edited by Miss Ruth Shepard Phelps. There are about two hundred selections, so arranged as to follow the lines of an imaginary journey from the Alps to Naples. The tourist who includes this little book in his travelling equipment will make no mistake, or begrudge the few ounces of extra luggage.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. publish "The New International Year Book" for 1909, edited, like the two preceding volumes, by Messrs. Frank Moore Colby and Allen Leon Churchill. The articles in English, French, and German literature are written, respectively, by Dr. E. E. Slosson, Dr. Albert Schinz, and Frau Amelia von Ende. We might particularize further and at great length upon other special features of this invaluable work of up-to-date reference. It is an enterprise deserving of the most cordial welcome and generous support.

The handsome new "Memorial Edition" of Meredith, published by Messrs. Scribner, is making rapid progress. During the past few weeks eight volumes have appeared, containing "Sandra Belloni," "Vittoria," "Harry Richmond," "Rhoda Fleming," and "Evan Harrington." Each of the first three titles mentioned comprises two volumes. Of especial interest are the illustrations, consisting of reproductions in photogravure of portraits and homes of the author, scenes associated with the novels, and in some cases the drawings by Keene and Du Maurier which appeared in the first editions.

"Oxford" editions of the poets are multiplying rapidly of late, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Henry Frowde. The latest volumes are "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare," edited by Mr. W. J. Craig, a volume of over thirteen hundred two-columned pages; "The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth," edited by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson; "The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott," edited by Mr. J. Logie Robertson; and "The Poetical Works of Lord Byron," editorially unacknowledged. In the smaller form of "The World's Classics," we have "The Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson, 1830-1865," edited by Dr. F. Herbert Warren — a most pocketable volume.

NOTES.

A new "Uncle William" book by Mrs. Jennette Lee is announced by The Century Co. It will be called "Happy Island," and will appear early this month.

Browning's "Men and Women," in a verbatim reprint of the original edition of 1855, is one of the latest offerings of Mr. Henry Frowde in his tasteful series of Oxford reprints.

At the suggestion of Professor Trent, Dr. Barnett Miller of Columbia University undertook, about five years ago, to investigate "Leigh Hunt's Relations with Byron, Shelley, and Keats." The resulting monograph, a work of much interest and value, is now published at the Columbia University Press.

Owing to the death of King Edward, it is announced by Messrs. Cassell & Company that the new and revised edition of their Dictionary of English History, just off the press, will be temporarily withdrawn from the market. The publishers plan to bring the new edition quite up to the accession of King George.

Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. publish four portfolios of plates illustrative of "England in the Middle Ages." They are the work of Mr. T. C. Barfield, and cover the four centuries from the eleventh to the fourteenth. They are inexpensive, and should prove of much value as an auxiliary in the work of teaching English history.

From the George H. Doran Co. comes the announcement of their acquisition of the exclusive selling agency for the book and calendar output of Life Publishing Co. As still further indication of their progress, this enterprising firm also announces the unification of their interests with the publishing business of Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son of New York.

During the present month Mr. Cobden-Sanderson will issue from the Doves Press the second part of his splendid edition of Goethe's "Faust," in the original text. Before the end of the year, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson expects to have ready also Doves Press editions of Browning's "Dramatis Personæ," and the "Laudes Creaturarum" of St. Francis of Assisi.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's new long novel "Clayhanger," soon to be published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., is the first of a trilogy of novels dealing with the "Five Towns." In "The Old Wives' Tale," Mr. Bennett described the old spirit of the central provinces of England. In this forthcoming trilogy he will describe the breakdown of the old spirit by the new.

Ex-Mayor Charles F. Warwick of Philadelphia has just completed the biography of Napoleon upon which he has been at work for some years, and which is to be brought out in the Fall by Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co. It is a sequel to the same author's volumes on Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre, and will deal with the close of the French Revolution and the First Empire.

Almost coincident with the recent publication of Percy Mackaye's "A Garland to Sylvia"—a play begun while its author was a senior in Harvard College and not completed until 1899—comes the announcement of the enthusiastic reception accorded to his latest work "Anti-Matrimony," a satire on the Ibsen school of drama which was produced a few weeks ago in New Haven. The press has been unanimous in its praise, one of the papers declaring that "the play is a compliment to Americans on their healthy-mindedness."

Under the editorship of Professor Clarence W. Alvord of the University of Illinois, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have planned a series of volumes intended to narrate the history of the development of the West, told in biography. Each book will be written from a careful study of available and original sources. Among the subjects of the volumes in preparation are George Rogers Clark, William Henry Harrison, John Charles Fremont, and Charles Michel de Langlade.

A complete collection of the poems of the late Sophie Jewett will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company. The volume will include the lyrics, sonnets, and rondeaus which have already appeared in book form; those published more recently in different magazines; and a number of hitherto unpublished poems. Among these latter is a translation of the greater part of D'Annunzio's "The Daughter of Jorio." The same firm is to publish immediately Miss Jewett's last prose work, "God's Troubadour," the story of St. Francis of Assisi told for children.

We have had proof of the quality of Mr. Jethro Bittell as a translator of German verse in his volume devoted to the Minnesingers, and hence are assured beforehand that his "Contemporary German Poetry" will give us versions of a superior sort. He appears to be one of the chosen in the art of turning poetry from one language into another. We do not know many of the young writers upon whom he has drawn, but he makes us desire their better acquaintance. The little book is published by Mr. Walter Scott as a volume of "The Canterbury Poets."

A complete edition of William Penn's works, long desired by those interested in the life and work of the founder of Pennsylvania, has been undertaken by that well-known historian of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, Mr. Albert Cook Myers, with the cordial coöperation of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania as represented by a committee headed by the Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker as president, and served by Professor John Bach McMaster in the capacity of corresponding secretary. A prospectus issued by Mr. Myers gives, among other interesting information, the fact that "only four meagre and antiquated editions of the collected works of Penn have been printed, all of these in London," at varying intervals between 1726 and 1825. The proposed plan has the hearty endorsement of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, and many other scholars and writers of note.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce the preparation of "The American Year Book," the first volume of which, covering the year 1910, will appear in February, 1911. The aim of the series is to fill the need of an annual summary of events and progress—a need which has been felt for some years by scientific, historical, literary, sociological, economic, journalistic, and other workers. While it will be devoted chiefly to American affairs, the most important events of foreign progress will be fully noted. The organization at present consists of accredited representatives or members of twenty-nine of the great national learned societies, who act as a Supervisory Board, working through an Executive Committee of seven, and through the Chairman of the Board, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University. The Board has selected as managing editor Mr. S. N. D. North, recently Director of the United States Census.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 108 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- Recollections of a Long Life.** By Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse). With additional extracts from his private diaries. Edited by his daughter, Lady Dorchester. Volumes III. and IV., 1822-1884. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6. net.
- The Fascinating Duo de Richelieu:** Louis Francois Armand du Plessis (1696-1788). By H. Noël Williams. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 346 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4. net.
- George Sand: Some Aspects of her Life and Work.** By René Doumic; translated by Alys Hallard. Illustrated, 8vo, 311 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75 net.
- The Passions of the French Romantics.** By Francis Gribble. With portraits, large 8vo, 304 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75 net.
- Sterne: A Study.** By Walter Sichel. With portraits, large 8vo, 360 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50 net.
- The Empress Eugénie, 1870-1910: Her Majesty's Life Since "The Terrible Year."** By Edward Legge. Illustrated, large 8vo, 409 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2. net.
- A German Pompeidour: The Extraordinary History of Wilhelmine Von Grävenitz, Landhofmeisterin of Württemberg: A Narrative of the Eighteenth Century.** By Marie Hay. Large 8vo, 358 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.
- George Meek: Bath Chair-Man.** By himself; with introduction by H. G. Wells. 12mo, 312 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

HISTORY.

- Institutional History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century: An Inquiry into the Religious, Moral, Educational, Legal, Military, and Political Condition of the People.** By Philip Alexander Bruce, LL.D. In 2 volumes, large 8vo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6. net.
- The English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century.** By Walter Raleigh. With frontispiece in photogravure, 12mo, 207 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
- Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road.** By H. Addington Bruce. Illustrated, 8vo, 349 pages. "Stories from American History." Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Story of the Constitution of the United States.** By Rosalter Johnson. New edition; 12mo, 284 pages. Wessels & Bissell Co. \$1. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Landmarks in Russian Literature.** By Maurice Baring. 12mo, 299 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.75 net.
- The New Laokoon: An Essay on the Confusion of the Arts.** By Irving Babbitt. 12mo, 269 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.
- Leigh Hunt's Relations with Byron, Shelley, and Keats.** By Barnette Miller, Ph.D. Large 8vo, 169 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
- Folk Stories from Southern Nigeria, West Africa.** By Elphinstone Dayrell, F.R.G.S.; with introduction by Andrew Lang. With frontispiece, 12mo, 159 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Dead Letters.** By Maurice Baring. 12mo, 243 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.
- Modern Woman and How to Manage Her.** By Walter M. Galliehan. 12mo, 120 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Teachers of Emerson.** By John S. Harrison, Ph.D. 12mo, 325 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50 net.
- Confessions of Boyhood.** By John Albee. 12mo, 267 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1.50.
- Dogs and Men.** By Henry C. Merwin. Illustrated, 12mo, 58 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 60 cts. net.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

- A Garland to Sylvia: A Dramatic Reverie, with a Prologue.** By Percy Mackaye. 12mo, 175 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
- Will Shakespeare of Stratford and London: A Drama in Four Acts.** By Margaret Crosby Munn. 12mo, 347 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.20 net.
- Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602.** Edited by W. W. Greg. New edition; 12mo, 100 pages. "Tudor and Stuart Library." Oxford University Press. \$1.75 net.
- Children of Destiny: A Play in Four Acts.** By Sydney Rosenfeld. 12mo, 127 pages. G. W. Dillingham Co. 50 cts. net.

- Virginia: A Tragedy, and Other Poems.** By Marion Forster Gilmore. 12mo, 79 pages. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co.
- Pan's Pipes.** By Robert Louis Stevenson. Limited edition; 16mo, 16 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- The Iron Muse.** By John Curtis Underwood. 12mo, 196 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.
- The Garden Muse: Poems for Garden Lovers.** Edited, with introduction, by William Aspenwall Bradley. With frontispiece, 12mo, 169 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.25 net.
- A Vision of Giorgione: Three Variations on Venetian Themes.** By Gordon Bottomley. 12mo, 46 pages. Thomas B. Mosher. \$1.50 net.
- Sonnets for Choice.** By Margaret Chanler Aldrich. 12mo, 52 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1. net.
- Women's Eyes.** Translated by Arthur William Ryder. 16mo, 100 pages. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. \$1. net.
- Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson, 1830-1865.** With introduction by T. Herbert Warren. New edition; 16mo, 600 pages. "The World's Classics." Oxford University Press.
- Poets on the Isles, and Other Perversions.** By Wilfrid Blair. 12mo, 98 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.
- Selected Poems from the Harvard Monthly, 1885-1910.** Large 8vo, 78 pages. Cambridge, Mass.: Graduate Council of the Harvard Monthly. Paper.
- Poems.** By Ernest Powell. 12mo, 117 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1.25.
- The Comet, and Other Verses.** By Irving Sidney Dix. 16mo, 33 pages. Carbondale, Pa.: Press of Munn's Review. Paper.
- In Memory of Whittier.** By John Russell Hayes. Illustrated, 16mo, 45 pages. Philadelphia: Biddle Press. 50 cts.

FICTION.

- Simon the Jester.** By William J. Locke. Illustrated, 12mo, 332 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.
- Whirlpools: A Novel of Modern Poland.** By Henryk Sienkiewicz; translated by Max A. Drexmal. 12mo, 390 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
- The Way of All Flesh.** By Samuel Butler. 12mo, 420 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Wild Olive.** By the author of "The Inner Shrine." Illustrated, 12mo, 347 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
- The Flower of Destiny: Old Days of the Serail.** By Margaret Mordecai. 12mo, 339 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.
- Anne of Tréboul.** By Marie Louise Goetchius. 12mo, 298 pages. Century Co. \$1.20 net.
- Caprice: Her Book.** By Dorothy Senior. 8vo, 328 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- Arms and the Maid; or, Anthony Wilding.** By Rafael Sabatini. 12mo, 367 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.
- The Silent Call.** By Edwin Milton Royle. Illustrated, 12mo, 392 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- A Splendid Hazard.** By Harold MacGrath. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 370 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.
- The Pursuit.** By Frank Saville. Illustrated, 12mo, 317 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
- Brits of Headquarters.** By Mardin Barber. 12mo, 394 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.50.
- At the Sign of the Burning Bush.** By M. Little. 12mo, 343 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.
- The Eddy.** By Clarence L. Cullen. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 362 pages. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.
- The Storm Birds.** By Schroeder Davis. 12mo, 376 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.50.
- Tinsel and Gold.** By Dion Clayton Calthrop. Illustrated, 12mo, 351 pages. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.
- The Land of Frozen Suns.** By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Illustrated, 12mo, 309 pages. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.
- The Garden at 19.** By Edgar Jepson. Illustrated, 12mo, 223 pages. Wessels & Bissell Co. \$1.20 net.
- The Happy Family.** By B. M. Bower. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 330 pages. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.25.
- The Unseen Thing.** By Anthony Dyllington. 12mo, 363 pages. John W. Luce & Co. \$1.20 net.
- The Red Flag.** By Georges Ohnet. 12mo, 317 pages. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.
- A Victorious Life.** By Leonora B. Halsted. 12mo, 320 pages. Metropolitan Press. \$1.50.
- John Holden, Unionist: A Romance of the Days of Forrest's Ride with Emma Sanson.** By T. C. De Leon. Illustrated, 12mo, 338 pages. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.
- The Winning Game.** By Madge Macbeth. 12mo, 242 pages. New York: Broadway Publishing Co.